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# THE MONTH

AND

*CATHOLIC REVIEW.*

**ROEHAMPTON**  
**PRINTED BY JAMES STANLEY.**

# THE MONTH

AND

## CATHOLIC REVIEW.

Per menses singulos reddens fructum suum,  
et folia ligni ad sanitatem gentium.  
(*Apoc.* xxii. 2.)

VOL. XVI. (XXXV.)

JANUARY—APRIL.

1879.

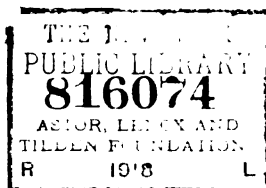
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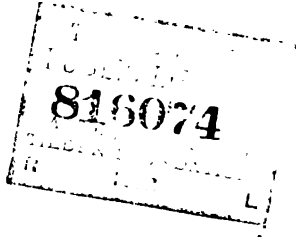
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## *Animal Intelligence.*

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A REPLY TO MR. ROMANES.

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MR. ROMANES, a well known evolutionist, delivered an interesting lecture before the British Association at Dublin, on the 16th of August, 1878, on "Animal Intelligence," which afterwards appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for October, 1878. In it he earnestly contended that "mind is everywhere one." He claims for brutes faculties of abstracting, judging, and reasoning vastly inferior to, but still essentially the same as man's. If brutes could be proved to have a true abstract idea of any kind, then it is conceded they would have the "germ of reason," and the essential identity between them and us would be scientifically established. Let us see how Mr. Romanes sets about demonstrating this. At page 659 he thus expresses himself :

How far does animal ideation go? The answer is most simple although it is usually given in most erroneous form. It is usually said that animals do not possess the faculty of abstraction, and therefore that the distinction between animal intelligence and human intelligence consists in this, that animals are not able to form abstract ideas. But this statement is most erroneous.

In the explanation, however, of this sensational doctrine it will be found he can in fact, whatever he may do in words, only claim for brutes cognitional powers, that are freely granted them by Christian philosophy. With a little previous elucidation of terms, we are ready to go even farther than the evolutionary philosopher, when he says :

So far, then, as the logic of feelings can carry them, I maintain that the intellectual operations of animals are indistinguishable from those of ourselves (p. 660).

I maintain that in the domain of mere sensations or feelings, and as far as these can carry them, brutes have cognitional faculties far transcending in adaptability to varying circum-

stances and consequent directive power the sense-knowledge of human beings, but true ideas they cannot be proved to possess. On this point Mr. Romanes' philosophy teaches him that abstract ideas may be divided into two classes, those which are simple enough to be evolved without the aid of articulate speech, and those which are so elaborate as to require its assistance. The simple abstract ideas belong to the Logic of Feelings, the complex to the Logic of Signs.

As an instance of the former class . . . we may take the idea of food. This is aroused in our minds by the feelings of hunger (p. 654).

Examples of the latter class would be such notions as those of truth, being, evolution. Brutes abstract, judge, and reason agreeably to the laws of the logic of feelings, while man employs in addition the logic of signs. Brutes therefore need only the faculty of articulate signs or speech, to acquire in the course of ages, through evolutionary processes, precisely the same mental powers that we now enjoy. We are developed brutes; brutes are undeveloped men. This is proved by the uniformity of nature as expressed in the law of evolution :

And forasmuch as this enormous change in our means of knowledge and our modes of thought has been so largely due to the almost unaided labours of a single man, I do not hesitate to say, even before so critical an audience as this, that in all the history of science there is no single name worthy of a veneration more profound than the now immortal name of Charles Darwin (p. 670).

Thus we see the lecture unexpectedly leads up to the scientific apotheosis of the naturalist, who has devoted his long life and great powers to the "practical proof," that man is in reality neither more nor less than an ape.

If the use of the word logic in the phrase "logic of feelings" is to be tolerated at all, it should be clearly laid down that it is used for convenience in a merely metaphorical or analogous sense. Logic is the science of reasoning. Science, strictly defined, is truth in any department of knowledge known through first causes or principles,<sup>1</sup> and through deductions therefrom. Hence logic deals with the primary forms of thought and their several modes, *i.e.*, with concepts, judgments, and reasonings, or syllogisms, considered as moulds or forms quite independent

<sup>1</sup> A principle is that through which anything exists, or is done, or becomes known.

of the matter, about which they are employed. It views the conditions under which we infallibly arrive at safe conclusions, and avoid fallacious generalizations. As mechanics, deducing the conditions of equilibrium and geometrical motions according to fixed principles, is a science, and, applying these principles and results in forming suspension bridges and besieging fortresses is an art, so also logic, speculatively considered, is a science, and practically guiding us in ascertaining the true point of view from which to regard concrete facts, is an art. Practically then, logic is an *organum*, or instrument, for arriving at positive truth, where attainable, and for preserving us in philosophical equilibrium, when premisses do not warrant conclusions. Thus logic will embrace not only mere syllogizing, but all those methods of ascertaining the truth, and proving it, which educated men legitimately employ in accordance with the nature of the human mind. These methods may afterwards be reduced to syllogisms of one sort or another. Generally, we may say of logic, that it is the reduction to a system of the acts of the intellect employed in the search for truth, and of those ways of employing them, which all men naturally, and more or less perfectly, put in daily practice.

A philosopher could reduce to a formal system the cognitional acts which a brute elicits, so as to explain them scientifically. In so doing he would construct what has been called the logic of feelings. But as true logic has to do only with the right ordering of rational or intellectual acts, it is evident how dim and rough the analogy is.

The lecture under discussion has been called by its author "a carefully balanced epitome of what he conceives to be the leading principles of Comparative Psychology." Psychology investigates the nature of the principle of life in plant and brute, and above all in man. From the phenomena of growth, nutrition, and reproduction, feeling, intellect, and appetite, whether rational or irrational, it demonstrates the merely organic or spiritual nature of the principle which animates this triple order of existences. Modern psychologists, indeed, insist that theirs is an experimental science. Its functions are, they tell us, observation and registration of mental phenomena, and logical inferences therefrom, with a view to determining the laws of the coexistence and sequence of these phenomena. The laws of the Association of Ideas are examples. They altogether decline the task of attempting to get behind the "frowning cliff" where



mind and matter meet . . . and in the darkness of the place they hear the voice of true philosophy proclaim: Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further."<sup>2</sup> Nevertheless, the disciples of this "true philosophy" do not hesitate to proclaim on their own account, without penetrating or climbing the "frowning cliff," that "mind is everywhere one." For my part, I consider "the voice of true philosophy," as heard in the neighbourhood of the mysterious cliff, to be as misleading and demoralizing, as the war-cry of its enthusiastic, but somewhat illogical admirers.

Brutes—at least the higher ones—participate in all our lower nature. Their external senses, and internal sense, of which the brain is the organ, are, as mere sensitive faculties, endowed with cognitional and estimative capacities indefinitely keener and more wide-reaching than man's. In them, as in us, sensitive pleasure invites continuance, intensification, and repetition, or sensitive pain impels to the cessation, diminishing, or avoidance of any act, or set of acts, of the organic appetites.<sup>3</sup>

It is a recognized principle of physiology and psychology that our faculties grow to the modes in which they are exercised. The possibility of the acquisition of habits depends upon this. Habit is an operative power, and may be defined as facility in performing acts of a determined kind. In its highest aspect it has only to do with rational creatures, but brutes acquire what are called organic habits. These result from the power the nervous system has of forming itself to what it is exercised in. Examples of organic habits in us would be skating, dancing, writing, shaving, or any other accomplishment, in which delicacy and facility of muscular action through the sense of touch is produced. Moreover, by experience in the field, the street, the law-court, the hospital, the study, the laboratory, the drawing-room, and school-room, human organs, that subserve the higher cognitional faculties, become so exquisite in the subtlety of their adaptation to circumstances, as to acquire the nature of instincts. Such organic habits are of incalculable service for rational work.

<sup>2</sup> P. 658.

<sup>3</sup> In our July and August numbers there appeared two papers by the present writer on "Instinct and Mind," in which the cognitional faculties of brutes were explained at some length. Of these articles, afterwards published in pamphlet form, the *Nation* of November 9th, says: "The author wrote before the delivery of the lecture on 'Animal Intelligence,' yet if, instead of such being the case, he had gone to work with a special view to that production, he could not more effectually have disposed of its pseudo-science." There is very little in the present article that was in the others. If at times "I somewhat unduly sacrifice lucidity to compression," this will be in great part the reason.

A few words on the mode of growth of one such will sufficiently exemplify the others. When we are learning to skate, the great object is to acquire complete facility in so placing the centre of gravity of the body, that a perpendicular drawn from it passes through the edge of the skate in contact with the ice. This we gradually learn to do through the so-called muscular sense,<sup>4</sup> combined with the external sense of touch. The sudden development of the power after some practice is as surprisingly pleasant as is the sudden solution of a problem that has been for some time growing in our minds. The final passage from impotency or ignorance to capability in each instance is impossible to follow, so rapid and mysterious is the growth. We may convince ourselves, from the consideration of any process of acquiring skill, of this great fact, that our faculties grow to, or form themselves to, the methods in which they are exercised, and that this growth or formation proceeds chiefly during the intervals, in which we are not consciously thus exercising ourselves. The clear knowledge of this truth would be a great encouragement to youths who are inclined to be studious, but whom the difficulties presented by mathematical problems and other branches of mental culture sadly decompose.<sup>5</sup>

The growth of functions on the lines of practice is, as I

<sup>4</sup> To the five senses ordinarily enumerated physiologists add two, the muscular and organic. The muscular sense, according to them, is that through which we know in general that muscular effort is taking place. Through it too we learn what amount of muscular energy to put forth for any purpose. The organic sense is that through which the state of the organs is brought under our notice, *e.g.*, the state of the stomach or bowels. I think that these may be considered as branches or subordinate extensions of the sense of touch, and that for these reasons. Without the sense of ordinary touch muscularity will not in the healthy subject act. I could not resist or shove aside an opposing body if I had no feeling of it. The imperfect muscular action resulting from the help of sight does not prove that the muscular sense is not a subordinate function of the sense of touch. What is given by physiologists as the peculiar characteristic of muscularity, the consciousness of *outgoing* effort, more properly belongs to the internal sense. This perception of outgoing energy in us again is raised to a higher order of knowledge by the accompanying intellectual cognition. The fact that the external skin is actually continuous with the epithelium and deep sanguine layer constituting the mucous membrane, which lines the internal cavities of the body, and thence as connective tissue "ensheathing the muscles, coating the bones and cartilages . . . so that if every other tissue could be dissected away, a complete model of all the organs would be left composed of this tissue," [Huxley] corroborates the view expressed in this note with respect to these two senses. The pains and pleasures of them as such appertain to the appetitive faculty; in as far as these are in any way cognitional, they primarily fall under the sway of the internal sense.

<sup>5</sup> Dr. Carpenter's *Mental Physiology* is a storehouse of interesting information on this subject.

have said, also true of brutes. The capacity for employing many of their powers is almost perfect from the instant they are at all able to exert them. Chickens just out of the shell balance themselves faultlessly when standing or running. With unerring aim and perfect valuation they peck at insects and other food. This estimative and organic power is especially developable, whether by the force of circumstances, or the companionship and art of man. When such progress has been secured by an animal, as the principle of it is worked into the nervous system, its offspring inherit marked tendencies in the same direction. It has often been remarked that young pointers and setters work as well the first day they are taken afield, as if they were already veterans. On the foregoing principles it may be understood how an ingenious individual trained fleas, four to draw a coach, another to drive it, footmen others, and two to ride inside as lord and lady, all with appropriate trappings. He must have got two as quick-witted fleas as circumstances allowed, and then trained them to perform some simple feats at a given signal. The issue of these acrobats (fleas are painfully prolific) would have inherited from their worthy parents an aptitude for discipline which in a growing organism could be made ever so much more of. And so, after some time and with further breeding and indefatigable labour, the above imposing turn-out would be the result.

All the acts of foxes and dogs, monkeys and elephants, which have convinced Mr. Romanes and other philosophers of the same school that "mind is everywhere one," or, to speak more to the point, that we and brutes are one, are fully explicable by means of these organic, automatic, instinctive, and self-forming, or growing faculties. There is no need, therefore, of postulating for them the self-conscious mind of a rational creature. To make this quite clear, I now proceed to consider a number of the most perplexing stories extant of the wonderful doings of dogs and foxes.

First we will take the story of the fox and goose, narrated in "Instinct and Mind." It will be remembered how this wily robber, unable to cross a stone wall, goose-encumbered, though well able for the bound unweighted, finally, after much struggling and seeming deliberation, stuck the bill of the goose into a chink half-way up, and then jumping up and hauling the goose after, demonstrated to an unprejudiced philosopher, who was an eye-witness and wrote to *Nature* about the matter, that foxes

are sharers in the "large discourse looking before and after." But what did all this in point of fact amount to? Simply that the brain of this most cunning of quadrupeds grew to the situation, and produced an organic and directive picture of how to surmount the difficulty. The marauder had left his wife and family that morning, we will suppose, to provide a dinner for them after the manner of his species. Up to the time the stone wall crossed his homeward path, fortune had smiled on his virtuous efforts, but now what was to be done? He had failed several times to mount the wall with the goose. He had run up and down, looking in vain for a gap. He had left the goose on the ground, and jumped up alone, but could not tear himself away. All this while his living brain was working at a tremendous rate, forming itself in harmony with the circumstances according to vulpine instincts and appetites. At last, just as any other faculty shapes itself to the modes required, the directive function of the fox's brain elaborated the process, which at the same time the external senses enabled the brute to carry into effect.

There is a story told by Mr. Darwin, which has done good service for the evolutionists, and sorely puzzled some good people, who shrink from admitting brutes to a place among rational animals. A sporting friend of the great naturalist one day killed by the same shot one bird and winged another on the opposite side of a piece of water from that from which he fired. His setter pursued and seized the wounded bird, and then tried to bring both across to its master. After several attempts this proved impossible; so the dog, puzzled at first, at length deliberately killed the wounded one, and then swam over with both. The dog had never before been known to injure any game. "Here," says Mr. Darwin, "we have reason but imperfect, for the setter might have taken over the wounded bird, and then returned for the dead one." But the seeming deliberation and reasoning to a satisfactory conclusion can be accounted for quite well otherwise. Up to the time the winged bird broke away at every effort of the setter to carry over both all was plain sailing. So far no one would claim as rational what the trained dog had done. A brute animal is completely worked, so to speak, by the nervous system. The brain work and emotions are accompanied by corresponding external action, which is merely the outward expression or side of them. As long as all goes well, the sentient automaton

works ahead without the least hitch or hindrance. But when anything occurs contrary to the felt or sensitively perceived purpose of the creature, an upsetting of the harmonious working of the nerves, or a block in the sequence of sensations, takes place, and the brute is brought more or less to a standstill. Since the dog depends wholly on the directive nerve-action of the brain, when this ceases to direct, the external acts will of course seem to tell of anxious deliberation. External stimulation will excite the internal function, and this, while growing to the situation, will produce some abortive, and at times ludicrous attempts to grapple with the conflicting environment. In highly organized brutes the adjustment is sooner or later brought about, in many cases at all events, and once more the inner and outer faculties proceed in due harmony to their natural end.

Turn we now to the Arctic foxes, of which Mr. Romanes' friend, the distinguished traveller and naturalist Dr. Rae, sends him the account :

Desiring to obtain some Arctic foxes, he set various kinds of traps, but as these foxes knew these traps from previous experience, he was unsuccessful. Accordingly he set a kind of trap with which the foxes in that part of the country were not acquainted. This consisted of a loaded gun, set upon a stand, pointing at the bait. A string connected the trigger of the gun with the bait, so that when the fox seized the bait he discharged the gun, and thus committed suicide. In this arrangement the gun was separated from the bait by a distance of about twenty yards, and the string which connected the trigger with the bait was concealed throughout nearly its whole distance in the snow. The gun-trap thus set was successful in killing one fox, but not in killing a second, for the foxes afterwards adopted either of two devices whereby to secure the bait without injuring themselves. One of these devices was to bite through the string at its exposed part near the trigger, and the other device was to burrow up to the bait through the snow at right angles to the line of fire, so that although in this way they discharged the gun, they escaped without injury, the bait being pulled below the line of fire before the string was drawn sufficiently tight to discharge the gun. Now, both of these devices exhibited a wonderful degree of what I think must fairly be called power of reasoning. I have carefully interrogated Dr. Rae on all the circumstances of the case, and he tells me that in that part of the world traps are never set with strings, so that there can have been no special association in the foxes' minds between strings and traps. Moreover, after the death of fox number one, the track on the snow showed that fox number two, notwithstanding the temptation offered by the bait, had expended a great deal of scientific observation on the gun before he

undertook to sever the cord. Lastly, with regard to burrowing at right angles to the line of fire, Dr. Rae and a friend in whom he has confidence, observed the fact a sufficient number of times to satisfy themselves that the direction of the burrowing was really to be attributed to thought, and not to chance" (p. 661).

Before considering these very interesting details expressly, it will be well to remember that the cunning of all animals, that from time immemorial have been trapped in any way, is marvellous in the extreme. With foes so numerous, foxes could never survive in the struggle for existence, unless their organism were capable of adapting itself to the wiles of the enemy. Nature is never wanting in supplying living creatures with powers of providing for their well-being. A very slight acquaintance with the wonders of natural history makes known expedients of brutes and insects to avoid their foes, that no amount of "reasoning power" could enable them to invent and carry out. Foxes will "sham dead" when there is no other chance of escape. Kicks, blows, or bites will elicit no sign of life, though if the foes be thrown off their guard the fox will spring up and make off. Something similar may take place in the human subject. I have heard of a person in bed in a foreign hotel overhearing a conversation between two robbers, who supposed the bed unoccupied. When the pretended sleeper was discovered, one of the miscreants was for cutting his throat at once. The other, opening a huge clasp-knife, placed the edge on the bare throat of the unfortunate listener, and lightly drew it across. The man lost all volitional control over his emotions, but the nervous system was equal to the occasion; and superseding, as it were, the conscious government of reason and will, the regular breathing and other peaceful phenomena of deep sleep went on so perfectly, that the cut-throats were satisfied their secrets were safe. The imperturbable calm and presence of mind, which in nervous people even has been often remarked when face to face with great danger, is due to an instinctive adjustment of the human organism to its environment. I mention these things to impress upon my readers some notion of the extraordinary resources organizations possess independently of all reasoning.

Dr. Rae says of the Arctic foxes :

In the cases seen by myself and by a friend of greater experience, the trench was always scraped at right angles, or nearly so, to the line of fire.

This is accounted for in this manner :

If the trench is to be a shelter one—thinking, as the fox must, that the gun, or something coming from it, was the danger to be protected from or guarded against—it must be made across the line of fire, for if scratched in direction of the gun, it would afford little or no protection or concealment, and the reasoning power or intelligence of the fox would be at fault. My belief is that one of these knowing foxes had seen his or her companion shot, or found it dead shortly after it had been killed (paired foxes do not necessarily always keep close together, because they have a better chance of finding food if separated some distance from each other), and not unnaturally attributed the cause of the mishap to the only strange thing it saw near, namely, the gun. It was evident that in all cases they had studied the situation carefully, as was sufficiently shown by their tracks in the snow, which indicated their extremely cautious approach when either the string-cutting or trench-digging dodge was resorted to (Postscript, p. 671).

There is nothing whatever in these facts which cannot be satisfactorily accounted for by brute-faculties, "that want discourse of reason." No doubt these investigations are beset with difficulties, but it is well worth paying the price, to see *philosophically* that we men are not brutes. It is clear from the learned doctor's tale, that the foxes' directive faculties, stimulated by the bait and rendered cautious by the sense-perceived danger, were some time growing to the situation, so as to elaborate a process conducive to their well-being and preservation. Probably, as Dr. Rae says, another fox was present when the unlucky first adventurer was killed. More probably still there were several present, and for a considerable period, before one dared to tug at the bait. Any way, wily animals instinctively guarded against traps would have no difficulty in feeling, once a catastrophe had occurred, that the gun was the source of danger. Former experiences, hereditary and self-acquired, of traps, guns, projectiles, and cognate perils and devices, impressed upon or worked into the brain as residual sensations, would crowd up by the law of association. The instinctive directing function would from this miscellaneous mass shape a method to be adopted. It will help us to form an idea of how this automatic combining and shaping of former experiences proceeds, if we consider a little how a good musician or a dancing-master learns a new and difficult piece or dance almost without an effort. With their experiences such operations are merely new combinations of elementary and com-

plicated movements already perfectly mastered, and to which the organism is long since adjusted. I think I am safe in assuming, that the trench-digging was first resorted to, and that the string-cutting was a later development. Feeling the gun to be that whence death to hungry foxes issued, the danger in the mode apprehended by the brute would be impressed upon its brain as proceeding from the source in a straight line. This is the simplest way in which it could be apprehended. Now if you pelt a dog with stones, he will, if he can, get behind a wall or hedge or something, which will give shelter from your view and aim. Moreover, an animal seeking protection from missiles (always sensitively apprehended as coming *straight* from the thrower) will naturally put as broad an obstacle between itself and its foe as it can. A dog will not get behind a tree when there is a corner to be got round, so that a wall or house may intervene. A fox in these matters is far more full of contrivances than a dog. In the present case a trench more or less at right angles to the line of fire would be the broad cover devised.

The string-cutting must next be investigated. When the engineering fox had dug his trench up to the bait and pulled, the fact that the bait was tied to the gun would make itself felt. Other less adventurous, but not less hungry, lockers on would perceive the movements of the string followed by the explosion of the gun. For all, new combinations would be evolved by the vulpine brain. In it the trap would now be represented as the gun that killed, the bait ardently desired and the string connecting the two, all *per modum unius*. Experience of other traps had impressed upon it the fact that pulling the bait brought about mishaps. Once the three coexisted in the foxes' imaginations as forming a trap, the gnawing of the string would be a simple instinctively-evolved process. Foxes being exquisitely subtle in their self-protecting capacities, henceforth the successful marauders would be imitated. No wonder, then, no more Arctic foxes were trapped.

What I insist upon is, that all the expedients employed in these and all other brute cognitions are capable of being actually impressed upon, or expressed by, the organic imagination. I am endeavouring therefore to make clear that these directive pictures, or processes, are the instinctive, unreasoning product of the nervous system adjusting itself under stimulation to its environment, ample powers for doing which brutes un-



doubtedly have. The objects of the organic cognitions are *sensibilia* in all individual and combined modes. But in these cognitions there is no separating of the phenomenally one, so as to elicit the simplest judgment, still less is there elaborate reasoning. Judging and reasoning can only be performed by a spirit not tied to material conditions. Sensible phenomena and their relations are known by organic faculties as they exist in the concrete. The knowledge of relations as such, that is in the abstract, an intellect alone can comprehend.

Mr. Romanes does not always make evident in what sense he uses his terms. He gives the following as an example of judgment in a dog :

My friend Dr. Rae, the well-known traveller and naturalist, knew a dog in Orkney which used to accompany his master to church on alternate Sundays. To do so he had to swim a channel about a mile wide, and before taking to the water he used to run about a mile to the north when the tide was flowing, and a nearly equal distance to the south when the tide was ebbing, almost invariably calculating his distance so well that he landed at the nearest point to the church. In his letter to me Dr. Rae continues : " How the dog managed to calculate the strength of the spring and neap tides at their various rates of speed, and always to swim at the proper angle, is most surprising." So much, then, for judgment (p. 661).

But surely calculating the tides and angles is as much reasoning, if it proceeds from a thinking faculty, as the feats of the Arctic foxes are.

I should like to know where the master of the dog was during the swimming of the channel. We are not told ; but it is reasonable to infer he was going over in a boat, as the dog accompanied him. At first the animal probably followed the boat closely. As he would not have the strength or dexterity of the stalwart oarsmen, the first few trips would have been very painful owing to his efforts to keep with the boat, when a strong tide was sweeping him away from it. Besides, the wash of the oars would have been distressing. The nervous system thus sorely taxed would have evolved the method of going up or down shore, according as the boat went ; for boatmen as well as dogs have to make allowance for the running tide. Calculating the distance so as to swim at the proper angle for landing at the point nearest the church, may safely be set down to the fact that he went further up or down than was necessary pre-

vicious to taking to the water, and then allowed the stream to drift him ashore nearest the spot he was making for.

*Fronti nulla fides.* There is no proof whatever that any brute animal ever evinced self-conscious power. Without this self-consciousness no external act, however seemingly intelligent, can be rational. External acts evidencing design, and apparently the product of conscious deliberation, prove, it is true, a designer, but not that the intelligent designer is the eliciter of the acts. Calculating machines, clock-work animals, and other curiosities of human ingenuity are examples. At Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's exhibition of conjuring skill at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, Psycho plays whist, calculates square and cube roots of numbers proposed by any person in the audience, tells the card selected by any one from a pack, does correctly sums that beat in rapidity of execution the calculations of the best arithmeticians present, spells words that are not even in the dictionary, imitates any one's handwriting, and performs other marvels too numerous to mention; and yet Psycho and Zoe, who draw the faces of public characters with rare fidelity, and Fanfare and Labial, who play solos and concerted music on the cornopean and euphonium, are pieces of mechanism enclosed in small human forms. If men can make such things, what wonder is it if the Wisdom of God, *ludens in orbe terrarum*—"playing in the world"<sup>6</sup>—fashions organisms which mimic so closely the external results of reason? If we knew nothing of men but their outward acts, we should have no proof that they were more than mere automata. But every man is a compendium of humanity. He knows with perfect certitude that he is like his fellows, that he and they are partakers of one and the same nature, self-conscious, rational, free.

As I consider self-consciousness especially that phenomenon, the thorough investigation of which will always be most potent in convincing philosophical minds of the essential and impassable difference between human and brute knowledge, at the risk of repeating what I have elsewhere treated, I will state, as clearly as I can, what I mean by it. Self-consciousness is that knowledge which each man has of himself at every moment of his waking life and even in his dreams. It is that knowledge by which we mentally say "I," by which we recognize our own personal identity, *i.e.*, that we are the same persons now we were five years ago; in other words, our continuous existence. It

<sup>6</sup> Prov. viii. 31.

is the knowledge we have of ourselves as deliberate agents in deeds of virtue or vice. By it we know that we are meritorious agents. This is the reason, that with regard to these deeds we are cheered or depressed independently of the present advantages or disadvantages, such acts may indifferently procure. Sleep and passion and disease make us "forget ourselves." And so deeds done, when we are not masters of ourselves, are not rational. The state of self-consciousness may be intensified by thinking of the "ego," by watching with our intellect the acts of that same intellect, by making the same "ego" the conceiver and conceived absolutely contemporaneously. This no organic faculty could ever do. The eye cannot see itself seeing, the ear cannot hear itself hearing. The finger cannot turn back on itself, so that the same point will touch, embrace, enclose itself. It is contradictory to say it could, and would be as absurd a way of speaking as the phrase "a square circle." But whatever the "ego" is, it performs this reflex act continually. It cannot therefore be a substance, nor belong to a substance, of the same nature as that which is conditioned by the ordinary laws of space. It must be a substance without parts, and so indestructible.

It is owing to this simple, partless, immaterial, or spiritual nature of the soul, that true abstract ideas are devoid of all material qualities. They must not be confounded with the symbols of the imagination which accompany the workings of the mind. True ideas are the terms in which the spiritual intellect expresses modes of being, whether inferior to its own nature or otherwise. Hence the *idea* of a circle is as devoid of shape as are the ideas of being, identity, or virtue. By the idea, what a circle is, is *understood*, and it embraces all circles. The picture of the imagination, which at first accompanies the concept (though after a while the mere word is enough), is always of some particular circle. For children and very uncultured people, most likely, words such as horse, dog, tree, or field, bring pictures of these things before the "mind's eye," and in these pictures they understand. Such is not the case for cultivated intellects. As we may see when we are reading, the mere word or phrase is enough of help for the imagination to give the intellect, that it may *understand*; and this *understanding* what a thing is, is, I repeat, the true abstract idea. A philosopher, it need scarcely be remarked, understands most things in a far more perfect way than a peasant; but even the rudest toiler or

savage understands phenomena as, things, good, bad, causes, effects, &c.; and beneath the phenomena his intellect grasps the impalpable substance.

It is this world of thought where the mind deals with universal ideas and eternal truths, that stamps its value on the phenomenal world around us. The knowledge of phenomena, how intricate soever it may be, is not science. The mind must abstract from the particular cases brought before the senses, and then by its own eternal and immutable principles ascend to the intuition of law and order in the physical and moral world, and to the knowledge of the Law-giver. This is the lofty region where no brute-faculty can tread. Its dizzy heights are accessible to the human mind alone. And though no doubt men live in these regions on vastly different elevations, still the savage even, who knows himself, and knows what is good, true, treacherous, and ungrateful, is the degraded descendant of those who once breathed and enjoyed its rarest atmosphere.

From what has been said hitherto, it may be gathered, that the "abstract ideas" of Mr. Romanes' dogs and foxes are not ideas at all, but simply organic representations and estimations, perceptive or residual, of the internal sense.

If I see a fox [says the learned lecturer at page 660] prowling about a farmyard, I cannot doubt that he has been led by hunger to visit a place where he has a general idea that a number of good things are to be fallen in with, just as I myself am led by a similar impulse to visit a restaurant. And to take only one other instance, there can be no question that animals have a generalized conception of cause and effect. For example, I had a setter dog which was greatly afraid of thunder. One day a number of apples were being shot upon the wooden floor of an apple-room, and as each bag of apples was shot it produced through the house a noise resembling that of distant thunder. My dog became terror-stricken at the sound; but as soon as I brought him to the apple-room and showed him the true cause of the noise, he became again buoyant and cheerful as usual.

At the same page Mr. Romanes tells us of another dog:

I have put this dog into a paroxysm of fear by taking him into a room alone and silently making a series of horrible grimaces. Although I had never in my life hurt this dog, he became greatly frightened at my unusual behaviour, which so seriously conflicted with his general idea of uniformity in matters psychological. But I have tried this experiment with less intelligent dogs without any other result than that of causing them to bark at me.

There is no need whatever to call in the aid of "general ideas," "conceptions of cause and effect," and of "uniformity in matters psychological," to explain these by no means extraordinary performances. Associated sensations directed by instincts make perfectly certain what are the faculties at work. When the empty state of the stomach causes the animal to experience the sensation of hunger, by the reflex action of the brain a compound image is produced of food, and of the direction it is to be sought in. The food usually got and the place most frequently resorted to will be, as residual sensations under the stimulation of hunger, quite enough to send a brute in quest of what, experience and instinct have taught him, will give relief and pleasure. To understand the story of the thunder-fearing dog we have to remember, that awful sounds by their action on the nervous system produce sensitive terror in the bravest men. The like effect is produced on brutes. When once thunder had terrified the dog, a noise similar to distant thunder, by the law of similarity in the resuscitation of associated sensations, would throw his nervous system into a state of tremulous emotion. In the apple-room the noise of apples being shot is not like that of distant thunder. It is quite natural consequently that the dog should become cheerful again when brought there. Here the sight of falling apples was simply associated with a sharp rattling noise. We are not informed whether the dog was again taken to a spot where the falling apples produced a sound like distant thunder. I believe if he had been, he would have become terror-stricken again. If he did not, it would result from the associated apples and noise forming a new and not terrifying combination. The gradual assimilation of the noise to distant thunder might not, owing to continuity, be sufficient to dissociate the apples from the sound. In the last case, a kind master silently and horribly grimacing is surely enough to shock the nerves of an unsophisticated and confiding animal, without any necessity for the help of that imposing *ens rationis* "a general idea of uniformity in matters psychological." I am inclined to think that Mr. Romanes is a little unjust perhaps in estimating the brain-capacities of the dogs that barked at him. On his own principles the experiment would prove that these dogs were too knowing to be taken in by a kind gentleman pretending to be heartlessly cruel. They would let him see, that they knew a thing or two more about "uniformity in matters psychological" than he gave them

credit for. And they expressed their views on the subject in the most emphatic language which the logic of feelings in dogs has at its disposal.

At page 668 the learned professor from his store of anecdotes infers that—

All our lines of evidence converge to one conclusion—the only difference which analysis can show to obtain between the mind of man and the mind of the lower animals consists in this: that the mind of man has been able to develop the germ of rational thought which is undeveloped in the mind of animals, and that the development of this germ has been due to the power of abstraction which is rendered possible by the faculty of speech. I have, therefore, no hesitation in giving it as my opinion that the faculty of speech is alone the ultimate source of that enormous difference which now obtains between the mind of man and the mind of the lower animals. Is this source of difference adequate to distinguish the mind of man from the mind of the lower animals in kind? I leave you all to answer this question for yourselves.

Mr. Romanes with evolutionary inconsistency does not leave his audience to answer this philosophical question for themselves, but “to be candid” answers it for them in the negative a few lines farther on, and still more emphatically towards the end, when he implores of them to take away as the “cardinal conclusion” the fact that “mind is everywhere one.” As I am absolutely certain that, what is meant by this conclusion, is monstrous, and wholly unwarranted by the premisses, I will answer explicitly, why brutes cannot talk. The reason is, because thought is absolutely necessary to, is in fact the essence of, human speech. To communicate by words with another we must first commune with ourselves. These self-communings are the words of the spirit, the language of the soul, THOUGHT. In order to express clearly these *verba mentis* for ourselves, and to communicate them to others, we have a natural faculty of signs. Sharing in the same nature, other men think the same unimaginable thoughts as we, and by education and inclination they learn to affix the same immaterial thought to the same word or sign. Thus only social life and human progress become possible. Since man is a social and progressive being, external language is indispensable for anything like perfection in his existence. The life of social and progressive man would be an impossibility without a system of signs by which ideas are exchanged, reacted upon, and elaborated. The mental symbol

is the thought or idea itself. We, being composite creatures, link that mental symbol to an organic sign of some sort, whether to intensify, or make clear, or combine, or distinguish, or in any way correlate our thoughts for ourselves or others. Since articulate speech and its symbols in writing are by far the most important means men make use of to communicate with each other, there can be no doubt it is the best adapted for man's social and progressive existence. But no degree of perfection in the organism would confer the power of rational speech. It is the faculty of thought, that in an animal such as man connotes the faculty of articulate speech; and not organic articulation that evolves thought. There is no thought without self-communications or self-consciousness. These expressions signify facts, which involve each other, which are indeed one and the same viewed from different stand-points. In incalculable cycles of ages the most developed apes, or dogs, or foxes, under all the most favourable circumstances that Mr. Darwin or his enthusiastic disciple Mr. Romanes could desiderate, would never beget "half-human animals," to whom it would be possible to think and say "I." That is the act of a spirit only.

The experience of the senses is required to call into action the intellectual faculties. Organic language, which serves to bring before the mind the things or their symbols from which we learnt to know and to think, is of invaluable and indispensable service; but then this is only admitting that to be a perfect man, all man's powers are required. It is from this dependence of the mind on the help of the organic faculties that madness and idiotcy arise. The soul or mind itself is, strictly speaking, incapable of disease. Not so the imagination, which a diseased or imperfect brain upsets. The orderly sequence and coexistence of the phenomena of the internal sense being thus blocked and confused, the intellect is forced to see everything in grotesque disorder.

In a letter to the *Times* (which I have unfortunately mislaid), replying to some criticisms of that journal concerning his discourse on *Animal Intelligence*, Mr. Romanes gives it as his "mature opinion," that the phenomenon we call free-will is wholly due to the complexity and conflicting nature of the motives acting upon man. He adopts the view that the comparatively vast size of the cerebral hemispheres in the human brain prevents, through the reflex action of so many nerve-centres, the immediate or over-hasty preponderance of

any motive, or set of motives. Free-will, in the ordinary sense, he considers a contradiction in terms. As this letter may be looked on as complementary to the lecture, I will, in conclusion, deal with its all-important subject.

What constitutes man a free or moral agent is the fact, that his soul belongs to an order of being, whose motions the motions of matter need not determine. The soul, or vital force of man, though joined to the material body, and in union with it constituting the human substance, is still not so immersed in matter as to have no mode of action essentially independent of it. If the nervous system were the organ of the human mind and will, as it is of the cognitional and appetitive faculty of brutes, then nervous motions, whether mechanical, chemical, physical, or of whatever kind, would bind us fast in fate, and leave us no real choice. In that case an act of the will would be merely the living organ acting. Changes in the nervous matter undoubtedly occasion certain feelings, ideas, and emotions to manifest themselves, over whose first tendencies we have, there and then, no control. On this account for any such feeling, thought, or desire, we are not to be judged imprudent or vicious. But the intellect, or conscience, recognizes at once, or very soon, the nature of these first movements, and advises the free agent of their tendencies. Now the will is the necessary complement of the intellect. A cognitional being that would not be appetitive would be monstrous. Such a being would be indifferent to good and evil. It could have no concern with happiness or misery. Its knowledge would not be a good for it, and nothing could be an evil to it. Good and evil in the widest sense, not mere sensitive pleasure and pain, exhaust motives for action. About good and evil the will is entirely employed, the one to be possessed, the other to be avoided. Knowledge, then, implies appetite. The will of man is a rational appetite. The sensitive appetites are confined to particular objects or goods, which they do not recognize as good, but which they follow as necessarily as a stone falls to the earth, unless a higher force interfere. The rational appetite, on the other hand, has for its object whatever is good. It can pursue and cleave to whatever the intellect recognizes as having this mode of being. The end of man is to be happy. Whatever is good can give us more or less happiness if it be attainable. Whatever we freely do, we do because it is, or seems to be, some good for us. In the pursuit of virtue we



renounce goods that would be either destructive of, or obstacles to, higher good. The free will of man is chiefly engaged in this struggle between the contending goods or objects of his higher and lower appetites.

A considerable amount of experience and organic development is necessary before the intellect is sufficiently cultivated to bring the power of free will into action. Before that period arrives when young people are said "to have the use of reason," the intellect goes through a vast deal of work. First comes the recognition of self and non-self. Bound up in that knowledge is the abstract notion of 'being' contained in its own "I am." Then follow the child's comparing, judging, reasoning about what is good for itself, which implies knowledge of shape, distance, sound, smell, and other material objects. At last some fine day the automatically working intellect, helped of course by others, for man is a social being, abstracts from previous and present experiences its idea of moral good or "oughtness." In this idea is implied some knowledge of the power of choice. In the light of these moral intuitions, knowing good and evil within limits, which vary according to age, state, &c., within these limits human beings can choose the motives, without which as rational and appetitive creatures they cannot freely act. This complete notion of morality comes to us as naturally as any other knowledge of objective realities. Assuming our cognitional faculties to be truthful, and without this assumption there is no arguing, the above fact proves that moral order is part and parcel of the constitution of things, independently of him who may perceive it. Actions to be moral must be lit up by knowledge. There is no morality where there is no knowledge of the nature of the acts. Hence there is no morality among brutes. Feelings, no matter how delicate and subtle they may be, can have no knowledge of the nature of a thing. Emotions of shame, grief, gratitude, and the rest, though they subserve, are not essential to real moral action. It is a truism for practical Christians that sincere sorrow and detestation of sin may be perfectly insensible, dwelling only in the rational will.

That the mass of the cerebral hemispheres varies with the volitional control of emotions or impulses is very probably a

Freedom of will, in the sense explained, is as certain as that two and two make four, and eternally must make four. Mankind are as conscious of this power as they are of any other, even as they are of their own existence. The sense of sin, the knowledge of good and evil, the punishment awarded to vice because vice, and the approbation of moral worth because virtuous, the spirituality of the soul not determined by material motions, man's whole experience, internal and external, as far as it regards his moral being, constitute proofs of our possession of this ennobling power, which neither Mr. Darwin nor Mr. Romanes, nor any other savant, nor all of them together, ever will more than temporarily, and with comparatively few, seriously disturb.

W. A. S.

## *New Solutions of Homeric Problems.*

### I.—THE STRUCTURE OF THE ILIAD.

Achille

Chè per amore al fine combatteo.—*Dante*.

"Ἡδὴ καὶ ταύτῃ θεσπέσιος ἂν φανείη Ὅμηρος παρὰ τοὺς ἄλλους, τῷ μὴδὲ τὸν πόλεμον . . . ἐπιχειρῆσαι ποιῆν ὅλον· λίαν γὰρ ἂν μέγας, καὶ οὐκ εὐσύννοπος ἔμελλεν εἶσθαι . . . Νῦν δ' ἐν μέρος ἀπολαβῶν, ἐπεισοδίοις κίχρηται αὐτῶν πολλοῖς· ὅλον νεῶν καταλβῶν, καὶ ἄλλοις ἐπεισοδίοις οἷς διαλαμβάνει τὴν ποιήσιν.—*Aristotle*.

#### PART THE FIRST.

THE three principal "Homeric problems" which still challenge solution have reference respectively to (1) the structure of the Homeric poems; (2) the probable epoch of their composition; and (3) their relations to history. That each of these problems is to the present day a subject of unexhausted interest is indicated, if indication were required, by such publications as Professor Geddes' *Problem of the Homeric Poems*,<sup>1</sup> and Professor Paley's recent Homeric Pamphlets and Essays, and certainly not less so by the indefatigable researches of Dr. Schliemann. In the present article (to be concluded in a future number of the MONTH) the first of the above-named questions will alone be dealt with, and this in connection specially with the views of Grote and of Professor Geddes. The other two must be reserved for consideration in subsequent articles.

As there is no one who does not in some sense believe in the unity of the Iliad, so none can question the complexity, in some sense, of its structure. To be more explicit, as no one would now question that the Iliad as we have it was in large measure built up out of pre-existing materials, so none would deny that the final arrangement and adaptation of these materials was made by at least a skilful hand, if not by that of a master genius who added far more—of poetic beauty, at any rate—than he received. The question is now one of degree. How much is to be ascribed to pre-existing materials, how much to their adapter and organizer? How far was the latter a *poet*, how far merely an *arranger*?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Macmillan, 1878.

<sup>2</sup> "Few critics have denied . . . that, notwithstanding the power of poetical genius in using and metamorphosing its adopted materials, vestiges of an earlier creation and fragments of anterior formations remain detectable . . . from whatever cause admitted by the poet, whether in carelessness, indifference, or design" (W. Watkiss Lloyd in *Classical Museum*, vol. vi. p. 388).

Evidently there will be something of an approach to a solution of the question how much is due to the sources of the Iliad and how much to their organizer in any reasonable hypothesis as to what those sources were and what their mutual relations. Now with this aspect of the case the great name of Grote is for Englishmen indissolubly connected, and it is Grote's theory which Mr. Geddes, in his recent essay, claims to have extended and confirmed by important additional evidence. So completely is Mr. Geddes' theory bound up with that of Grote, that it will be necessary in the following pages to enter upon a more detailed discussion of the view taken by the historian of Greece than might seem to be in place at so late a date.<sup>3</sup>

Grote's celebrated discussion of the structure of the Iliad (for to this poem we must for the present confine our attention) is at once an advance upon and a reaction against the line taken by Lachmann and Köchly, Wolf's great successors in supporting the "Kleinlieder-theorie," or small-song theory; and, just as, if the unity of the Iliad can be established, that of the Odyssey may be considered as proven *à fortiori*, so if Grote's theory can be overturned, a good deal of German "spectacled erudition," to use a phrase of Professor Blackie's, must for a like reason participate in the fall.

Grote, then, as the reader will remember, at once rejecting and advancing upon the view that the Iliad is made up of mere *disjecta membra*, independent ballads patched together by some Pisistratean diaskeuast, maintained that this poem consists of two substantially distinct parts, or rather of a single kernel with various subsidiary additions: more precisely, of an Achilleid, or poem recording the wrath and glorifying the prowess of the Thessalian hero, and certain "Iliadic" additions (if I may be allowed the adjective), cantos descriptive of the deeds of other heroes besides Achilles, and bearing rather on the general history of the war with Troy than on the special incident of the Wrath. In fact, the contrast between the title of the "Iliad" and its opening line—between the implied promise to sing of the Trojan war and the actual invocation to sing, not of the Trojan war, but of the wrath of Achilles—might have been taken as the text of Grote's discussion. For the rest, it must suffice to remark that, before Grote, K. O. Müller had broached (but without adequate development) the same fundamental idea, and that it has in more recent times been adopted by Friedländer and other German Homerists.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Yet there is perhaps no *complete* discussion of Grote's hypothesis extant. His arguments were perhaps almost as effectively anticipated by Mure and Wilson (Christopher North) as they have since been met by Mr. Gladstone and Professors Blackie and Dunbar. To all of these writers the present article is greatly indebted.

<sup>4</sup> Müller wrote: "It is clear that a design manifested itself at an early period to make this poem [on the Anger of Achilles] complete in itself, so that all the subjects, descriptions, and actions, which could alone give an interest to a poem *on the entire war*, might find a place within the limits of this composition. For this purpose it is not improbable that many lays of earlier bards were laid under contribution . . . and the finest parts of them adopted into the new poem" (*Literature of Ancient Greece*, p. 50).

The division made by Grote was, it may be remembered, as follows :  
*Original Achilleid*—Books I., VIII., and XI.—XXII.

*Additional Cantos*—Books II.—VII., IX.—X., and XXIII.—XXIV.<sup>5</sup>

The reader who may be fresh from the perusal of the *Iliad* must be asked to excuse the introduction here of what may be tedious to him, but seems necessary to the full discussion of Grote's view, namely, a somewhat detailed account of the contents of those books upon which the controversy mainly turns. In remarking upon the several incidents and episodes here mentioned, I shall not confine myself to arguments actually advanced by Grote, but shall add any other considerations which either have been or appear to me capable of being urged in support of his position.

The first book relates at length the quarrel of Achilles with Agamemnon, the surrender of Briseis, the prayer of Thetis to Zeus to avenge the insult on her son, and the assent of the father of gods and men to her prayer. The opening of the second book introduces him—while the rest of the gods “and men with plumes of horsetail” are sleeping soundly—alone unvisited of balmy slumber, as he lies pondering in mind how he may bring honour upon Achilles and slaughter upon the Achæans. He determines to send Agamemnon a deceptive vision which shall stir up in him a false persuasion that at last Troy's fated day has come, and so egg him on to a rash attack upon the town. The vision beguiles the King accordingly, and Agamemnon, unconsciously in harmony with Zeus of the crooked council, himself determines to play off a ruse upon the soldiery.<sup>6</sup> He calls a council of chiefs, to whom he declares his dream-founded hopes and his intention of assembling the army at daybreak, and advising a speedy retreat to their Achæan homes. This advice the other chiefs are to oppose, the vainly-subtle King hoping, by such roundabout policy, to inspire a new enthusiasm for the war. When, however, the assembly is got together, the royal suggestion is adopted with a degree of alacrity which bids fair to spoil the whole plan. Without waiting to hear any other speaker the multitude straightway begins to disperse, having, like Falstaff, had enough of honour, and only too glad at the relief from a tedious war;<sup>7</sup> and it is only by a rather free and unconstitutional use of his authority and of a stout staff or sceptre that Odysseus succeeds in restoring order; nor is it till Thersites has delivered himself of some very free and not quite untrue sayings about Agamemnon that he is flogged into silence and tears, and a hearing is secured for Odysseus himself. However, when the latter has spoken in favour of perseverance in the war, and

<sup>5</sup> Mr. Geddes remarks on “the cross mode in which these duplex elements of the *Iliad* are interwoven and interplaited with each other.” The *Achilleid* flows on continuously from XI. to XXII., but is “becalmed in two lakes,” I. and VIII., lying at some distance one from the other. The greater number of the [supposed] added books occurs in a continuous series at the outset of the poem.

<sup>6</sup> “The king of the gods . . . sends a lying dream, and Agamemnon makes a lying speech” (Blackie, *Homer and the Iliad*, vol. i. p. 227).

<sup>7</sup> Blackie, *ibid.* p. 238.

Nestor has seconded the amendment, and Agamemnon has expressed his acquiescence in their reasonings, the old ardour of the soldiery appears to be fully restored. The remainder of the book is taken up with the celebrated catalogue of the Achæan and Trojan forces.

Now in connection with the opening scene of this second book Grote remarks :

"The ancient commentators were here perplexed by the circumstance that Zeus puts a falsehood into the mouth of Oneirus [the Vision]. But . . . the real awkwardness is, that Oneirus and his falsehood produce no effect. For in the first place Agamemnon takes a step very different from that which his dream recommends; and in the next place, when the Grecian army is at length armed and goes forth to battle, it does not experience defeat (which would be the case if the exhortation of Oneirus really proved mischievous), but carries on a successful day's battle, chiefly through the heroism of Diomedes."<sup>8</sup> Moreover Agamemnon, though "highly elate with the deceitful assurances of Oneirus," yet "deliberately assumes the language of despair in addressing his troops," "merely in order to try the temper of the men." "Now this intervention of Zeus and Oneirus, eminently unsatisfactory when coupled with the incidents which follow it . . . forms exactly the point of junction between the *Achilleis* and the *Iliad*."

Nor is this all. K. O. Müller finds a further reason why "this Homeric comedy [the *ruse* of Agamemnon] cannot possibly belong to the original plan of the *Iliad*;" and it is that "Agamemnon two days later [in the ninth book] complaining to the Greeks of being deceived by former signs of victory which Zeus had shown him uses in *earnest* the same words which he had before used in *joke*. But it is not conceivable that Agamemnon . . . should be represented as able seriously to repeat the complaint which he had before feigned, without, at the same time, dwelling on the inconsistency between his present and his former opinion."<sup>9</sup>

It should however be remarked that the discrepancy here alleged falls within the area of *added books* (according to Grote's division), and would tend, so far as it has any force, to sever the unity of authorship of these several insertions into the primary matrix. It is an argument of the same kind with those adduced by Grote (who himself incidentally confesses its force) and ought perhaps to stand and fall with them.<sup>10</sup>

Against the latter half of this second book yet other objections are urged. The Achæan catalogue is introduced by "Nestor's advice to

<sup>8</sup> *History of Greece*, vol. i. p. 561.

<sup>9</sup> *Literature of Ancient Greece*, vol. i. p. 54.

<sup>10</sup> Mr. Mahaffy says: "Grote . . . does not specially argue the question of the single authorship of the later books added from an *Iliad*, but I fancy he would not have pressed for their being all from the same hand" (*Macmillan's Magazine*, September, 1878, p. 406). I do not myself, as will be seen, think much of the force of Grote's arguments, but I do think that if they are valid, then others of equal validity tend to sever the unity of authorship of the Iliadic additions. Mahaffy (p. 415) and Sayce (*Academy*, September 14, 1878,) seem to agree on this last point.

Agamemnon to marshal his forces in distinct companies under their respective leaders." Colonel Mure, an enthusiastic defender of the unity, himself admits that from one point of view "the natural inference here would be, either that this advice had been offered in the first year of the war, or else that the Greeks had been accustomed, during the nine previous years, to engage the enemy without any sort of order or discipline, a very unsatisfactory alternative."<sup>11</sup> Accordingly it has been thought a plausible supposition that here, as in some other places to be noticed, a passage descriptive of an earlier phase of the war has been incorporated with the original Achilleid.<sup>12</sup> This view, it has been thought, is confirmed by certain discrepancies between the catalogue and the succeeding narrative; such as the fact that Meges is described in the catalogue as Prince of Dulichium, while in the thirteenth and fifteenth books he commands Elia troops, and that Medon is here represented as commanding forces from Methone, but elsewhere as leading the Phthians of Phylace.<sup>13</sup> Moreover it has always been a matter of wonder why the catalogue should begin with the *Bœotian* towns, a fact which has caused it to be attributed by some to a Heliconian poet.<sup>14</sup> The very name Bœotia has been thought to be an anachronism, for, at the time supposed to be recorded in the *Iliad*, the ancestors of the Bœotians of later days are said alike by popular and learned tradition to have inhabited Thessaly.<sup>15</sup>

The third book contains two main episodes, the "Teichoscopy" or survey of the Achæan host from the walls of Troy, and the single combat between Menelaus and Paris. Paris meets Menelaus in the field, but shrinks in cowardly fear behind the Trojan soldiery. Upbraided by Hector, however, he offers to meet his antagonist in a duel by which their rival claims upon Helen are to be decided without further bloodshed to the contending hosts. This is agreed to, and while the conditions of the truce are being ratified, Helen points out to Priam from the walls of Troy the several leaders of the Achæans, describing them in noble lines which no one, perhaps, who has read them, can ever entirely forget.

Here, however, the implied "supposition that the old King in the tenth year of the war did not know the persons of Agamemnon and the other Greek chief,"<sup>16</sup> suggests the interpolation here of another scene having its proper place elsewhere. And a similar remark applies to

<sup>11</sup> *Language and Literature of Ancient Greece*, vol. i. p. 263.

<sup>12</sup> Cf. Müller, cited above.

<sup>13</sup> Müller, *op. cit.* pp. 54, 55.

<sup>14</sup> A very old suggestion is that as the fleet sailed from Aulis in Bœotia it was a natural compliment to the Bœotians to begin with them. With more plausibility it may be said that the poet followed the order in which he supposed the ships to have been drawn up on the coast. Cf. *Iliad* xiii. 681; viii. 223; xi. 5.

<sup>15</sup> So Herodotus. But it does not follow that the *name* of Bœotia was not older than its inhabitants in his time. The Thessalians of whom he speaks may have migrated into a land already called Bœotia.

<sup>16</sup> Grote, vol. i. p. 562.

the proposed duel between the principals in the war, "an idea," says Müller, "which might have occurred in the previous nine years, if the Greeks, when assisted by Achilles, had not . . . considered every compromise as unworthy of them."<sup>17</sup> This supposed reference to the absence of Achilles is, however, disallowed by Grote, who accordingly sees here too an ornamental addition to the primitive plan of the poem.<sup>18</sup>

The fourth book is thought to contain indications that it too is an addition to this primitive plan. It opens with a council of the gods, which except for the lines which link it with the particular occurrence of the moment, reads like an echo from the long distant past, previous to the outbreak of the war. Why, asks Zeus of Hera, dost thou bear such spite against Priam and his city? Natheless, he adds :

ἔρξον ὅπως ἐθέλεις, μῆ τοῦτό γε νῆκος ὑπίσσω  
σοὶ καὶ ἐμοὶ μέγ' ἔρισμα μετ' ἀμφοτέροισι γένηται  
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἔριω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλειο σῆσιν,  
ὅπποτέ κεν καὶ ἐγὼ μεμαώς πόλιν ἐξαλαπάξαι  
τὴν ἐθέλω θοὶ τοὶ φίλοι ἀνῆρες ἐγγεγάασιν,  
μὴ τι διατρίβειν τὸν ἐμὸν χρόνον, ἀλλὰ μ' ἱᾶσαι.  
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ σοὶ δῶκα ἐκὼν ἀέκοντί γε θυμῷ.<sup>19</sup>

And Hera consents, in compensation for the fall of Troy, to sacrifice any one of her three most cherished cities, Argos or Sparta or Mycenæ. Grote remarks that :

"If the proceedings of the combatants on the plains of Troy, between the first and the eighth book, have no reference to Achilles or an Achilleis, we find Zeus in Olympus still more completely putting that hero out of the question at the beginning of the fourth book. Forgetful of his promise to Thetis in the first book, he discusses nothing but the continuance or termination of the war, and manifests anxiety only for the salvation of Troy, in opposition to the miso-Trojan goddesses, who prevent him from giving effect to the victory of Menelaus over Paris and the stipulated restitution of Helen, in which case of course the wrong offered to Achilles would remain unexpiated. An attentive comparison will render it evident that the poet who composed the discussion among the gods at the beginning of fourth book has not been careful to put himself in harmony either with the Zeus of the first book or with the Zeus of the eighth."<sup>20</sup>

<sup>17</sup> Müller, p. 51.

<sup>18</sup> It is at least a curious fact that when Athena, in guise of Polites, urges Hector to marshal the Trojan troops before the walls, she not only does not encourage him with any allusion to the quarrel of the Greek chieftains, but on the contrary makes her *alias* remark that he never before saw so numerous a host marshalled against the town.

<sup>19</sup> *Iliad* iv. 37—43. Briefly: "Work thy will, lest our quarrel become outrageous. But remember, when I in turn shall wish to destroy some city by thee beloved, not to stay my wrath, but to yield thereto."

<sup>20</sup> Grote, vol. i. p. 565.



After this discussion among the immortals follows the treachery of Pandarus, who, inspired by Hera, discharges an arrow which wounds Menelaus and renews the intermitted strife. Perhaps the most remarkable point about this episode in relation to the rest of the poem is that, on the very same day on which it occurs, Hector, with the faint word of excuse,

ὄρκια μὲν Κρονίδης ὑψίζυγος οὐκ ἐτέλεσσε,<sup>21</sup>

proposes a second single combat, on different terms (the victor to keep the arms but surrender the body of the vanquished), this time between himself and any Achæan who may choose to encounter him. Is this juxtaposition, asks Mr. Mahaffy, in accordance even with poetical probability?<sup>22</sup> Again even Colonel Mure admits—though he seeks to explain the fact—that “nothing can be more incongruous than that the Greeks, after the treacherous conduct of the Trojans on that very morning, should here complacently accept their renewed proposals of truce, and again place confidence in their oaths without the least notice of their late perjury.”<sup>23</sup> It is to be noticed that here, as in the two *πειραι* of the second and ninth books, we have an argument tending (so far as it has any force) to sever not the “added cantos” from the “original nucleus,” but the single authorship of the supposed added books themselves.

The treachery of Pandarus is followed by the “Epipoleis” or review of the troops by Agamemnon, who addresses to each of the chiefs some appropriate encouragement or reproach. The remainder of the fourth book, as well as the greater part of the fifth, is occupied with fighting scenes.

The fifth book, and the first half of the sixth, contribute the “Aristeia” of Diomedes, and are a noble answer to the taunts addressed by Agamemnon to that chief in the Epipoleis just mentioned. The chief incidents in this tract are the encounters of Diomedes, under the special guidance of Athena, with Pandarus and Æneas and Sarpedon, and also with Aphrodite and Ares, these last being wounded by him and driven to take refuge, whimpering, in Olympus. His “Aristeia” ends, in the sixth book, with the celebrated meeting between himself and Glaucus, and their mutual recognition and exchange of presents; when—

Each of the other seized the hand, and pledges gave of friendship,  
Then thoroughly did Zeus Cronides the wits of Glaucus rifle,  
Who with Tydides Diomêd made barter of his harness,  
And yielded golden arms for brass, for nine a hundred oxen.<sup>24</sup>

<sup>21</sup> “Zeus high-ruling has not brought our treaty to effect.”

<sup>22</sup> In *Macmillan*, September, 1878, p. 415. I shall have occasion to revert to this point. Meanwhile I must express my inability to understand what Mr. Mahaffy means by an inconsistency between the close of *Iliad* i. and the opening of *Iliad* ii. or between the close of xiv. and opening of xv. In the first case we are told (end of i.) that Zeus lay down to sleep, but that (beginning of ii.) he was kept awake. Nor is the contradiction in the second instance more apparent.

<sup>23</sup> *Language and Literature of Ancient Greece*, vol. i. p. 464.

<sup>24</sup> *Iliad* vi. 232—135. Mr. Newman's Translation.

In the same book is recorded the solemn supplication of the Trojan dames and their offering of the peplos or richly embroidered robe to Athena in the Trojan Acropolis, a scene which is appealed to by Professor Paley as an almost evident neoterism, describing an Athenian custom transferred to Troy. It is, however, perhaps equally probable that the peplos ceremony was a very ancient and wide-spread rite, of which we not improbably have an analogue in the case of the women who are recorded in Scripture as weaving hangings for the Ashera or sacred pillar-symbols.<sup>25</sup> The sixth book closes with a highly characteristic meeting and dialogue between Hector and Paris and the immortal scene of his parting from Andromache.

The second challenge to single combat, which occurs in the seventh book, has been already noticed. In the encounter itself, which is prolonged till darkness separates the combatants, there is nothing that calls for remark here. But at the banquet given by Agamemnon to the Achæan chiefs in the evening a proposition is made which has sadly puzzled the commentators. Nestor advises—a piece of advice, it has been thought, strangely out of place at this period of the war—that on the morrow a rampart be erected and a moat dug around the Achæan camp. Grote writes:

“If the initial incident of the second book, whereby we pass out of the *Achillêis* into the *Iliad*, is awkward, so also the final incident of the seventh book immediately before we come back into the *Achilleis*, is not less unsatisfactory—I mean the construction of the wall and ditch round the Greek camp. As the poem now stands, no plausible reason is assigned why this should be done. Nestor proposes it without any constraining necessity: for the Greeks are in a career of victory, and the Trojans are making offers of compromise which imply conscious weakness—while Diomedes is so confident of the approaching ruin of Troy, that he dissuades his comrades from receiving even Helen herself if the surrender should be tendered. ‘Many Greeks have been slain,’ it is true; but an equal or even greater number of Trojans have been slain, and all the Grecian heroes are yet in full force: *the absence of Achilles* [which might be and has been pretended as accounting for the counsel to build the rampart] *is not even alluded to.*”<sup>26</sup>

So improbable did this account of the matter appear to Thucydides that without any reference to his divergence from the Homeric version of the tale, he assigns the building of the rampart to the time of the first landing of the Greeks on the coast of the Troad.<sup>27</sup>

<sup>25</sup> This was probably a phallic rite. The peplos offered to Pallas was perhaps symbolical of the starry heavens. Those who think that such a supposition is an overstraining of the Nature-myth theory may remember that this very symbolism is ascribed in the Bacchic ritual to the dappled fawnskins, which formed the dancing costume of the Bacchanals.

<sup>26</sup> *History of Greece*, vol i. pp. 562, 563.

<sup>27</sup> Mr. Paley would of course urge that the Homer of Thucydides was not “our Homer” and that this very passage is one of the best indications of the fact. I shall have to try to justify my views on this point elsewhere.

Against the eighth book no charge is laid, from the point of view now under consideration. It forms, in the Grotian canon, part of the Achilleid, since in it, for the first time, Zeus effectively sets about the fulfilment of his purpose to give honour to Achilles by bringing destruction on the Achæans. It is their rout in this book which leads to the mission to Achilles in the ninth.

It is the ninth book which has chiefly moved the criticism of Grote and of those who think with him. Agamemnon, cowed by the reverses mentioned, to the extent of addressing to his troops in earnest that advice to relinquish the war which we have before heard him utter in order to try their temper, is persuaded by Nestor to send a propitiatory mission to Achilles, begging him to relent, and offering not merely to restore Briséis, but to load him with countless gifts. But Achilles, while he receives the messengers with courtesy, is implacable, and will not subdue his wrath against Agamemnon.

Now this scene Grote held to be inconsistent with much that follows. For (1) in the eleventh book, seeing the Achæan disasters, Achilles says :

Nῦν δ' ὧν περὶ γούνατ' ἔμοι στήσασθαι Ἀχαιοὺς  
Λίσσομένους.<sup>26</sup>

—words, observes the historian, which “imply that he had received no embassy at all.” The revenge for which he prayed to Thetis “is now about to be realized, and he hails its approach with delight.” (2) Poseidon in the thirteenth book recommends *an attempt to appease Achilles*, words “certainly not very consistent with the supposition that the attempt *had been made* in the best possible way.” (3) Worse still, neither Nestor appealing to Patroclus, nor Patroclus appealing to Achilles, nor Achilles replying to Patroclus, make the slightest allusion to Agamemnon’s offers, the only subject of remark being the original offence. Indeed, Achilles even says, that “if *Agamemnon were well disposed towards him*,” the Trojans would soon be seen to turn in flight. (4) Again, he thus exhorts Patroclus, “Obey my words, so that you may procure for me honour and glory from the body of the Greeks, and that they may send back to me the damsel, giving me ample presents besides.” Finally, throughout the subsequent passages of the poem, with the exception of some special allusions which Grote takes to be interpolations, everything proceeds as if the episode of the ninth book had never occurred.<sup>27</sup>

The reader has now before him, as strongly as I am capable of putting it, the case for the views of Grote and Müller, as supported by such considerations as those two writers had at their command. As long, however, as the question remained where Grote and Müller left it, an answer to each objection was without much difficulty to be found. And first, the introduction of scenes more appropriate perhaps from a

<sup>26</sup> “Now, I ween, will the Achæans fall about my knees in supplication.”

<sup>27</sup> *History*, pp. 556, 557.

historical and pragmatistical point of view to the commencement of the war, is so obvious a poetical artifice for the adornment of the poem as to require absolutely no apology.<sup>28</sup> The Catalogue, the Teichoscopy, the Epipoleis, as evidently enrich the poem as any episode in Dante or any by-plot in Shakespeare, to say nothing of more direct imitations (if we may venture to call them so) in Æschylus. The classical student will hardly need to be reminded of the catalogue of chiefs in the *Persæ* and of the Teichoscopy in the *Septem*. But why, it may be asked, should the main action of the poem be thus interrupted, so soon after its outset, by a series of scenes which, however ornamental in themselves are beside the principal scope of the poem?<sup>29</sup> To this it might be sufficient to reply that the temporary success of the Achæans after the quarrel brings into stronger relief their subsequent disasters, and that the delay of the catastrophe is an artifice, or rather a deep touch of nature, common to Homer with every other epic or tragic poet. Mr. Blackie writes:—

“Let us consider what the poet had to do the moment that Achilles had retired in sullen indignation to the ships. He could not bring him back immediately. The very conception of his character implied that he could not be brought back till all the other chiefs, and even the gods in Olympus, had tried to take Troy without him, and failed in the attempt. This is the true reason of what appears to Mr. Grote to be an enlarged scheme. The enlargement was not an afterthought, but arose necessarily out of the poet’s determination to do justice to Achilles, not in the mere mercantile way of paying him back the due with damages, but by proving before the imagination of the reader, that Achilles is indispensable to the war. How, then, shall we understand Grote, when he says that the prowess of Diomede, in the fifth and sixth books, is not essential to the plan of an Achilleid? To me the poet appears plainly to have given such prominence to Diomede for the single purpose of showing, that in spite of all that this doughty hero, with the miraculous aid of Athena, could do, the counsel of Jove must stand, and Troy could not be taken till the wrath of Achilles was appeased.”<sup>30</sup>

In favour of the present arrangement, then, at least as regards the Diomedean books, we have not merely the poetical congruity of suspending the catastrophe, but the fact that the means by which it is

<sup>28</sup> ὁ δὲ Πιοιτῆς, οἰκονομικῶς καὶ τοῦτο ἤρξατο μὲν ἀπὸ τῶν τελευταίων, διὰ δὲ τῶν σποράδην αὐτῶν λεχθέντων περιέλαβε καὶ τὰ πρὸ τούτων πραχθέντα. αὕτη γὰρ ἀρετὴ ποιήσεως, τὸ ἀπὸ τῶν μέσων ἄρξασθαι, προϊόντα δὲ καὶ τὴν ἀρχὴν διηγέσθαι κατὰ μέρος (Schol. in *Iliad* i. 1).

<sup>29</sup> “The plan of the *Iliad*,” says Müller, “is certainly very much extended beyond what was actually necessary [! an odd poetical criterion, one would think]; and, in particular, the preparatory part consisting of the attempts of the other heroes to compensate for the loss of Achilles has, it must be said, been drawn out to a disproportionate length.”

<sup>30</sup> *Homer and the Iliad*, vol. i. p. 250.

suspended are just such as the particular plot requires. The immediate prelude to the catastrophe is, in the true spirit of Grecian tragedy, precisely that vaunt of Diomede to which we have heard Grote appeal as showing the incongruousness of building a rampart at the time recorded in the seventh book.

On so trite a subject it is hardly necessary to cite parallel cases ; but the boastful discourse of Rhesus in Euripides's Homeric play, the overweening confidence of Memnon and the Queen of the Amazons in Quintus Smyrnæus, the *κῆρυξ* of the Argive chieftains in the *Seven against Thebes*, everywhere heralding a fall, might be instanced. The juxtaposition of this boast of Diomede's with the cautious advice of Nestor to fortify the camp, so far from being an inconsistency is surely a touch of tragic irony. "Mr. Grote indeed says, that in these intervening books and in all the seventh, the Greeks are represented as in the full career of victory, and Jove seems altogether to have forgotten the promise to Thetis made in the opening of the poem." Is this really so? That Agamemnon's deceptive hopes should be encouraged by a day's successful action need certainly have excited no surprise. But in fact, Diomede and Mr. Grote notwithstanding, I, with Professor Blackie, "see no such career of victory, and no such oblivion on the part of the Thunderer. The success of Diomede, magnified . . . by the patriotism of the Greek poet, is after all only partial."<sup>31</sup> Indeed, as Mure observes, "the first day's combat terminates with little positive advantage on either side. This however is already a serious decline in the fortunes of the Greeks. 'While Achilles fought [we are told in iv. 512], the Trojans never ventured from beyond the protection of their city walls.'"<sup>32</sup> Moreover, "at the the opening of the seventh book, when Hector and Paris march out to battle, we find the Greeks, by the onslaught of those two heroes, cut down in such masses, that . . . Athena, perceiving

*Ἀργείους ὀλίγοντας ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὕσμινῃ,*

— Her dear-loved Argives perishing in the tug of the stout-armed fight— is forced to propose a single combat to give remission to the slaughter ; which proposal having been accepted by Hector and Ajax, the duel takes place, but being interrupted by the night, produces no result."<sup>33</sup> It is this which makes the building of the rampart so appropriate in its present place. Achilles himself (in ix., 352) alludes to it with a speech of cutting scorn that ought to leave no room for a doubt about its place in the economy of the poem. Let Agamemnon look to himself, he says—

For troth without my aid hath he full many a work accomplished,  
Hath built a rampart, and in front hath drawn a moat beside it,  
Vast, broad, and deep, with pointed stakes all featly palisaded.  
Nor can he, even so, repel the hero-slaying fury  
Of Trojan Hector, . . .

<sup>31</sup> *Ibid.* p. 251.

<sup>32</sup> Mure, p. 283.

<sup>33</sup> Blackie, p. 251.

and so forth.<sup>34</sup> "Finally, the discomfiture of the Greeks in the next engagement, when they fled before Hector and the Trojans within their intrenchments, showed the wisdom and propriety of Nestor's advice."<sup>35</sup> Neither was it to be expected, as Grote implies, that in giving this advice Nestor should have referred to the quarrel with Achilles, for why should he needlessly touch on a sore point, and a highly dispiriting subject to boot?

But to return to the earlier books which Grote rejects as non-Achillean. In their case as well as in that of the fifth, sixth, and seventh it will, I think, be found that they not merely serve the general purpose of "suspending the catastrophe," but are, in other respects, also very admirably adapted for the position they occupy.

And in the first place, so far from finding any incongruity in the highly humorous scene which forms the opening of the second book, it appears to me to be in its every part and clause nothing less than exquisitely apt. That Agamemnon under the influence of a lying dream should himself adopt a lying policy has already been noticed as quite in keeping. That he should be cast in a side issue by the unexpected behaviour of the troops, as well as cheated in his main purpose, is equally so. The exceedingly foolish position in which he is hereby placed is the first step in the avenging of Achilles. Mark the subtle development of this secondary nemesis. First there is the alarm-note sounded by Nestor when the King of men recounts his dream.

ἂ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἧδ' ἐμὲ δόντες  
εἰ μὲν τις τὸν ὄνειρον Ἀχαιῶν ἄλλος ἐνίσπῃ,  
ψεύδῳς κεν φαίμεν καὶ νοσφίζοιμεθα μᾶλλον  
νῦν δ' ἴδεν ὃς μέγ' ἄριστος ἐνὶ στρατῷ εὖχεται εἶναι.<sup>36</sup>

Then, too, there is the irony (equal to any in the *Œdipus* of Sophocles) of making Agamemnon utter the unconscious truth,

Ζεὺς μὲ μέγα Κρονίδης ἄτη ἐνέδωκε βαρεῖν.<sup>37</sup>

followed by the very ludicrous defeat of Agamemnon's shifty device and the almost humiliating and half-true opening of Odysseus' harangue—

Ἀτρεΐδῃ, νῦν δὲ σε, ἄναξ, ἐθέλουσιν Ἀχαιοὶ  
παῶσιν ἐλέγχιστον θέμεναι μερόπῃσι βροτοῖσιν.<sup>38</sup>

Finally, and this is by far the unkindest cut of all, only two days later Agamemnon is driven to address to his soldiers in earnest the very

<sup>34</sup> Mr. Newman's translation.

<sup>35</sup> Professor Dunbar in the *Classical Museum*, v. p. 459. Of course this last consideration is only indirectly available against Grote, who does not think books vii. and viii. well joined.

<sup>36</sup> ii. 79-82. Briefly. "Had any one else told us the dream we had mistrusted. But now he has seen it who claims to be by far the chiefest in the host."

<sup>37</sup> "Zeus Cronides has fettered me with a cruel deception."

<sup>38</sup> "Now Atreides would the Achæans make thee most dishonoured in the eyes of men."

same desponding words which he has before uttered to try their temper. A fitting retribution this, and no such inconsistency as Müller imagined. It is the story of the boy who called "Wolf! Wolf!" sublimed and dramatized. But Müller thinks it absurd that he should, to the extent of a dozen hexameter lines, speak exactly the same words on the two occasions.<sup>39</sup> Mr. Blackie suggests that a poet of the Homeric age, when he had once hit upon the best way of expressing himself on a given subject, did not think it necessary to vary his phraseology when the same subject had to be again treated. But, making all allowance for the tendency to repetition in primitive poetry, there is, if I mistake not, a deeper reason here latent. No device, perhaps, could better have brought out the telling contrast between the behaviour of the army on the two occasions. The first time—

ὥς φάτο, τοῖσι δὲ θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἔρινεν  
 πᾶσι μετὰ πλήθυν· . . . .  
 . . . .  
 κινήθη δ' ἀγορὴ φηΐ κύματα μακρὰ θαλάσσης  
 πόντου Ἰκαρίοιο.

But the second time—

ὥς ἔφαθ' οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἀπὸ πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγίνοντο σιωπῇ.<sup>40</sup>

But there are yet further points of congruity. I quote from Professor Dunbar :—

"The freak, as Mr. Grote calls it, which Agamemnon plays off upon the temper of his army, had most likely its origin in a cause which has escaped both him and the German critics. The King of men was sensible that the army knew that his haughty and offensive treatment of Achilles caused that hero to withdraw from their support. As a kind of atonement for his error he proposes to abandon the enterprize, as the troops might consider it hopeless without the support of Achilles. This, he might think, would remove the prejudice against himself in the minds of the soldiers, and cast the odium of a protracted warfare upon the other chiefs. In this view of the matter it was a piece of artful policy, and not an idle freak."<sup>41</sup>

Again—

"The scene with Thersites has been severely criticized . . . as beneath the dignity of epic poetry, and unsuitable to the occasion. But Homer knew human nature better than these critics. The army was eager and intent on departure. The angry remonstrance of Ulysses . . . might have had the effect of restoring order . . . but not

<sup>39</sup> Düntzer, on the other hand, who seems to think that Homer ought to be expected to repeat himself as often as possible, actually sets down part of the twenty-fourth book as spurious, because the funeral rites of Hector are not described in the same detail, and with the same phrases, as those of Patroclus! (*Class. Mus.* iv. 44).

<sup>40</sup> (1) "So he spake, but the soul of all the multitude was moved as the sea in a storm." (2) "So he spake, but they all were dumb in silence."

<sup>41</sup> *Class. Mus.* v. 459.

of entirely calming the excitation of the moment. The absurd and vain-glorious speech of Thersites, the deformity of his person, the punishment inflicted upon him by Ulysses, and the writhings and contortions of his body under the blows, directed their attention to another object, and amused them by the ridicule it excited. It was evidently intended by the poet, who knew the temper of the vulgar, to bring them into better humour with Agamemnon and the other chiefs, and to cause them to forget the disappointment of their expectations."<sup>42</sup>

Moreover, the episode of Thersites, besides causing a diversion and producing a reaction in favour of the King against the excess of free speech, has yet another effect in conformity with what the able critic just quoted points out as a main purpose of these early books; this scene, more perhaps than any other in the *Iliad*, lets us see the dispositions of the common folk and their relations with the chiefs.<sup>43</sup> Wherever there is question of the nature of the Homeric polity, there, beyond doubt, the Thersites scene will be quoted as an illustration of primary importance. This exhibition of the temper of the soldiery in an exciting emergency is perhaps even comparable in some degree with Shakespeare's personation of the mob which listened to Antony's funeral harangue over the body of Cæsar.

For the Catalogue, as has been said, natural ornament as it is of a martial poem, no apology is needed. Its introduction is perfectly unconstrained, though grand in the highest degree.

"He spake; nor was the King of men, the wide-ruling Agamemnon, uncompliant, but earnestly he bade the clear-voiced heralds to summon to the war the streaming-haired Achæans. And they gave the summons, but the others right quickly were gathered together. And they that were about Atrides, the chiefs of race divine, hasted about, sorting (the people), and amidst (them) was grey-eyed Athena." And like a fire in the forest was the sheen from their armour as they advanced; and as a flight of cranes that fly hither and thither over the Arian meadow by Cayster was the flocking together of the host; and as a swarm of flies about a milk-pail in the summer was the number of them; but as the herdsman knows them that are of his flock, and picks them out from the midst of the rest, even so did the leaders of the Achæans. And—

ὅυτε βοὺς ἀγέλῃφι μετ' ἔζοχος ἔπλετο πάντων  
ταῦρος· ὁ γάρ τε βόεσσι μεταπρέπει ἀγρομένησι·  
τοῖον ἄρ' Ἀτρεΐδην θῆκε Ζεὺς ἡματι κείνῃ,  
ἐκπρέπει' ἐν πόδ'λοισι καὶ ἔζοχον ἡρώεσσιν.

Then follows the invocation to the Muses, ("For ye are goddesses, and are all-present and all-knowing, but we hear only a rumour, and

<sup>42</sup> *Ibid.* p. 458.

<sup>43</sup> "What should we have known of Nestor, Agamemnon, Diomedes, Ajax, and Ulysses, as counsellors and warriors, as well as of the feelings of the soldiers, if the poet had passed at once from the first to the eighth, and from that to the eleventh book?" (*Ibid.* p. 456).



nothing know for certain,") to tell the poet who were the leaders and chiefs of the Danai.

But splendid as is the outset, splendid the roll which follows, the Shadow of the Wrath is over the scene. "Blackness is on one part of the line—where Achilles lies encamped."

The warriors of Pelasgian Argos next,  
Of Alus and of Alope, and who held  
Trechina, Phthia, and—for women fair  
Distinguished—Hellas, known by various names,  
Hellenes, Myrmidons, Achæans; these,  
In fifty ships embarked, Achilles ruled.  
But these, perforce, renounced the dreaded field,  
Since he who should have ranged them to the fight,  
Achilles, in his fleet resentful lay  
For fair Briseis' sake; her loss he mourn'd,  
Whom after many toils, and after sack  
Of Thebes and of Lyrnessus, where he smote  
Epistrophus and Mynes, valiant sons  
Of King Evenus, he had made his own.  
He, therefore, sullen in his tent abode,  
*Dead for her sake, though soon to rise again.*<sup>44</sup>

So, again, at the conclusion of the Catalogue, the Muse is invoked to declare which among the chieftains was best and bravest. The answer is that best and bravest was Telamonian Ajax.

While as Achilles stood away: for no one with Achilles  
Might vie, nor with the steeds that drew the noble child of Peleus;  
But indolently listless he, enraged at Agamemnon,  
Shepherd of peoples, lay beside his hornéd bark sea-coursing;  
And all his people, straying loose beside the breakers' margin,  
Took their amusement at the quoit, or with the javelin darting  
And arrows: while by every car unharnessed stood the horses,  
Munching the grassy lotus-leaf and marsh-engendered parsley,  
Tranquil; and in the prince's cots the chariots well covered  
Idly reposed; and they themselves, their warlike leader missing,  
Strolled hither thither o'er the camp, nor joined the moving army.<sup>45</sup>

To set down passages like these, which form the links between the episodes of the early books and the plot of the Iliad, as interpolations, "introduced for the favourite purpose of keeping Achilles before the reader's mind,"<sup>46</sup> seems to me to be a kind of criticism to which no elenchus or definite test can be applied. The critics complain that in these books Achilles is too much out of sight. Yet "the favourite purpose of keeping him before the reader's mind" is appealed to as accounting for those allusions to the Wrath—and they are many—which do occur. It would, I imagine," says Professor Dunbar, "puzzle both Grote and Lachmann to point out in what way Achilles could be brought to act so as to keep him in the reader's view . . . without counteracting the decree of Jupiter."<sup>47</sup> And as he could not be made to act, he must be from time to time alluded to, and it is always possible

<sup>44</sup> Sotheby's Tr. apud Wilson, Works viii, 163. The last line in the Greek is—

τῆς δ' οὐκ ἔστιν ἀχίωι ῥάχα δ' ἀνστήσειναι ἔμμελλεν.

<sup>45</sup> Iliad ii. 769, seq. Newman.

<sup>46</sup> Paley ad Iliad, iv. 507—516.

<sup>47</sup> Class. Mus. v. 457. Italics mine.

to set down an allusion so introduced as an interpolation. If any critic wonders why there are not more of them, perhaps we might answer, "No need for Jupiter, when he brandishes his bolt, to cry, 'that's my thunder,'"<sup>48</sup> and no need for a Grecian poet to exclaim every hundred lines or so, "this, you see, is the skill with which I develop my story, you will remember that Achilles is in his tent, and that is why Hector has a fine time of it, and Odysseus, Ajax, and Diomedes are the most prominent figures on the Achæan side."

To pass on to the third book; it is true that the single combat is an idea which might have occurred before, and which—if there ever was a Trojan war—very likely had occurred before; but it suits Homer's purpose that it should more particularly occur now, and he leaves us to suppose, if we like, that in the days when Achilles was storming the towns of the Troad, and the Trojans dared not venture beyond the sacred fig-tree, the Achæans would not have been very likely to accept any such proposition. That, as Grote says, there is no allusion to Achilles here, does not seem to me to invalidate this interpretation in the least. Neither, perhaps, is there any irreconcilable poetical inconsistency in the acceptance of a second single combat by the Achæans on the very same day. Hector's apology is indeed short, but to the point; and any lengthening of it would have weakened, not strengthened it. Besides, it is of precisely the same character with that which is afterwards made by Agamemnon and accepted by Achilles. Hector in vii. throws the blame of the broken treaty on Zeus. Similarly Achilles in xix. throws the blame of Agamemnon's injustice to himself on the King of the gods.

Ζεῦ πάτερ ἤ μεγάλης ἄτας ἀνδρῶσσι διδοῖσθαι  
οὐκ ἂν δῆποτε θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι ἰμοῖσιν  
'Ατρείδης ὤριε διαμπερές,  
· · · · · ἀλλὰ ποθὶ Ζεὺς  
ἦτολ' 'Αχαιοῖσι θάνατον πολεῖσσι γενέσθαι.

But, moreover, this second single combat is an episode which could ill be spared. Its contrast amid parallelism with the first is as manifestly intended as the similar contrast between the false and the true *πειρὰ* in ii. and ix., or between the attempted and effected reconciliation in ix. and xix., or between the episodes of St. Dominic and St. Francis in the *Paradiso*.

The first time—Hector spake, but all were silent, and amidst them Menelaus arose and said, Mine is the quarrel, I will be the champion to contend with Paris. The second time—Hector spake, but all were silent, ashamed to refuse the challenge, yet afraid to accept it. And among them Menelaus arose and said, Fie upon ye, puny sons of Achaia, surely this shall be a shame for all time if no one of the Danaans shall dare to meet Hector in fight. Therefore even I will arm and meet him; but the issue the gods hold in their hands. Then would

<sup>48</sup> Wilson, viii. 38.

Menelaus swiftly have perished at Hector's hands, but Agamemnon withheld him and spake the word, chiding him for thinking to encounter a man before whom even Achilles would shudder. And Nestor said, Surely a grievous sorrow has come upon Achaia's land, and greatly would Peleus [Achilles' sire] bewail to see how all ye here stand cowering before Hector. There is, in this passage at any rate, no want of allusion to Achilles.

But how of the alleged contrast between Zeus of the fourth book and Zeus of the ninth? Thus: Zeus in the fourth book does nothing but what is necessary for the carrying out of the plot. If the terms of the combat between Menelaus and Paris are ratified, here (as Mr. Grote admits) is an end to the war, and no glory to Achilles. That Zeus, in taking measures to bring affairs to their appointed conclusion, does not explain his design to an imaginary audience, is not to be wondered at in him of the mazy counsel. In fact Zeus, in order to carry out his plan, is under a necessity to dissemble to the two goddesses whom he employs as his instruments; a point which has been well made by Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, who rightly insists on giving its true meaning to the phrase *παραβληδὴν ἀγορεύων* (uttering deceitful words), which has puzzled the commentators. As for Zeus of the eighth book, the critics seem to have forgotten that, although here, as in the fourth book, his action is just such as the scheme requires, there is even *less* allusion here than there (not even a *παραβληδὴν ἀγορεύων*) to the central motive.

With respect to the objections against the ninth book, which have been more fully dealt with by most of Mr. Grote's critics, it appears to me that the considerations urged by Mr. Gladstone and Professors Blackie and Dunbar ought to have set them for ever at rest. Gifts are not what Achilles seeks, but first a *personal apology*,<sup>40</sup> and secondly a *public* recognition of the justice of his cause. Even when he does express a wish for the restoration of Briseis after the offer of the ninth book, it is that the entire host may repair his injury:

ὥς ἂν μοῖ τιμὴν μεγάλην καὶ κῦδος ἄροιο  
πρὸς πάντων Δαναῶν· ἀτὰρ οἱ περικαλλία κούρη  
ἀψ' ἀπονάσσωσι, προτὶ δ' ἀγλαὰ δῶρα πόρωσιν.

Not, however, that we are to suppose that any submission, however humble or public, would necessarily have softened his heart in the height of his rage. It must never be forgotten that the final surrender of the Wrath was unconditional, and that its occasion was—not the offer of Agamemnon, nor even his personal apology—but the death of the beloved Patroclus. Dante, as Mr. Symonds well reminds us, has “sounded the whole depth of the Iliad,” when he speaks of its hero as

Achille  
Chè per amore al fine combatteo.<sup>60</sup>

<sup>40</sup> Gladstone, *Homer and the Homeric Age*, iii. p. 374.

<sup>60</sup> Symonds, *The Greek Poets* (Second Series), p. 45.

But to return for a moment to Agamemnon's first offer. Was there then, really, no reason for Achilles to be still dissatisfied? Was satisfaction there offered "in the best possible manner?" Or rather, for this is the real question, Was the offer calculated to appease a giant in a colossal passion? Those who think it was, have perhaps not really "sounded the whole depth" of the Wrath. What is the reply of Achilles himself? "Odysseus, waste not idle words; not less than Hades' gates hate I the man whose deeds fit not with his speech. Let not Agamemnon, nor any other chief of Danai, think to persuade me. Toil unceasing is profitless, nor will I longer endure it. Three-and-twenty are the cities I have rieved,

From all of these abundant stores of wealth  
I took, and all to Agamemnon gave;  
He, safe on board his ships, my spoils receiv'd,  
A few divided, but the most retain'd;  
To other chiefs and kings he meted out  
Their several portions, and they hold them still;  
From me, from me alone of all the Greeks,  
He bore away, and keeps, my cherished wife.<sup>51</sup>

(1) He begins by distrusting the protestations of Agamemnon—

ἰχθὺς γάρ μοι κείνος ὁμῶς Ἀίδαο πύλῃσιν  
ὅς χ' ἕτερον μὲν κεύθῃ ἐνὶ φρεσίν, ἄλλο δὲ εἴπῃ.

(2) The injury is not one to be atoned for by gifts. Agamemnon has seized the wife of his choice, and proposes to repair the insult by the offer of his own daughter in marriage! Is not this rather to add a new insult?

ἰχθὺρὰ δέ μοι τοῦ δῶρα· τίω δέ μιν ἐν καρδῇ αἴσῃ.

(3) The whole affair is enough to disgust a man with life, and with this war in particular. Where is the profit of unceasing toil, if the toiler is to fare no better than the sluggard?

ἔπει οὐκ ἄρα τις χάρις ἦεν  
μάρνασθαι δηΐοισιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσι νολεμισ αἰεὶ.  
ἴση μοῖρα μένοντι καὶ εἰ μάλα τις πολεμίζῃ·  
ἐν δὲ ἦ τιμῇ ἡμῖν κακός, ἥδὲ καὶ ἐσθλός.

And wherefore are the Greeks now warring against Troy, except to revenge just such an insult as Agamemnon has now put upon himself, the riever of three-and-twenty cities, the King's main support?

τί δὲ δεῖ πολεμίζεσθαι Τρώεσσι  
'Αργείους; τί δὲ λαὸν ἀνήγαγεν ἐνθάδ' ἀγείρας  
'Ατρεΐδης; ἢ οὐχ' Ἑλενης ἕνεκ' ἠυκόμοιο  
ἦ μοῦνος φιλέουσ' ἀλόχους μερόπων ἀνθρώπων  
'Ατρεΐδαι.

(4) He concludes with a touching allusion to his own foreknowledge of the fate in store for him—

<sup>51</sup> Lord Derby's Tr.

"You may make oxen and sheep your prey; you may gather together tripods and the tawny mane of horses; but none can make the soul of man return by theft or craft when once it has escaped. . . . As for me, my goddess mother, silver-footed Thetis, warns me that Fate lays her paths to bear me deathward. If I abide and fight before the walls of Troy, my return to Hellas is undone, but fame imperishable remains for me. If I return to my good country, then my good glory dies, but long life awaits me, nor will the terror of death be hastened."

Mr. Symonds (from whom I have quoted the above translation) finely comments on the passage thus—

"The pre-knowledge of Achilles that he has to choose between a long inglorious life, and a swift-coming but splendid death, illuminates his ultimate action with a fateful radiance. In the passage before us it lends dignity to his obstinate and obdurate endurance. He says: 'I am sick at heart for the insults thrust on me. I am wounded in my pride. Toiling for others, I get no reward. And behold, if I begin to act again, swift death is before me. Shall I, to please Agamemnon, hasten on my own end?' When the moment arrives for Achilles to be aroused from inactivity by his own noblest passion, then, and not till then, does he fling aside the thought of death, and trample on a long reposeful life. He is conscious that his glory can only be achieved by the sacrifice of ease and happiness and life itself; but he holds honour dearer than these good things. Yet at the same time he is not eager to throw away his life for a worthless object, or to buy mere fame by an untimely end."<sup>52</sup>

But, it may still be urged, granting that Achilles' speech in the ninth book is all that might be expected, how are we to account for the absence of allusion to the episode in the succeeding books? Now in the first place, as Grote points out and as every reader of Homer is aware, there are at least *four* subsequent passages in which the attempted reconciliation is alluded to (which, however, it is proposed to get rid of on the plea of interpolation); and in the second place a careful examination of those other passages in which it is thought that similar allusions ought to be found may perhaps bring to light the reason of the apparent omission.

And first, the expression—

νῦν οἷω περὶ γούνατ' ἐμοῖ στήσεσθαι Ἀχαιοὺς  
λίσσόμενους.<sup>53</sup>

is as far as possible from inconsistency with the fact that he has already received, not a public supplication of all the people, but a private message, sent in the dusk of evening, by the man he loathes. But besides this, it cannot be too constantly remembered that the wishes of an enraged man are not to be measured by the rules of reason and

<sup>52</sup> *The Greek Poets*, p. 51, Second Series.

<sup>53</sup> "Now, I ween, will the Achæans fall about my knees in supplication."

consistency. Else what shall we say of the savage words uttered in a later book, as Patroclus sallies out in Achilles' armour—

αἱ γὰρ Ζεὺς τε πάτερ καὶ Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἄπολλον  
μήτε τις οὖν Τρώων θάνατον φύγοι, ὅσσοι ἔασι  
μήτε τις Ἀργείων νῶϊν δ' ἐκδύμεν ὄλεθρον  
ὅφρ' οἶοι Τροίης ἱερὰ κρήδεμνα λύωμεν.

A passage which Pope well compares with Northumberland's curse in Shakespeare—

Now let not nature's hand  
Keep the wild flood confined ! Let order die,  
And let the world no longer be a stage  
To feed contention in a lingering act ;  
But let the spirit of the first-born Cain  
Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set  
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
And darkness be the burier of the dead.<sup>54</sup>

Consider, again, Poseidon's advice to seek reconciliation with Achilles, which Grote supposes to be inconsistent with the supposition that an attempt has been already made. Poseidon is here addressing a group of secondary chiefs (Teucer, Leïtus, Peneleôs, Thoas, Deipyrus, Meriones, and Antilochus), who have probably never heard of any such attempt having been made, for we may be sure Agamemnon would not publish the defeat of his plan. (Nestor, in the ninth book, is careful not to suggest the embassy in full folk-mote, but defers the advice until the meeting of select chieftains, which he urges Agamemnon to assemble in the evening.) Now Poseidon is striving to encourage these captains, reminding them that though the shepherd of the people be at fault it is not therefore their part to play the coward. Moreover, he holds out to them hopes of a speedy termination of the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon, with the words—

ἀλλ' ἀπεύμεθα θάσσοι ἀπεσταί τοι φρίνες ἐσθλῶν,

in which context an allusion to the ill success of a former attempt in this direction would be the very last thing we should expect.

As for the other two passages referred to by Grote in this connection, one of them has been already, I venture to think, disposed of (that in which he hopes for satisfaction from *the body of the Greeks*), and the other may be accounted for on principles already laid down. What is less likely than that, in making new overtures for a reconciliation, or rather in begging Achilles' compassion upon the defeated Grecian host, any allusion should be made to topics which before had but exasperated the moody chief?<sup>55</sup> Achilles' resolve was not to be trifled with in this way. Rather, new considerations were to be suggested. And such Nestor urges, and so, in his turn, does Patroclus.

On grounds similar to these, I believe, an answer may be found to every one of the arguments that have been urged, *from Grote's point of*

<sup>54</sup> *Apud* Wilson, p. 175.

<sup>55</sup> *Iliad* xi. 654—790.

*view*, in favour of his theory. I have said little of the tenth, and nothing at all of the twenty-third and twenty-fourth books. But there can be little question about these two last in the mind of any one who is satisfied about the unity of plan of the preceding twenty-two; and in truth it seems but a weary task to argue for the genuineness of what to the unsophisticated mind appears as the harmonious complement of the stately fabric of the *Iliad*. I cannot understand the sort of criticism which would cut down poetry to what is barely *necessary* (necessary, it may be asked, to what?) when amplification is of the very essence of poetry.

Professor Paley says: "The real question is whether, supposing a multiplicity of authors, it would be so very difficult, especially in a poem of really simple plan, for a man of genius to seize and maintain with consistency the salient points in the characters of certain heroes, not only known to fame, but the principal subjects of ancient traditions and the most popular themes of chivalrous verse."<sup>56</sup> I would observe that to defend the consistency of the *Iliad* is not to deny to that poem yet higher qualities, and that, to judge from the handling of Homeric subjects (under which term I would include "cyclic" subjects too) by Pindar, the tragic poets, Quintus Smyrnæus, and Apollonius Rhodius, the man who could compose the *Iliad* must have been very much more than a mere adapter of old materials, must have been, in fact, very much what the popular conception supposes Homer to have been.

All this, however, is "from Grote's point of view," on the supposition, as it were, that no further evidence is accessible to us now than to the historian thirty years ago.

But now suppose a scholar to appear and bring forward an immense mass of statistical evidence, based upon consideration of names, epithets, similes, and allusions, and tending to show a remarkable community of usage pervading on the one hand the "*Achillêid*" and on the other hand the "*Iliadic*" books (as I have ventured to call them) of the Grotian theory, and distinguishing them by marked peculiarities from one another, and moreover connecting the phraseology of the "*Iliadic*" books with that of the *Odyssey* (so that they ought to be called "*Ulyssean*" rather than "*Iliadic*"), it is evident that the question would be *pro tanto* put on a new footing, and that judgment must at least be suspended. Now this is precisely what Professor Geddes claims to have done in his recent work, the examination of which will occupy the second (and concluding) part of this essay.

H. W. L.

<sup>56</sup> Preface to *Iliad*, vol. i. p. li.

## *A Long Day in Norway.*

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### CHAPTER III.

#### TO THE NORTH CAPE.

PERHAPS it may be as well, now that we have gone so far North as to be close upon the Arctic Circle, that a word or two should be said just to call to mind what we have all learned at school concerning the region we are about to enter, and why it is marked off from the rest of the earth by this mysterious circle. We all know that it is the only region in the Northern Hemisphere over which the sun shines for a given period every year without sinking below the horizon day or night. When spring begins, the region of continuous sunshine is a mere spot at the North Pole; but day by day that spot extends, and the circle that contains it widens and widens, until on Midsummer-day it has grown into the Arctic Circle at a distance of twenty-three and a half degrees from the Pole, that is in  $66^{\circ}.30'$  north latitude. There it stops, and for three months it shrinks back again, to contract itself once more into that little spot out of which it began to grow six months before.

During the remaining half of the year the same process goes on within the Antarctic Circle around the South Pole; while here, in the North, the very opposite course is pursued: the light of day dies out from the Pole to the Arctic Circle, the shadows of night advancing where before the brightness of perpetual day came on, for three months to mid-winter, and then rolls back again to the Pole itself during three months, to be once more succeeded by the brightness of the next spring. So to us inhabitants of the Northern Hemisphere this Arctic Circle incloses the region where the extremes of night and day prevail, and hence its peculiar features and the strange aspects under which we view them. But why is this so? Why are there these strange vicissitudes of lengthened day and night, which in turn grow to the full twenty-four hours, and so overlap



them as to swell into a day of days and a night of nights? and why are such phenomena limited to these Arctic and Antarctic regions?

The answer is not far to seek. The earth in its annual course around the sun inclines its axis to the plane in which it moves. Did it stand erect, the sunlight would daily throughout the year extend from pole to pole, and every place in the world would have twelve hours daylight and twelve hours night, as it does only on two days at the intersection of the Ecliptic and the Equator, and for that short interval this equal day and night occurs in spring and autumn. But as it is, the earth presents on all other days either its North or South Pole to the sun, each for a half year, and then, during that period, the sunlight spreads beyond the favoured pole until it has reached the Arctic Circle on its further side, and so the region grows which is bathed in sunlight day after day, until in its course the pole moves away and the flood rolls back to that tiny spot at the pole, when the opposite pole has passed out of its long exile, and at the spring or autumn day claims its share of the benign influence. The angle which measures this inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit measures of course also the distance from the Pole to which continued daylight extends, and this is the limit of the Arctic regions, the line of the Arctic Circle.

So when we cross this line and, as our course lies, advance several degrees within those regions towards the North Pole, we find, as we must expect to find, tokens of the long night as well as of the long day, frequent beacons to mark the stations and bright white spots on the grim shore to point out in the dim and uncertain light where anchorage is to be found and where are the strong iron rings to which the adventurer's vessels are to cling which dare these regions in the fierce dark winter of prolonged night.

Then comes the intense frost which wraps all in ice and snow, following fast upon the brief, bright summer, and holding its own through long dreary months, until the kindled life below bursts through its icy covering, and in a rapid and well-nigh as fierce a growth in a few weeks accomplishes the work of months in other lands.

Thus we come to understand why the crops are so light, and why they are limited to what are of rapid growth. So the long line of glaciers which spread hundreds of miles beyond

the warm sunny coast, and the snow fields which whiten many a cliff and which die away almost before our eyes under the fierce rays of the sun, tell what that winter has been and what it will soon be again.

So we cease to wonder when our captain tells us of the perils and sufferings through which the *Jonas Lie* passes, though it seems difficult to realize all this in the bright summer season in which we are now basking ; and as we hang lazily over the side of the good ship and see her bright hull reflected in the calm waters, to imagine the time when those sides are ribbed in thick ice formed by the wild waves which have dashed against her and frozen as they dashed ; when beside the solitary beacon-lights and those which the ship hangs out, there is nothing but Heaven's good and beautiful gift of the *aurora borealis* to pierce this long night of darkness.

The region we are about to enter is indeed arctic, and if the frost and ice are absent or driven into the far distance, the shape of the rocks and the grouping of the mountains are what our minds have come to associate with Polar expeditions ; and so we must bear in mind that what we see in this bright summer tide is rather to be regarded as the exception and not the rule of arctic life, the brief bright flash of light and warmth between the cold, dark winters which prevail so long. Its character is formed and its scenery wrought out in winter : it is the region of cold and darkness revealed for a time, and made endurable for those who are not its children, and so its summer tokens are fleeting, its winter works alone lasting.

*Sunday, July 14.*—Another bright, cloudless morning. We run up a small *fjord* and cast anchor at a station, which is indeed an English saw-mill. So we land as it were on English ground, or rather upon the planks of the English company, and examine the silent machinery, for the Sunday is a day of rest. There is not much to repay our labours, for such machinery is common enough at home, and it is indeed a labour to move about at all in the intense, breathless heat. We are soon on board ship again, when the awning gives us fresh air at least, though not a breeze. Large barges, high in bow, low in stern, and broad in beam, glide past filled with people in their Sunday clothing, evidently going in quiet, almost stern silence to a church we see at the upper end of the *fjord*. There is little variety and scarce any picturesque beauty in the costumes. The further end of the *fjord* is guarded by a line of poles,—the

*rechen*, which is so familiar a feature on the Danube, and with which we afterwards so frequently met. It spreads across the river in a sloping direction from side to side, broadest where the river enters, and narrowing down to the comparatively small space which closes in our saw-mill. It rakes up the trees which have been cast into the river, it may be miles away, at the place where they have been cut down, and steers them into this floating timber-yard, where they await their turn to be hauled up into the sheds, cut into planks or logs, according to their dimensions, and cast forth on the opposite side, to be stacked ready for shipping. As soon as we steam off, the breeze comes down upon us with the intense freshness with which the snow-plains it has traversed have toned it, and we are glad to get from under the awning to warm ourselves in the sun, from which we had so lately fled.

Being Sunday, an excellent Anglican clergyman on board gives a service in the saloon to most of the Protestants, and we remain with the Pagans on deck and do what we can for ourselves. The scenery is much as before, and yet there is no monotony. The mountains grow wilder and sharper in outline, the snow-fields which made themselves felt in the air now show themselves in the distance.

And what especially attract attention until their frequent repetition renders them familiar, are certain groups which have such peculiar features that we can best describe them as petrified waves. Gigantic waves indeed, and tossed about in a wild tempest, and in that very tossing petrified. Sharp on edge are they,—some overhanging, like “lone Soracte,” which

Heave like a long-swept wave about to break,  
And on the curl hang pausing ;

some jagged, some in a smooth curve, while beneath them is the deep broad trough, smooth and even with a water smoothness. The rise and fall of some of these is very striking, and occurring in distinct groups of seven or eight crests and troughs are called the “Seven Sisters.” A name, indeed, not very expressive, and applied to so many and so often, that it leads to endless confusion and disputes, at least among those who care to realize their books and maps, as to which are the real Seven Sisters.

And now comes a period of especial interest. In the early evening we cross the Arctic Circle. The North Sea is left behind,

and now we are north of it. The Arctic Ocean is beneath and around us, and straight along its waters for many a mile is our way to the North Cape, the extreme northern point of Norway and of Europe.

It seems almost disappointing to find no mark on this one of the great boundary lines of the earth. A group of islands, however, serves to verify it, and perhaps imagination may have some share in the impression the scene makes. Anyhow, the sister groups grow more numerous, and the general outline of the coast seems to us to assume a bolder, grander, and more arctic character.

The glacier fields spread mile upon mile in the background—indeed, it is one vast uninhabited region, stretching across the country to Sweden—Jungfrau forms are common enough, while ice twistings and writhings like those of the Rhone glacier are on so gigantic a scale, that through the clear air we can observe miles away, not only the crevices, but that bright green colour which contrasts so beautifully with the white snowfields around them.

Close in the foreground are round-headed, low-lying, glacier-ground rocks, and behind them rise bold bluffs and headlands of great height, with perpendicular cliffs so sharp and rugged, that they look like the broken-toothed jaws of antediluvian sharks.

A little further and we weather the nearest cape. The wild cliffs overhang us, the glaciers and snow-fields still forming the background, the same, and yet with a difference, for there is a newly-added glory. The sun is setting, and the snow is tinting itself with rose colour, while the barren, storm-worn cliffs are bronzing themselves in the evening light.

On again: and the distance recedes to make room for a whole tempest-tossed sea of pinnacles: height above height, and yet seemingly a vast plain of mingled mountain tops, of which we somehow appear to have a bird's-eye view. Freeze the bright waters around us, and we should have just the kind of picture one sees in illustrations of Polar expeditions. Of a truth we are in the Arctic regions.

And now comes on once more, the brightest and most beautiful hours of these pleasant days. Between ten at night and two in the morning, we have sunset and sunrise; but in these hours the North supplies us with ever-varying and more intensely beautiful pictures.

To-night the sun sets in a sky as pure and cloudless as that of yesterday ; but the colours are quite different. Now there is no crimson, but in its place orange, yellow, and molten gold. All this exquisite beauty of colour is limited to a particular part of the sky, and that not the West, but the North. Yes, strange as it may seem, the sun sets scarcely a single point from the North and rises again nearly in the same place : barely two points apart. Some heights are lighted up with the glow, but for most of the time all around, save in the bright favoured North, is cloudless darkness and gloom ; which yet is not the darkness of night, but a grim, stormy, vague gloom in broad daylight.

The after-glow that follows sunset dies out, and without any sensible interval of time revives nearly in the same place : the colour brightens and some small streaks of clouds grow brighter and brighter, until the sun—the *green* sun—appears. A distant low range of rocks comes between us and its point of rising ; and, as we glide on, an opening between them shows us the sun, a bright emerald, as pure and brilliant as ever gem that glistened ; again we lose it, and again an opening shows it to us in its own golden light ; and then once more it is the bright green ; and now it rises higher, clears the ridge, and is once more the golden orb. This is what we saw, but another observer, our *alter Ego*, assures us that, when first he saw it, the colour was a fiery red, which soon turned to green. Evidently an optical effect of what is called polarization of light, as these complementary colours seem to show.

What an accumulation of puzzles ! Sunrise soon after midnight, and that in the North where it went down, and the sun itself at one moment red, then green, before it is golden. We go to bed puzzled and confused at such Arctic irregularities, and wonder what to-morrow will do to surprise us.

This northern sunset and sunrise may be accounted for by the circumstances of our position on the earth and the direction of the earth's North Pole towards the sun. The fact is we *look over the North Pole to see the sun*. But however it may be explained, the phenomenon never fails to create surprise, the wonder never ceases to be a wonder.

*Monday, July 15.*—The morning is fine ; but a threatening mist hangs about the mountains. The same grand Arctic scenery as yesterday, but strangely enough vegetation is improving—strange, for our way is towards the regions of

perpetual ice, and yet not strange, for we are beyond the regions of night. It is the token of the fierce summer which gives during its brief reign a power to what these icy regions can produce, and almost scorches them into a transient vigour. Thus as we advance towards the North Cape we penetrate more deeply into the temporary land of the sun; and every mile brings us at the same time nearer the frozen regions, and yet deeper into those parts over which the unsetting sun shines longest. And now we leave the shore along which we have hitherto coasted, and cross over the Vest Fjord, some sixteen miles, to the Lofóden Islands, where are three stations for the *Jonas Lie* to visit.

Between the mainland and this group of islands is the far-famed Maelström, about which poets and novelists have written and matter-of-fact travellers disputed. Some tell us that the grandeur and danger have been exaggerated, and others deny altogether its existence and report that sailors laugh at the idle legend. So we question Captain Falck, and he points out the spot, now south of our route, for we have made for the centre of the group, and the Maelström is nearly opposite its southern extremity. He says it is wild and dangerous in winter, but is quiet enough now; and indeed we see no tokens of the whirlpool in the calm waters around and beyond us. He can speak with authority, for the *Jonas Lie* is no mere summer butterfly-boat, but does its chief work in the black winter; trading along the inhospitable shore when storms rage and the Maelström is a living power. Last winter, he says, he once crossed to the Lofóden Islands with much difficulty: the wind tossed the ship on her side, so that she could not right herself before the water extinguished her engine fires: and thus they had to drift as best they could, which, with the Maelström in view and almost within its grasp, was an anxious task enough. There were no holiday tourists on board, but the fishermen passengers he was bringing home were quite as sick and useless, so rough was the sea and so fierce the storm.

The cause, at least in part, is evident enough. The sea which is one hundred and fifty fathoms to the west of the islands, that is to say in the open, pours in between two of the group through a long and narrow channel; the *fjord* which receives this rush of deep waters is itself not more than thirty fathoms deep; so we may imagine the turmoil the waters make in their new and shallow home. Probably the continued rush

in the same direction has worked in the rocks below a deeper channel for its waters, and thus the natural whirl may be aided by this gradually formed bed, and so the Maelström is formed : its fierce waters coursing around the outer circle and gradually working inwards, with ever decreasing sweep, until it buries itself and whatever it has sucked into its treacherous waters, in one final plunge into the gulf within. The Lofóden have a weird look from the distance, as we cross over the wide and sometimes wild waters of the great Vest Fjord. Sharp are their summits, and jagged the ridges into which they rise ; and seen in profile they resemble the jaws of an enormous shark, while the glaciers which hang upon their sides and between their teeth may be likened to gigantic fish upon which the monster may be supposed to be feeding. If not a very accurate it is at least a very appropriate simile, for fish pervades every sense in this land of cod.

As we draw near, we pass along an outlying ridge of islands which stands landward of the group, and protects them from the raging of the Vest Fjord, as they themselves protect the mainland from the Arctic Ocean on their west. There is not now much snow on this their eastern side, for the summer's sun has spared little besides the permanent glaciers.

Between the lower ridge our vessel works its way to a small land-locked cove, which is our first station : and here painfully close to the ship stands an enormous foul-smelling guano manufactory, which description was somewhat puzzling at first, seeing that birds are generally supposed to be guano manufacturers. But it seems this name is applied to the refuse of the cod-liver oil works ; and this led to further inquiries, from which we learned that cod-liver oil is of three different qualities dependent upon the way in which it is obtained. The first class oil is expressed by the livers themselves and floats upon the top of the tank, oozing out from the mass simply by the action of its own weight. The second class is obtained, when the first has been drawn off by machine pressure, which brings out the oil that, like a truant, had lingered behind ; and now, that none may be lost and the most incorrigible made to do its duty, the mass of well squeezed livers is boiled up, and lamp oil is the result, and this guano residuum handed over to the manufactory, which has led to all this valuable information.

As we lie in this little cove, we are puzzled to know why the cliffs and the lower rocky eminences, upon which the few houses

are built, or among which, we should rather say, they are pushed in and half buried, are decorated in every direction with poles and lines, as if all the clothes in Norway were sent to the Lofóden to be washed. Perhaps, we think, it may be for the hay-making as we saw in Bergen, where it was hung out to dry in this queer fashion ; but a glance around showed that there could be no hay to dry where there were no meadows to produce the grass.

So we inquire again, and our good-natured captain, or one of his equally courteous officers, informs us that the clothes or hay proper to those erections are cod-fish, for whose drying these lines and poles are destined. The process is simple : catch your cod-fish, cut off their heads and take out their livers, then tie them in pairs together by the tail, and string them over the line and leave the sun to do the rest. When dried, stack them like corn in a haggard or lay them up in a store-house, and wait till the *Jonas Lie* comes and carries them off to Bergen for the devout Catholics of Italy and Spain.

The lines are empty and the poles idle, for both the cod-fishing and cod-drying are over for the season, and the fishermen are gone home, at least the cod fishermen ; for another work is just beginning, and we have on board a party of fifteen, young, active, and quiet fellows, who are going farther North for the herring fishing.

The leader of this expedition is a hardy Norseman, who speaks English well, having learned it in England and developed it in America. He tells us that it is quite a speculation, and that all share in its success or failure. The take is equally divided between the owner of the ship that is awaiting them further North, the owner of the nets, which are large and costly, and the crew who do the work. In a good season an ordinary hand, and some with us are not over seventeen, will make eighty pounds by his work of three months. When the season is very bad and the water-harvest has failed, the *Jonas Lie* and other ships bring them home for little or nothing.

After dinner the weather changes, and the uncertain becomes certain ; the clouds close in, down comes the rain, the deck gets wet, and the awning is of little use as an umbrella ; and so, with brief intervals of brightness, the rain shuts out the sun and we see him no more to-night. A great disappointment this is felt to be, for we have now advanced far enough north to see the midnight sun, which somehow seems to be the sight most valued



in these Arctic regions. So we go to bed early, somewhat depressed in spirits, but hoping for better things later on.

*Tuesday, July 16.*—All are up betimes after the early hours of last night, when no one cared to stop up in the rain after eleven o'clock. It is a bright, sunny morning, and we are once more coasting along the mainland, having recrossed the Vest Fjord. But the scenery has changed, and grows more southern in its aspect as we advance farther north. Evidently familiar expressions have lost their meaning. We should rather say vegetation grows stronger as we penetrate deeper into the region of the sun; wooded hills with cultivated bases shut up the narrow channel, through which we are now passing, into lakes like the familiar ones at home and in Scotland, but with an occasional rugged mountain to vindicate its Norse character.

The mists come on again, but not so thick or threatening as those of yesterday, and we are hopeful and yet anxious about to-morrow night, when we are to reach the North Cape. The distant inland scenery grows wilder as we advance, but the foreground remains wooded and cultivated; indeed, the background now is a long series of lofty, precipitous, and rugged volcanic mountains, with broad patches of snow, and sometimes with glaciers filling what are evidently the basins of extinct volcanoes. Grander and grander it grows, and then the line of black mountains widens and opens out and piles itself up, summit above summit, of the same stern, grim character.

And now we suddenly turn up a fine *fjord*, along whose banks we observe at intervals what at home we should take for boat-houses, but which are the strongly built and well protected nest houses of the eider duck. For this valuable water-fowl is preserved with as much care as game at home, and that means with more care than domestic poultry. And well does it repay that attention with its valuable gift of eider down. We are told that the female bird strips her breast of this lightest and softest of feathers to line the nest. If this is carried off, it will bare itself more fully, and perhaps the third time; but if the robber is too covetous, and plunders the nest of its soft lining once more, the birds will leave it; in short, the foolish owner will practically for himself have killed the goose which lays the golden egg.

The birds are protected by law, and seem fully conscious of their immunity; for they swarm in thick clusters on low-lying islands, and swim about the ship as though as curious to see us as we are to see birds of such renown and value.

This *fjord* brings us more inland, as it were behind the grim mountains or close upon their bases ; and so we have one or two fine waterfalls, of which we have hitherto seen scarcely any, and these we trace downwards from the glaciers above and beyond, now displaying their grand features and again concealing them behind a lofty rock, until at last they dash down beside us into the Arctic Ocean. Seldom do we see such, for the glaciers generally slope inland, and even when it is not so, the lower foreground shuts out the falls from those who sail, as we do, so close to the shore.

As we return to our route out of the *fjord*, where our cargo has been duly discharged, we look back upon our old way which we left for this business visit, and are surprised at mountain ranges which we had not seen before.

On we go to Tromsøe, which place we reach about eight in the evening. As we are not to start again until after midnight—the usual time, it seems, in Norway for leaving port—we go ashore to have what we may call, judging by the light and not by the clock, an afternoon stroll between eight o'clock and midnight.

Tromsøe is considered a large town in this part of the world, and is well situated in most respects, but not for seeing the midnight sun, which just now is the prevailing craze. It is surrounded by lofty hills, which indeed come down so close upon it that you can hardly move without going up a well-paved, that is, a well-planked road. So up we climb to stretch our ship-cramped legs, and to have a good view over the town. But no distant external view is to be obtained, for the hills are themselves shut in by the now familiar volcanic range, and this of course shuts out the sun when it is going towards the horizon ; and so, be the night ever so clear, the sun cannot here be seen when it is at the turning-point of its daily march above the horizon.

Were we to cross the *fjord* and climb to an opposite mountain, we should be able to see where the sun is at midnight, but to-night there is a haze in the horizon, and all such climbing would be of no avail. So we content ourselves with perpetual sunshine in the sky above, which makes midnight as bright and sunny as noon. We seem, however, to feel that there is a difference, which perhaps is as much owing to our knowing it to be night as to anything else. So if we have not seen the sun at midnight, we have enjoyed its brightness in the sky from the

time it has gone behind the mountains until it rises once more above them between midnight and one o'clock.

When we land at Tromsøe we descry a number of Laplanders on the pier. Cheerful, contented little people they seem to be, dressed in what appears to us to be very theatrical costume. Indeed, they look more like an opera chorus than people in their ordinary clothes; evidently they are in their best, and surprise us by the brilliancy of their costume. Men, women, and children are all here, sunburnt in their warm complexions, with bright eyes and pleasant smiles to receive us. We learn that they have a camp a few miles away across the *fjord*, but we defer our visit to their home until our return from the North Cape.

They offer reindeer skins for sale at four kronen (less than four shillings and sixpence) apiece. But we content ourselves with the purchase of a circular fur cap, something like that worn by the Sword Bearer on state occasions when he accompanies the Lord Mayor, and with this "cap of maintenance" we grace our venerable brows when we return to the *Jonas Lie*, and so contribute our quota to the exhibition of Lap purchases which is there displayed.

Once more we are in motion in the bright sunlight of one o'clock in the morning, when the orb of day—now also the orb of night—reappears from behind the distant mountain range, and we go to bed pretending that it is Tuesday night, while we all know it is the morning, which somehow never began, of

*Wednesday, July 17.*—Bright is it when we rise again; but there are sundry small clouds which frighten us, for people who are so desirous of cloudless weather are easily frightened. We linger at a station and fish for our breakfast, with what at the time we consider fair success, hooking three young codfish.

Fishing here is a very simple and unscientific process, and is adapted to the meanest capacity. A long line, loaded, and with a double hook, surmounted in the same solid piece of metal with a glittering white fish, is let down without any bait over the side of the vessel into the deep sea. The line is held in the hand, and is frequently and sharply jerked up a yard or more and dropped down again. The metal imitation attracts by its glitter and motion the silly fish, and the upjerked hooks stick into its body anywhere, in side, gills, eyes or tail. When the additional weight is felt in hand, the line is pulled hastily yet steadily in, and the fish is landed.

On we go, and suddenly a fresh breeze springs up, which clears the sky, but sets the ship a rolling. Shall we see the midnight sun, and shall we be able to land at the North Cape? These are the great questions of the day. Who can answer them? I cannot while I write this in the rolling ship. And then follows in the note-book this paragraph, written, it is to be feared, in a temper of mind which is not to be envied:

"The midnight sun has been a failure, and so has the climb up the North Cape."

But this grim record of the disappointment of the moment must be toned down into a more accurate statement, in due time; but first we must reach a quiet harbour and dine on board ship in peace in Hammerfest.

The renown of Hammerfest is due to its geographical position, it being the northernmost town in the world. In itself it has but few attractions. Perhaps its most striking characteristic is its intensely fishy smell. A lofty hill shuts it in behind and indeed on all sides, except when the water encroaches in front. In truth, it seems squeezed in every direction, and looks as if it would some day be pushed into the sea. And really that mischievous work is already half accomplished, for the warehouses which line the little bay stand up to their knees in water, half clinging to the rude rocks on which they are perched, and half resting on piles under which the salt water plays.

So the landing-place and fish stores form the foreground at the bottom of the snug little bay, while a couple of curious streets wind their way in parallel lines behind the stores and beneath the overhanging hill, which determines their direction and size, and looks down, as it were, contemptuously upon the crowd of fishy dwellings which huddle together at its feet. So we are not sorry to go on board again, and about five o'clock in the afternoon we start on what we are told is to be our uninterrupted voyage to the North Cape.

The sea is now very calm, and so as we steer out of the little bay and around the cliffs which shut it in, the timid—if there are any such on board after our long voyage—have nothing to fear. But, alas! clouds are accumulating, and heavy masses of mist roll in, darkening the north-west down to the horizon. However, there is clear sky in the wind's eye, and the terrible clouds are moved away slowly and steadily. Behind us the sky grows pitchy black, as do the distant mountains, on which snow patches stand out in striking relief. Will the

blackness gain upon us, or will it be driven back by the favourable breeze? Then suddenly springs up another breeze, and the two do not contend, but each does its own work as though there were no other. Ours clears much of the mist and clouds which still shut out the sun, while the other rolls up its rain and vapour as though to blot out all our hopes. It is an anxious period, and we watch the action from hour to hour, for on it depends much that we have come two thousand miles to see.

Our friendly breeze grows weaker, the bright blue is over our heads, and the scattered clouds light up with the gold of evening—it is eleven o'clock—but onward rolls from behind us the threatening, obliterating darkness; it seems that all may yet be right, for the edges of the obscuring vapour glow with intense sunlight, and horizontal breaks in it pass from ruddy into liquid gold. There is a fever of impatience, for it is nearly midnight; but our breeze dies out, and the sun remains in the broken, luminous, and yet obscuring mists which so long have shut him from us. At times its rays of sunshine are seen streaming down upon the waters below, and we persuade ourselves that we can partially distinguish his orb from the gloomy mist which surrounds him. Now he is coming out! No. The glow diminishes, and reappears higher up in another break. Where is he? how can he be so high above the horizon? His rays stream upwards; it is the rising sun! he has turned his lowest point above where we were waiting for him, and is up again. In this extreme north his lowest point is high above the horizon even at midnight.

And now our cloudy enemy closes in when midnight is well passed, and blots out all. Down comes the rain, and we are at anchor beneath the North Cape.

And so we have not seen the midnight sun after all our long days of travel, at least if nothing but the shining in a cloudless sky will justify the expression; and doubtless this is the most perfect fulfilment of the wish. But to us the presence of the sun and its change of place in its marvellous course has been as evident as though no vapours were there to dim its brightness. Since it rose above the mountains which shut it from our view at Tromsøe in the early morning, the place of the sun has never been lost to sight till after midnight; seldom, indeed, has the orb himself been dimmed, and even then his bright beams have shone upon us. Never for the twenty-four hours has he left us; never could we say, he is not here.

So we console ourselves, and rejoice that the rain and clouds did not close in until midnight had passed, until the midnight sun had been traced to its lowest point and up again for another day in the sky above us, which he had never left.

But now there is nothing to attract our attention to the North but the wide expanse of Arctic ocean, which here leaves Europe, and perhaps has no land boundary short of the North Pole itself. But who can gaze unmoved upon these mysterious waters which so many brave hearts have toiled to penetrate, and yet have toiled in vain; and perhaps we feel a more than usual sympathy with such gallant attempts in the thought that for days we have had amongst us in our ocean home one who has already made a name for himself by such scientific explorations, and who leaves us to-morrow on a new expedition, bringing a stout heart and high scientific attainments to a task under which so many true heroes have sunk and perished. It is something to have spent even a few days in the company of one so genial, so modest, and yet so renowned in science as Professor Nordenskjöld, to whom we wish all success in his arduous undertaking of finding the North-East Passage.

It is time that we turn our eyes and thoughts southward to the glorious cliff which overhangs and almost touches our little vessel—southwards, for we are at anchor north of the celebrated *Nord Kap*, the North Cape, and thus look back upon Europe, which we have sailed beyond.

Worthy indeed is it of being the extreme northern point of this glorious Norwegian coast, for the low rock which is at our stern, the Nord Kyn, can plead only its few yards of advance of northern stretch, which is but poor rivalry of this glorious headland; for glorious it is, though scarcely one thousand feet in height, in right of the grandeur of its massing, the depth of its colouring, the unsullied purity of its surface, without a stain of vegetation, and the simple dignity of its curved buttresses, banded, as it were, into one whole, vertical in pitch, and yet swelling like clustered columns into strength and beauty.

The waters around are calm as a lake, and as our ship swings round upon its anchor we see the grand headland from many a fresh point of view, and yet from none does it lose any of its grandeur. There is no difficulty in landing, but the captain discourages the attempt, and points significantly to the coming rain, which would make the steep and slippery path more difficult, and mere landing without climbing would be unmeaning.

So we all turn our thoughts and hands to the work which brings so many to this extreme North, and devote ourselves to deep sea fishing ; and we ourselves, howbeit unused to such pursuits, and quite innocent of any knowledge of an art so different from that of old Isaac Walton, who would have turned in disgust from such wholesale butchery, grasped our line, and jerked it up and down until we managed to hook and haul in a fair contribution, including a cod of upwards of twenty pounds, to the general stock, which makes our neat steamer as foul and dirty as a fisherman's boat. Cod and haddock are our reward, the latter, however, being little esteemed.

While we are at this dirty work a fine whale suddenly appears close at hand, but remains only long enough in sight to give us the satisfaction of knowing that we have really seen one at least of these monsters of the deep in his own element.

The rain now falls heartily, and yet in spite of all it is light as day, and so in mackintosh we toil away, excited by the brutal sport, comparing our fishes, and glorying in our success, which is not small, seeing that the season was long passed, and yet one of our captures weighed thirty eight pounds.

By half-past two we ourselves had had enough of it, and after coffee and something else warm and sweet, just to keep out the cold, we go to our berths, consoled by the promise that we shall not be called at our usual hour of six, but shall have a two hour's extra sleep, and not rise until the late hour of eight o'clock.

H. B.

## *A Loyal Catholic Cavalier.*

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### PART THE FOURTH (*Conclusion*).

THE success which attended the Rebellion of 1688 has gilded it with the title of "the glorious Revolution;" but whatever advantages its promoters derived from it, it brought additional trials to the most loyal part of the nation. In the following year our cavalier underwent at Manchester his fifth imprisonment, being confined with others of his religion by virtue of a warrant from Lord Gerard, of Brandon, Lord Lieutenant of the county. This step was no doubt taken as a measure of precaution, to prevent those who were supposed to be disaffected to the State from joining King James in Ireland. One of his companions in misfortune was Mr. Towneley, of Towneley, whose cheerful society, he says, would make life pleasant anywhere. He spent his time chiefly in the perusal of French authors, having learnt that language (for purposes of reading) only very late in life. This confinement lasted seven weeks, but does not appear to have been a very rigorous one. His prison at Manchester, let us hope, was a more eligible one than that of Liverpool, where he had been confined in 1658, and which he characterizes as a loathsome prison. This must have been the Castle of Liverpool, which stood at the top of Lord Street on the site now occupied by St. George's Church. From the period of his release till the close of his life, Mr. Blundell remained within his own walls, or rather within the tether of what he calls his "five miles' chain." This was the limit of travel then prescribed for recusants, who had to enter into recognizances not to exceed it without a licence. In January, 1691, he thus writes to a friend in London :

Since my discharge at the assizes, I have not stirred from home; yet my son and my servant have made good use in my behalf (so far as their five miles' chain will reach) of those two horses for which you were kindly pleased to procure me a licence. We have now no disturbance at all, and if I be not greatly mistaken, all my friends here



and hereabout are so sensible of this present ease, that they will not easily lose it through any demerit. It is but nine or ten months since my own in-foal mares were taken out of my grounds and sold to my neighbours. Our colts were then taken at two or three years of age, and about that time it was, that my servant, returning unarmed from the next market, was assailed upon the road with pistol and bayonet, whereby some blood was drawn, because he would not yield his horse (which in truth was a very mean one) to an officer of our country's militia, who refused to show an order for seizing the same. We have none of these doings now. We may sit very securely under our own vines, and we have reason to pray for the King. I am sure without his favour (a favour I confess unexpected) we had all been a prey to the law, or rather perhaps to the rabble.

The record of the death of one of Mr. Blundell's tenants in 1692 brings to light a remarkable proof of the patriotism and loyalty of our Cavalier. This man, Robert Tomson, had been a seaman in the reign of Charles the First, and had performed some conspicuous act of gallantry, for which Mr. Blundell gave him a free lease of his tenement at Little Crosby. The grant is thus recorded in the tenants' book :

June 24th, 1669.—Gave unto Robert Tomson, the seaman, a lease gratis for the great service he had done to his late Majesty in time of the war, which was truly great and remarkable in many respects.

We regret that we have not succeeded in finding the particulars of this deed, which must have been performed many years previously. Tomson lived to a good old age, and enjoyed his lease for twenty-three years. The ingratitude and injustice with which Mr. Blundell had been treated, enhance the generosity of this act. Himself a great sufferer for his loyalty, and without hope of recompense, he would not allow an inferior man, who had done a service to the King, to go without his reward, although his own reduced fortunes could ill afford the sacrifice.

Mr. Blundell has in several notes recorded examples of the judgments of God upon the purchasers of Church lands, sequestrators, and the disturbers of sacred objects. Amongst these are the following anecdotes, which we do not recollect having met with before. Dr. Whittaker, the learned historian of Whalley, does not make any mention of the remarkable story relating to the cross at Whalley. It will be seen that our Cavalier gives, with his usual precision, his authority for both these narrations.

The Lord Scudamore caused a marble altar table to be taken from Abbey Dore, in Herefordshire, and brought to his own house, at Holme. In the carriage whereof, one of his servants had his leg broken, and another was killed outright. The table or stone was used in the house for the pressing of cheeses. But the cheeses that were pressed therewith did run blood; whereupon it was removed to the laundry for the linens to be washed and batted upon it. Then, again, it was observed that a continual noise of batting upon the said stone was heard in the night; whereupon the stone was taken by the command of the said lord to the place from whence he had taken it. This happened seven, eight, or ten years ago, and was told to me by Mr. Stanton, November 7th, 1660. He heard the relation from one Mr. Scudamore, a priest, for whom the Lord Scudamore had sent to advise with him concerning the forementioned prodigies. Mr. Stanton did likewise hear the son of the said lord, when he told the same story to other persons.

There was a stone cross standing at Whalley on the side of a bowling-green, which was found one day, when the bowlers were come to play, to be thrown down upon the green; and in regard it lay in their way, they desired to have it removed off the green. Whereupon an able strong man that was present reared up the stele or shaft of the said cross upon one end; and because it was too heavy to be otherwise removed by a single person, he wrestled it from edge to edge (keeping the higher end all the while in his arms), intending in that manner to have removed it off the green. But it pleased God that while the man was labouring hard to effect his purpose, he fell down flat upon his back, and the stone falling upon his breast killed him outright, so that he uttered never a word. The news of this strange accident coming to a house in the neighbourhood, a certain man who heard the relation cried out immediately, that some sudden death would undoubtedly betide himself, "because," said he, "that same man and myself did this very last night privately pull down the cross that hath now killed him." This relation I had from William Norris, of Blackrod, gentleman, January 3rd, 1660, who told me he had it from Mr. Richard Craven, of Dinkley, about thirty years since, who told him that he himself was an eye-witness when the man was killed.

Although Mr. Blundell's charities were both frequent and abundant, as his account-books testify, yet he was no friend to indiscriminate almsgiving. The professional beggars of his day were bold and insolent, and often went about in large bands, to the great terror of ladies and those living in remote houses. The following description of one of this class exhibits a type of character by no means extinct:

The same old beggar whom I have mentioned before, used to beg in a rhetorical, bold way at the races on Crosby marsh, and he would

flatter the noble gentlemen, and tell aloud what gallant houses they kept. His importunity there was insufferable. I did there once see a gentleman cast a shilling unto him, saying, "A pox o' God take thee!" The boldest wandering beggars (and a Bedlamer, one Medcalf, of all others) ever speeded the best at these races, whilst the truly poor widows and orphans who lived in the parish found little effect there of their modest, low way of begging. Tom Arnold told me that he saw at night, near that place, thirty or forty of these wandering beggars at Rogerson's (a paltry alehouse), spending the money they had gotten at the race.

"The poor you have always with you," saith our Lord, and it is certain that at all times real objects of charity may be found by those who give themselves the trouble to seek them. We gather from the following particular description, that our Cavalier took some pains to ascertain the condition of those about him. The name of Stock is still well known in these parts.

Consider the lives of some virtuous poor souls—Bridget Stock, for example. She is disabled to work, hath nothing whereby to subsist, being neither a beggar from door to door, nor relieved by a tax on the parish. Some little work she can do, to earn perhaps a penny a day, and that but sometimes. A raging sore leg hath long tormented her; the bone is almost bare for a long way. She sells her best clothes to buy salve for this, and alas! to little purpose. Now in the winter she keeps no other fire (or at the most exceeding little) but to melt her salve. Her windy, cold house is very small and uncomfortable, and she lives in a poor town where the relief they bring her is very scant. She is born of good friends, is fair and young, and a virtuous, patient soul; the sixth part of one extravagant madam's useless ribbons would relieve twenty such maids as these, and yet one of these maids is worth ten thousand of those madams.

On the subject of alms-giving there is a good story related by Mr. Blundell of the Rev. J. Sherlock, parson of Winwick, which he probably heard from his relatives, the Masseys of Rixton, in that neighbourhood.

John Widowes, the churchwarden of Winwick, when he opened the poor man's box which stands in the church, called upon the parson, Mr. Sherlock (a very charitable man) to be present at the opening of it, and withal said to him, "Sir, if here be any brass money, you ought to make it good." "Who, I?" said Mr. Sherlock; "I pray, sir, your reason." "Marry, sir," replied Widowes, "there is never a man but yourself that ever puts penny into it, and therefore you ought to make it good if any be amiss."

He adds that his Aunt Massey told him of a poor woman to whom she sometimes gave a bushel of corn, who on one occasion held her sack open after having received her allowance, and begged for some over-measure for charity, as those get sometimes who buy corn.

The extraordinary number of vocations to religion which we meet with in the families of the Catholic gentry during the times of persecution, has been the subject of remark in this journal. The Blundells of Crosby probably furnished as many members of religious houses as any single family in England. Our Cavalier's only brother, Richard, a young man of great promise, died at the Roman College in 1649 in the odour of sanctity. Having long had the desire of entering the Society of Jesus, he was admitted on his death-bed. His brother says that his frequent travelling through the streets of Rome during the great heats, to procure, through the good offices of certain Cardinals, a dispensation from his College oath and freedom to enter the Society, brought on the fever which resulted in his death. An interesting memoir of this pious youth will be found in the third volume of Brother Foley's *Records*. Of him our Cavalier writes :

His many great virtues and high abilities in sundry kinds have been told unto me by divers persons who lived long in his company. These were Mr. Thomas Bradshaigh, Mr. Kemp, Mr. Christopher Bradshaigh, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Walgrave, Mr. Cotton, and sundry others. His learning and judgment were so great, that the Italians would point him in the streets with these words, "There goeth the great English wit." He lived at Rome but about three years at the most, yet he had learned the Italian language. He spoke Greek so perfectly that he frequently repaired to the natural Greeks in Rome to hold discourse in their own language. He wrote a pretty book in Latin, which is now in my hands, concerning the nature of meteors, and another small book in English, which is now in the hands of Mr. Christopher Bradshaigh, wherein he did epitomize some of the chief parts of Sir Kenelm Digby's book of *Bodies*. His nature was lively and cheerful, exceedingly sociable and grateful. He was very exemplary in his life and conversation, insomuch that I have been credibly informed that the remarkable passages of his life and virtues are collected and frequently read in the Colleges where he lived and died, for the example of others. One of the above-named persons, who was his dear friend and chamber-fellow in the College, did inform me that he hath sundry times invited him (especially on the eves of some notable feasts) to retire into their chambers, where they have offered to God certain devotions and sharp disciplines for the good

of their native country. Mr. Henry Long told me with what great applause my brother did make his public defension of philosophy in the Roman College, and that the famous divine and philosopher, Father Geteen, did dispute against him. This Mr. Long told me December 16, 1666.

It may be noticed that the term "great English wit," as applied to Mr. Richard Blundell, would then have a very different signification from what it would have in the present day. Then it chiefly indicated learning and ability, whereas now it is used in a much more restricted sense.

Two of Mr. Blundell's sisters, Margaret and Anne, died religious abroad. The latter was a person of great ability, and he says of her that she was the best qualified person of her family that he had known. Her life was not without its vicissitudes, as may be seen from the following note :

Anne Blundell went to Gravelines in 1633, where she stayed till the town had been sundry times besieged, stormed, and taken. When by the blowing up of the King's magazine, the house where she then lived became foully shattered and quite untiled with the blast, she betook herself to another monastery at Dunkirk. The French, however, taking the town not long after, and leaving it to the English Government, she fled with three or four Sisters to Ghent. She afterwards returned to Dunkirk, and died Abbess of the Poor Clares there, 26 January, 1666-7.

Of his own family, the eldest son, Nicholas, entered the Society of Jesus, and was Prefect in the College of St. Omer's in 1672. In September, 1670, he had been chaplain to an English regiment, of which the Earl of Castlehaven was commander. This was at Lierre in Brabant, and he died abroad in December, 1680, without having been employed on the mission in his native country. Thomas, another son, entered the same Society, and taught philosophy with much applause at Flamsteed. His life was chiefly spent among the Jesuits' schools on the Continent, but he finally came to England, and was residing with the Cliftons of Lytham at the time of his death, May the 27th, 1702. Of his daughters, five out of seven embraced religion. The first two who made this sacrifice, Jane and Margaret, he accompanied abroad about the time of Cromwell's death, as we have seen. A letter to one of these has been preserved, which is interesting not only from the just advice it gives, but also from the glimpse it incidentally affords at the difficulties and discomforts which travellers in those days had to encounter.

Religious persons have observed that the Divine Goodness is oftentimes graciously pleased to bestow that delightful fervour upon weak and young beginners, to sweeten their memories and understandings with a taste of spiritual joy against those times of greater trial when they are seized with sundry sorts of temptations, great dryness in devotion, and weariness in the exercise of religion. The greatest saints have been often tried and become more glorious by these afflictions; and St. Paul himself (who had long experienced the same) esteemed it to be a great cause of joy to be so afflicted. If you meet not with crosses thank God for it, that will carry you to Heaven so easily. But if you chance to have them hereafter, and find them at any time to be grievous, sudden or much unexpected, thank God for that too, because He hath given you an occasion to exercise a true Christian fortitude, which is the chief of the cardinal virtues. When you went from my poor house to Rouen, part of your journey was on horseback, some little part on foot, the most by coach, and the rest in a tottering bark or cockboat upon the unstable element of water, not without cross-winds and perhaps a tempest. Besides these, you may remember some other varieties in that journey, as our stop at Liverpool water, the brawls, the lets, and other accidents in the coach and in the inns; and at the last, when we came to London, the unexpected death of the greatest person (Oliver Cromwell), as we esteemed him, upon the whole earth was the occasion by shutting up of the sea-ports of a notable stop in your journey. Notwithstanding all this, and those unfavourable winds that drove you back to the shore, you arrived, by the blessing of God, safe at your desired harbour and home, and you arrived with more merit by reason of more trouble, than if an angel had taken you up, like Habacuc, and dropt you before the gates of the convent. You are now on your way to Heaven, you go easily and swiftly forward. If you be taken hereafter out of the coach, and compelled to walk on foot up a hill or two, up a mountain, do not turn, do not look back, go on in God's name courageously, and you will find in the end what you seek for. *Montes in circuitu ejus.* You will find other accidents in your present travel and way to Heaven, to resemble other things in your late journey—nay, you have found that already. You were scarce arrived, but first the sickness, and then the death of the most worthy person of your house (or perhaps of our whole nation), caused the like amazement, though with far greater grief, in that excellent family than you saw before at London, upon the death of our great man there. And it cannot be but that the ports and passages of your usual proceedings received some kind of obstruction upon so sad an occasion as the change of a Lady Protectress.

All his daughters persevered in their holy vocation, three of them, Jane, Margaret, and Frances ending their days happily at Rouen. Alice and Mary went to Gravelines, and the former,

who died there on the 14th of January, 1720, is said to have been a woman of extraordinary talent, as well as virtue. She had lived fifty-five years in religion. Of his grandchildren, one son became a Jesuit, and three daughters were Poor Clares at Gravelines. Two other daughters became religious at Ghent, and here their mother also died, having taken the habit after her husband's death. Thus, in three generations, seventeen souls of the same family left the world to consecrate themselves to the more immediate service of God. Our Cavalier, writing to his son Thomas, and telling him of the rising young family which his brother William already had, says: "As for the girls, you will hear of them in twelve or fourteen years at Ghent and Gravelines;" and surely enough, after the lapse of that period, Ghent and Gravelines opened their gates to welcome them. Without reckoning his own family, Mr. Blundell names sixty-seven persons related to him in blood who had embraced religion. They belonged to the families of Bradshaigh, Massey, Scarisbrick, Anderton (five families), Clifton, Poole, Tildesley, Norris, Westbye, Gillebrand (two families), Fazakerly, Houghton, Eccleston, Gerard, Haggerston, Luson, Heaton, Standish, Tootel, Cannell, Culcheth. With four exceptions, these were all ancient Lancashire families, who had kept the faith amid trials, which it is to be hoped we shall not experience. It is sad to think how few of them exist at the present day; the greater number have become extinct, and a few have fallen away from the faith.

Large as the number is, we should naturally look for many vocations to religion from the very circumstances in which these families were placed. The marvellous attractions of Divine grace would make themselves felt in households visited with so many sufferings for justice' sake. Moreover, the isolation of such a life, its immunity from dangers ever present at courts and in cities, the daily Sacrifice, which, with other advantages would be derived from the residence of a chaplain; all these would serve to nourish aspirations to a higher state. As the young men, by the short-sighted policy of government, were disqualified from embracing any profession suitable to their position, they were naturally thrown into the arms of religion. This was designed in the order of God's providence to furnish the Church with priests in the only way in which, humanly speaking, her wants could be supplied. In allusion to the number of his Catholic relatives who had fought and fallen on

the King's side in the civil war, Mr. Blundell says the number would have been much greater if so many had not engaged in a better militia.

Another trial awaited the family before our Cavalier's eventful life came to a close. In 1694, his son William, who had for many years been the housekeeper at Crosby, was seized with other Catholics by virtue of a warrant from Charles, Duke of Shrewsbury, Secretary of State, and conveyed to Chester Castle on a charge of high treason. It is probable that the son was taken in mistake for the father, the Christian name being the same, but where both were equally innocent, this was perhaps a matter of slight consideration. An account of this nefarious conspiracy against the fortunes and lives of several Lancashire Catholics of wealth and position is given in one of the Chetham Society's publications, under the title of "The Manchester State Trials." The late Dr. Goss, Bishop of Liverpool, edited for the same society a further account, derived from documents at Crosby, furnishing some additional particulars. From these we learn that the plot was circumvented by a stratagem of Roger Dicconson, brother to one of the accused. This incident is introduced successfully in a story ("Bryn Hall") relating to this plot, which has recently appeared in the pages of the *Lamp*. When, by the verdict of the jury, the prisoners were acquitted, they were dismissed by the judge with the admonition to "Go and sin no more," a singularly inappropriate application of Scripture in respect to these much injured gentlemen.

The following letter was written by our Cavalier shortly before the trial we have just mentioned. It is addressed to his youngest daughter, Bridget, who had married a few months previously Mr. John Gerard, Doctor of Physic, and had gone to reside in the city of Durham. The extract we take from it is long, but it is the last we shall inflict upon our readers, and it presents so pleasing a picture of the good old man, and the domestic life in the midst of which his closing years were spent, that we have not the heart to curtail it.

Although you may perceive that I am lain long speechless, you may take it on my honest word that I am not only yet alive, but also that I do not forget you. I have had a hard time on't since your going from Crosby; I have rubbed on with my trouble as well as I could. To divert myself after a fit of dozing and poring so long on my book I went sometimes, as I used, unto your little chamber, and who should



I find there but the venerable Mrs. Frances Regent; all alone. That woman, on my conscience, is as proud of her absolute command of that chamber (which was formerly but a joint dominion) as the King of the Bees himself, or my Lady Lobster. When I found her in the good humour she would give me sometimes a dish of philosophical advices; they were always dry enough. She would not spare then to tell me my faults plainly, and there was matter enough for the purpose. If I did not thwart her too much she would tie my cravat or mend some things about me with a stitch or two, but all this while not so much as one poor dish of coffee; no daughter Bridget at all, nothing that was gay and pleasant. I passed my time thus, and remembered my former days. But then about the middle of May the good old gentlewoman had a vagary to go as far as Scarisbrick. There is no doubt to be made but she found a pleasant change in the company as well as the cheer she met with. I am sure she enjoyed it three long months at the least. Now all this while little did she think of the poor old man at Crosby. He had lately been deprived of a daughter, the youngest and last of ten; he had lost his only sister. His good daughter-in-law there had daughters of her own to look to, besides her maids below, and the son was always abroad to provide for the family, so that he, the poor old creature we talk of, was the most forlorn and disconsolate wight that your heart can imagine. But it was a very rude saying of some that he went mewing up and down like a kitling that had lost her dam. The comparison could not agree with a person of his age and gravity: it had been little less unmannerly to have termed it a lamb. If you will believe me, Bridget, this is the first day that I have drunk a dish of coffee since I drank it with my daughter Gerard.

You may remember that this present 22nd is a festival day at Crosby, but the world grows worse and worse daily, and our everlasting double taxes make us poorer and poorer. . . . On Sunday last at dinner, when I sent Walter down to the well to fetch me some water (my drinking of too much water makes me send you such poor stuff as this), he found my favourite Lynx lying stone dead on the ground, who, it seems, had lost his life on the spot from the cruel fangs of a mastiff in a quarrel about a miss. The doleful news brought a flood of salt tears from young Mr. Joseph; no bit of meat would down. The moralists have now concluded that an excess of love or sorrow is oft, alas, too oft, the loss of life or—victuals.

My sister told me that she had a letter from my daughter Gerard complaining that she had not received yet a blessing from her father's hand, or from any other person in his name. This, it seems, is taken as a great unkindness. Now, for my part, I dare well assure you, as in behalf of that father, that since you came into the world there has not one day passed wherein he has wittingly failed to pray a blessing for you and for the rest of his. If nothing else will serve you but black and white, I pray God heartily to bless you, &c.

P.S.—I fear my letter may be misconstrued; I hardly dare trust you

to read it. What will such a one think of what I say of Mrs. Frances? who, indeed, hath been one of the best spokes in the wheel on which our fortunes have turned.

The tenderness of heart which dictated the postscript gave our Cavalier an opportunity of declaring his sense of the merits of his sister Frances, whom he sportively calls Regent. Of this lady we have already given a sketch in connection with the Mountgarrets, and in confirmation of what was there said respecting her special devotion to the interests of that family we give the following remarks of her brother, which we have since met with. They occur in a letter dated April 9th, 1673, and addressed to the Rev. Edmund Ballard, Chaplain to Lord Mountgarret. Speaking of Edmund Butler, then a child of ten years old, he says:—

“My sister Frances has made herself his nurse, his servant, his mistress, his mother, indeed. Her money, pains, and patience have been freely extended to him.”

Of the last few years and the closing scenes in the life of our loyal Catholic Cavalier we have unfortunately no particulars. Still we may be very certain that his death was such as befittingly ended his suffering, useful, and meritorious life. He expired at Crosby Hall on May 24th, 1698, and was buried at Sefton Church in the Blundell Chapel, where the bones of most of his ancestors repose. We have only to add that on the death of his grandson, Nicholas Blundell, in 1737, the Crosby estate devolved on his only surviving daughter and heiress, Frances, who married Henry Peppard, Esq., of Drogheda, Ireland; their son took the name of Blundell, and was ancestor to Col. Nicholas Blundell, the present worthy representative of this ancient line.

The late Bishop Goss in his Introduction to the “Manchester Trials,” has given the following particulars of the seizure of Mr. William Blundell, jun., for the Plot of 1694.

On Monday, July 30th, 1694, at half-past five in the morning, three of the King's messengers with two of the informers, invaded the hall at Crosby, with the intent of carrying off old Mr. Blundell. As, however, he was then in his seventy-fifth year, and had been lame for many years in consequence of the injuries he had received while fighting in the royal cause, they did not take him with them; but they carried off a case of pistols, two swords, and a fowling-piece, and seven horses and two hackney saddles. Mr. William Blundell, jun., having shown them to his father's room, left the house; but finding on his return that they had carried off his horses, he went to Liverpool to Mr. Norris, of

Speke, who gave him into the custody of the Mayor, by whom he was handed over to Capt. Baker, who sent him to Chester Castle, and thence to London where having been examined, he was committed and taken to Newgate. None of the authorities concerned in this illegal arrest seem to have doubted the justice of committing the son for the supposed crime of the father.

In the same Introduction the Bishop has fallen into a slight error in attributing a letter dated November 6th, 1694, to Lord Mountgarret announcing this capture, to the pen of the Hon. Frances Blundell, wife of Nicholas Blundell, Esq., grandson to our Cavalier. The writer was Frances, sister of the latter, whom we have spoken of above as most devoted to the Mountgarret family. Nicholas Blundell, Esq., did not marry Frances, daughter of Marmaduke, second Lord Langdale until the 17th of June, 1703.

T. E. G.

## *The Martyrs of the Year of the Armada.*

(A SUGGESTED CORRECTION OF CHALLONER.)

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THE autumn of 1588 was perhaps the darkest and bloodiest moment in the annals of the English persecution. It was the year of the Spanish Armada, and while the danger to the country was imminent, it had been the policy of the Government to paralyze the Catholic party at home, whose number and influence Elizabeth feared or affected to fear. The Episcopal Inquisition was roused to fresh activity, pursuivants scoured the country, and the prisons were filled with recusant gentry and captured priests. Still, no blood had been shed on the scaffold (if we except the execution of the three priests at Derby on July 24th) until all fear of the invaders or their alleged supporters in England must have entirely passed away. It is remarkable that within the space of the three months following the victory of our navy (*i.e.*, between August 28th and November 29th) there were no less than twenty priests, ten laymen, and one woman put to death for their religion. "The defeat of the Armada," writes Dr. Lingard, "had thrown the nation into a frenzy of joy: the people expressed their feelings by bonfires, entertainments, and public thanksgivings. The Queen, whether she sought to satisfy the religious animosities of her subjects or to display her gratitude to the Almighty by punishing the supposed enemies of His worship, celebrated her triumph with the immolation of human victims." Six new gallows were immediately erected in and about London to carry into effect the Queen's new proclamation against Catholics, and it seemed as if the Earl of Leicester, whose evil influence was now at its height, was about to have his wish "that the streets of London might be washed with the blood of the Papists," gratified to the full. Nor was this outbreak of persecuting violence confined to London alone. York, Canterbury, Chichester, Ipswich, Gloucester, and Kingston, were witnesses of the blood of

Catholics shed upon the scaffold, not to mention the innumerable horrors perpetrated within gaols, concealed from public view, throughout the kingdom.

Unfortunately, however, it is just at this point in the history when we are naturally most eager for detailed information about the lives and characters of those who suffered martyrdom in this fierce struggle for the faith, that our sources most signally fail us. This is due in part, no doubt, to the confusion into which all Catholics were thrown, the dispersion or imprisonment of so many families, and the more than usual necessity for caution and concealment on the part of the priesthood. Moreover, means of communication with the institutions and exiles abroad must have been greatly restricted by the presence of the English fleet cruising in the Channel and the increased watchfulness at all the ports. But, whatever may be the cause, our materials for constructing the history of the martyrs of this year are exceedingly scanty. The famous work of Nicholas Sander, or rather its continuation by Rishton, which gives the best sketch which we have of the beginnings of the persecution, stops short with 1585, the year in which the book was printed and in which the editor died. The last edition of a larger work, edited by Bridgewater, the *Concertatio Ecclesiæ Catholicæ in Anglia*, although printed in 1594 carries down the narrative of events no further than 1587, and is very meagre and imperfect in its record of the two preceding years. The *Historia Particular de la Persecucion de Inglaterra*, by Yopez, Bishop of Tarraçona, published at Madrid in 1599, has plenty to say about several martyrs of a later period, the author being well supplied with letters and authentic information of Fathers Parsons and Garnet, but his account of the terrible year, with which we are now concerned, is sadly disappointing. The only martyrdom of this time of which he can give any extended narrative is that of Margaret Ward, who was hanged at Tyburn, August 30th. All else is comprised in a brief letter from a priest, dated London, December 22nd, in which the writer, presuming that the Fathers of the Society had written extensively concerning the events of the early part of that year, confines himself expressly to the occurrences of the three months, August, October, and November. In the body of the letter we get scarcely more than a bare reference to eight or ten principal sufferers. The writer even admits that he is not able to ascertain the names of all the martyrs, but adds a fuller list at the

end of his letter, which is certainly, as it stands, in several respects inaccurate.<sup>1</sup>

An interesting proof of the difficulty which must at times have existed in procuring news from England, is to be found in the various entries in the Douay Diaries. The martyrdoms of 1589 and onwards are recorded in their pages with tolerable regularity, but out of twenty Seminary priests executed in 1588 only four are noticed in the Second Diary, or Journal of the College. The news of Robert Ludlam's execution, which took place at Derby, July 24th, 1588, did not reach the College, then at Rheims, until February, 1590, at which time accurate information was, apparently for the first time, received of the martyrdom of John Robinson and William Spenser, the first of whom suffered at Ipswich, October 1st, 1588, and the second at York, September 24th, 1589. The martyrdom of Edward Burden at York, November 29th, 1588, was not, it seems, known at the Seminary until April of the following year.

Under these circumstances it need not surprise us if even the *Memoirs* of Bishop Challoner, so justly celebrated for the extraordinary care and accuracy with which they were compiled, should be found to contain some few errors which further researches and discoveries may enable us to correct. The Bishop had in fact to rely for this period on the scanty notices of the executions for religion in the *Annals* of Stow, on the accounts almost as brief contained in the inedited history of Elizabeth's reign by Dr. Champney (written in the reign of James the First), and on the various catalogues or martyrologies, printed and manuscript, accessible in his time.

The many *aliases* adopted by a priest on the mission are a source of some of our chief difficulties, in tracing his career through his various journeys or imprisonments. Stow and other Protestant authorities will be generally found to describe a martyr by the name under which he was formally indicted, a name, perhaps, but recently assumed by him and unknown to most of his own Catholic friends. Moreover, to add to our perplexity, it happens occasionally that the *alias* of one priest is the true name of another, and sometimes both are to be met

<sup>1</sup> There are thirty-nine martyrs given in the list. Some of them belong properly to an earlier date than 1588. In one instance we have a curious and instructive mistake: Mr. Widmerpole, tutor to the sons of the Countess of Northumberland, is divided and numbered so as to make three different persons, thus: "37, Wygmore, 38, Pole, 39, El maestro de los hijos de la condesa de Northumberland."

with at one time in the same county or prison. It is, in fact, owing to a confusion of this kind that Bishop Challoner chanced to overlook one of the martyrs of 1588. The instance is an instructive one, exemplifying, as it does, both the difficulty the illustrious author had to contend with and his cautious statement of facts where his authorities differed. Writing of William Way, who was executed for his priesthood at Kingston-on-Thames, September 23rd, Dr. Challoner adds: "Some say on the 1st of October; but the Bishop of Chalcedon's Catalogue says on the 23rd of September, who believes him to be the same whom Mr. Stow in his *Chronicle* calls Flower, when writing of the year 1588, he says: 'On the 23rd of September a Seminary priest, named Flower, was hanged, headed, and quartered at Kingston.' Though Bishop Yezep and others speak of Mr. Flower and Mr. Way as of two different persons." Now, the researches of Canon Estcourt and Father Morris have conclusively shown that not only was this William Way (sometimes known as Flower and sometimes as Wigges), executed at Kingston on September 23rd, but that there was also a true William Wigges who used as an *alias* the name of William Way, and he too was martyred at the same place and not many days after.

It is the object of this paper, on the other hand, to suggest that in the case of John Hewett and John Weldon, set down in the *Memoirs* as executed, the first at York and the second in London, October 5th of this same year, the Bishop has been misled by his authorities into making two martyrs of one person; that, in fact, Weldon was an *alias* of Hewett, who suffered not at York but at Mile End Green, London. If Father Morris has had the satisfaction of adding a new name to our traditional roll of martyrs of 1588, it will be our less pleasant task to act the part of "devil's advocate" and to rob the city of York of one of her fifty martyrs by erasing the name of Weldon from our martyrology.

John Hewett, according to Bishop Challoner, was an alumnus of the College of Rheims, was captured and imprisoned in England while yet only in deacon's orders, was made priest on his return to the Seminary, thence sent upon the mission, and finally executed for his priesthood at *York*, October 5th, 1588. All this can be abundantly confirmed except the statement that his martyrdom took place at York, for which we find no sufficient evidence, but a strong presumption against it.

John Hewett, or Huit, of the diocese of York, is set down in the Second Douay Diary<sup>2</sup> as having received the tonsure and minor orders September 23rd, 1583. The dates of his ordination as subdeacon and deacon do not appear, but his name next occurs in the College Journal<sup>3</sup> under date of November 7th, 1585, where he is described as a deacon, returning to the College from a prison in York, whence he had been sent into exile. Meanwhile we can trace him to his Yorkshire gaol through other sources. On the 25rd of August, 1585, John Beysbeye, keeper of the recognizances in the Castle of Kingston-upon-Hull, certifies that he received under his charge ten priests, among whom is John Marche, "and John Hewett, a Popish subdeacon."<sup>4</sup> Hewett returned to the College in company with David Kemp, a priest. A month later, December 12th, another priest, by name Marshe, a fellow-prisoner of Hewett in Yorkshire and also an exile, arrives at Rheims, and on the 7th of January, 1586, the three depart together.<sup>5</sup>

It is natural to suppose that the two Yorkshiremen would try to make their way back to their native county, but it may be doubted if Hewett ever succeeded in doing so. Among the records of the proceedings of the Lord Mayor's court at York, published by Father Morris,<sup>6</sup> as an introduction to the "Notes by a Prisoner in Ousebridge," we find an order from the Queen's Council, dated December 31st, 1593, commanding an inquisition to be made throughout the realm to discover the names of all recusants' sons who had gone abroad or were being educated at foreign Seminaries. The certificate from the Lord Mayor, Recorder, and Aldermen of the city of York in reply to this order, directed to the Earl of Huntingdon, and dated the last day of January, 1593-4, gives the result of their "diligent inquisition and examination," and the last entry in their list is as follows: "John Hewet, son to William Hewet, sometime of this city, draper, deceased, went over the seas about eight years since [*i.e.* 1585] to what place we know not, neither where he is

<sup>2</sup> Page 198.

<sup>3</sup> Page 208.

<sup>4</sup> Father Morris' *Troubles*, Third Series, p. 272.

<sup>5</sup> "7<sup>o</sup> die [Nov.] venerunt ad nos David Kemp, presbyter, et D. Joannes Huit, diaconus, paulo ante ex carcere Eboracensi emissus et in exilium missus . . . December] 12 die, rediit ad nos D. Marshe, presbyter, paulo ante e carcere Eboracensi in exilium missus . . . Eodem die [7<sup>o</sup> Januarii] discesserunt D. David Kemp, D. Jo. Huitte et D. Marshe." Marshe belonged to the diocese of York, Kemp was from Exeter.

<sup>6</sup> In his Third Series of *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*, p. 279.



remaining, nor how or by whom he is relieved." If the missionary ever returned to Yorkshire at all he must have most effectually preserved his disguise, but it is hardly possible to suppose that had he been publicly executed for his priesthood in the city of York itself, the fact should not have been discovered by the Lord Mayor and Corporation little more than four years later.

On the other hand, while we shall be able to trace a "Mr. Huit," priest and martyr, to the prisons of London, we have the positive evidence of a contemporary that the priest executed at Mile End Green, on October 5th, and who had been indicted under the name of "John Weldon," was known at least to some of his friends by the name of Huit.

Among the papers now preserved in the Archives of the see of Westminster are two Narratives which form part of what was once a volume marked *B.* of the series put together by Father Grene, S.J.,<sup>7</sup> who died at the English College at Rome in 1697. These were evidently not seen by Bishop Challoner. One is an account by a fellow-captive of the imprisonment and martyrdom of Nicholas Horner, a tailor, who before his execution (March 4th, 1589) had been some time in Newgate, and there had his leg amputated by a surgeon. The narrator, in describing the operation, tells us that he received great comfort "by means that a good priest, to wit, Mr. Huit, who was afterwards a martyr, who did hold his head betwixt his hands whilst it was adoin'g." This was probably towards the end of 1587, as Horner remained twelve months longer in Newgate before he regained his liberty, and then after a short time was again apprehended, speedily brought to trial and executed.

The second paper referred to is entitled the "Relation of the Penkevels of the Sufferings in England." The narrator says that he came up to London in 1584, when his brother was in Newgate in company with several priests, whom he names, and that he himself two years later was apprehended and committed by Mr. Justice Young to the Counter in Poultry, and that after spending two years there he was removed to Newgate [1588], where he joined his brother and remained in confinement for three years more. The writer<sup>8</sup> was evidently in a good position

<sup>7</sup> "The volume *B.*, however," Father Morris tells us (*Troubles*, Third Series, p. 4), "apparently existed prior to the commencement of Father Grene's." It consists chiefly of letters from Verstegan to Father Parsons. Father Grene has added marginal notes to some of the papers, and opposite Mr. Huit's name on one occasion he writes: "John Hewet suffered att York, Octob. 5. 1588."

<sup>8</sup> A comparison of the statements made in the document with the prison certificates shows that the narrator was Peter Pencavell and his brother's name Thomas.

for gathering information as to the sufferings and deaths of the Catholic inmates of the London gaols, and his narrative of the period with which we are now concerned shall be given in his own words :

“ At St. Batholomewtide there were xiii. priests and laymen at one sessions at Newgate arraigned, who all very constantly suffered martyrdom except Mr. Foxwell,<sup>9</sup> who was reprieved ; and Marge Ward that time was arraigned and condemned and suffered martyrdom, condemned for bringing a rope to a priest being prisoner at Bridewell, who by that means escaped, but put to death for refusing to go to church, on which condition life was offered unto her openly at bar. The laymen that then suffered for the most part were condemned because they said that they had confessed their sins unto a priest. The names of the priests that I remember were, first, Mr. Deane,<sup>10</sup> who had been some time a minister, Mr. Holtford or Bude,<sup>11</sup> Mr. James or Clarkeson,<sup>12</sup> Mr. Earth or Leye,<sup>13</sup> and Mr. Mourton.<sup>14</sup> At that time there were executed divers other priests out of the Clynke and Marshallse of whose names I remember no more but Mr. Flower<sup>15</sup> and Mr. James.<sup>16</sup> Also at Yourke and other places there were divers priests and laymen executed at that time whose names I know not. It was determined that within short time after there should be all the priests in Wisbyche and very many other Catholics arraigned, but the Earl of Lester dying the same while in extraordinary manner caused a sudden stop to those proceedings.

“ But within two months after, the magistrates returning to their accustomed practice, there were arraigned Mr. Huit and Mr. Hartley, pr. Mr. Huit refused to be tried by the jury, for that he was loath, as he told the judges, that those ignorant men that understood not the case should be burthened with

<sup>9</sup> Henry Foxwell (see *Troubles*, Third Series, p. 34). “Foxwel” appears by mistake in the list of lay-martyrs for this year in Yepez, p. 612.

<sup>10</sup> William Dean, August 28th.

<sup>11</sup> Thomas Holford, *alias* Acton, August 28th.

<sup>12</sup> James Clarkson, or Claxton, August 28th.

<sup>13</sup> “Earth or Leye” is probably Richard Leigh, executed at Tyburn, August 30th, but “Earthe, *alias* Yaxley, about London,” appears in a list of priests in England about March, 1588 (*Lansdowne MSS.* n. 55), and Richard Yaxley, priest, who is mentioned later on by Pencavell, suffered at Oxford, in July, 1589.

<sup>14</sup> Robert Morton, August 28th.

<sup>15</sup> William Way, or Flower, executed at Kingston. In the *Lansdowne* list above he appears as “William Flower, *alias* Maye, in the Clynke.”

<sup>16</sup> Edward James, at Chichester, October 1st.

his blood, and referred the matter unto the judges' consciences, and notwithstanding that he proved there openly that they had no just matter against him, and that he being banished was from the Low Countries sent into England prisoner by the Earl of Leicester, yet nevertheless they proceeded against him and without a jury condemned and judged him to be hanged and quartered. The next morning he was carried unto Mylane Greene, where he in the cart disputed openly with the preachers, whiles one went unto the Court to know the Queen's pleasure concerning his quartering, who was found so favourable that she would have him but hanged. In this space he reproved and proved the said minister of many shameful lies, and behaving himself in all respects both discreetly and constantly was there martyred.

"The foresaid Mr. Hartley, pr., being brought forth in the same cart, was after the despatch of Mr. Huit carried near the Curtain and there hanged.

"Also at that sessions there were two laymen arraigned and condemned, to wit, Mr. Sutton,<sup>17</sup> a schoolmaster, and one Symons,<sup>18</sup> who presently before was greatly suspected and slandered to be a spy. Mr. Sutton suffered at Clarkenwell, and Symons at Tyborne, who blest himself, kissing the halter, said it was the happiest collar that ever went about his neck."

Pencavell then goes on to describe the martyrdom of Nicols and Yaxley, priests, at Oxford, in 1589, the cruel torture of Mr. Bales by Topcliffe, and, lastly, the execution of Nicholas Horner, already mentioned, at Smithfield, thus bringing his narrative down to the year 1590.

The description here given of "Mr. Huit," will be found to closely correspond with a printed account which we fortunately possess of "John Weldon," drawn up by an eyewitness of his

<sup>17</sup> Robert Sutton, M.A. See *Troubles*, Third Series, p. 38.

<sup>18</sup> F. Grene writes in the margin *Symons vel potius Simson*. This is one of the supposed martyrs not yet identified. The name occurs in one of the *Lansdowne MSS.* (n. 51, Popish priests and recusants committed to several prisons in and about the city of London, 1586-7). "John Harrison *alias* Symons, a recusant, lately come from beyond the seas, hath been at Doway, Arras, Luke and the Spawe, and a carryer of letters from one priest to another." With this may be compared an entry in the Second Douay Diary (p. 189). "1582, Jul. 16, die Duaco venit indoctus quidam, 40 plus minus annos habens, qui Joannes Harrison appellatus est." On the 30th he leaves Rheims for Rome. "Simonius" is mentioned as a martyr among the laymen executed at London in 1588, by Philopater, *i.e.*, F. Parsons, in his *Elizabetha regina decedum*, &c., (Lugduni, 1593), but on the other hand we here miss the name of Roch (mart. Tyburn, Aug. 30). Can Symons *alias* Harrison be the same as Challoner's John Roch?

trial and execution, and it will be seen that this latter in turn well agrees with what we know of John Hewett, the banished deacon of 1585. This interesting narrative appears to have been unknown to Dr. Challoner, and to our martyrologists generally.<sup>19</sup> It is entitled: "A true report of the Inditement, arraignment, conviction, condemnation and execution of John Weldon and William Hartley and Robert Sutton, who suffered for high treason in severall places about the Citie of London, on Saturday the fifth of October, anno. 1588. With the speeches which passed between a learned preacher and them: faithfullie collected, even in the same wordes as neere as might be remembred. By one of credit that was present at the same. Imprinted at London by Richard Jones, 1588."<sup>20</sup>

"John Weldon, priest, born at Tollerton, in the county of York, sometime student in Caius College, Cambridge, was indicted by the name of John Weldon, *alias* Savell, late of Gray's Inn Lane, within the county of Midd., clerk: For that he being born within her Majesty's dominions was not only made priest at Paris by authority derived from the See of Rome, contrary to the laws of this realm, but had also traitorously afterwards entered into this land, sent by the Pope or his substitutes to execute the office of a Seminary priest here, contrary to an estatute in that behalf provided, by virtue whereof he was indicted for high treason. This was the effect of his indictment: the form I am not able to set down, neither is it now necessary. . . . The said Weldon, taking exceptions first to the indictment as false and untrue; then to the jury or inquest, to be impanelled upon him, as unfit men to try him being mere laymen; yea, and to whole bench as unworthy to be his judges, resolved (as he said very maliciously and slanderously) beforehand to condemn all Catholics brought before them, affirmed himself to be a priest and therefore not triable by the common laws nor bound to make answer to the indictment." The Recorder very "gravely and learnedly" replied to these arguments, while Weldon is said to have "persisted in his obstinacy." "In the end he had judgment given against him by the said Master Recorder [Serjeant Fleet-

<sup>19</sup> The present writer has to thank Canon Estcourt for the loan of this very rare tract, which is not to be found in the British Museum, as well as for much kind assistance, and information.

<sup>20</sup> The tract is dated at the end 24 Octob., 1588, less than three weeks after the execution. It seems to have been written by "the learned and godly preacher" himself. The spelling of the text is modernized.

wood] with the consent and by the direction of the Lord Mayor and the rest of the judges and justices to be executed as a traitor, viz., to be hanged, drawn and quartered, and M. Sheriffs was thereupon required to see execution." After describing in similar manner the trials of Hartley and Sutton, the writer proceeds :

"The next day, the fifth of October, the three above-named were conveyed through the Citie of London by M. Sheriffs to Mile End, the place where Weldon was executed, who being unbound and raised upon his feet was very gently and charitably required by M. Sheriffs to prepare himself to die and to ask her Majesty's forgiveness who had mercifully dispensed with the rest of his judgment. Why, quoth he, should I ask her forgiveness whom I never offended? No, (said M. Sheriff Ofley) hast thou not offended her? Wast thou not born a subject within her Highness' dominions? Wast thou not made priest by authority derived from the Pope at Paris, and afterwards camest thou not traitorously in to this realm to withdraw her Majesty's subjects from their obedience? Is this no offence? No, (quoth he) I came not willingly into this realm. I was drawn in against my will and brought in by force. Weldon (quoth a learned and godly preacher there present), abuse not the people with such untruths. I was myself at thy arraignment where it was proved to thy face that thou first camest into this land of thine own voluntary, sent in by the direction of the Pope or his substitutes, and then thou being apprehended and committed where the law might justly have been executed upon thee as a traitor, her Majesty of her free clemency pardoned thy life, only banished thee her dominions. After that thou camest in the second time, and then being apprehended thou cunningly and craftily didst abuse authority, and pretending thyself to be converted and promising to continue a Protestant during thy life, thou wast not only enlarged and set at liberty but hadst money given thee also to supply thy wants and defray thy charges. After all this thou didst secretly convey thyself into Flaunders, meaning (as it was conjectured) to kill the Earl of Leicester, which his honour being advertised of, caused thee to be apprehended and sent over into England, wherefore, sith thy treachery and hypocrisy is so notorious, stand not now upon apologies and protestations to justify thyself: but hearken unto the charitable and godly exhortation made unto thee by Master Sheriff; ask God and her Majesty forgiveness from the bottom of thy heart that we

may be witnesses of thy conversion. I have (quoth he) done nothing but as a Roman Catholic priest ought to do by the direction of our most Holy Father the Pope, being head of the Church, who only hath authority over all persons and all causes ecclesiastical as both by the Word of God, Councils Fathers, and all antiquity it hath been and is to be granted: and in this Catholic Roman religion I will die and willingly shed my blood." The Preacher upon this delivers a long historical and controversial lecture against the Papal supremacy, occupying half a dozen pages of the tract, and concludes with a personal appeal to the martyr and an offer to pray with him and for him. "I desire (quoth Weldon) all Catholics to pray for me. And so began to mumble up certain prayers in Latin. The Preacher (seeing his obstinacy) willed the people to lift up their hearts in prayer and so made this prayer following, [which we need not transcribe]. "Then the executioner was commanded to do his duty."

From this relation it appears that "John Weldon," a Yorkshireman and a priest, had been at one time banished and had returned a second, if not a third, time into England. Now we have several lists of Seminarists who were deported from the kingdom before 1588, and the name of Weldon does not appear in them, while that of Hewett does.<sup>21</sup>

It must be observed further that we know absolutely nothing of any priest at the foreign Seminaries named Weldon. According to the indictment as quoted in the tract, Weldon was ordained priest at Paris, and Stow says both Weldon and Hartley were made priests there. This is certainly not true of Hartley for he was ordained at Chalons.<sup>22</sup> It may be true of Hewett, for his ordination is not mentioned in the Diary as having taken place during his short stay of two months at the College after his exile, and he may possibly have visited Paris for that purpose before returning to England. The statement of Dr. Champney and Molanus that "Weldon" was "a priest of the College of Douay" Dr. Challoner cautiously incloses in inverted commas.

Dr. Worthington, President of the College, printed in 1614 a Catalogue of Martyrs up to that date. He must have had access

<sup>21</sup> Compare Sander, *Anglican Schism*, pp. 330, 331; *Douay Diary*, p. 13; Stow, *Annals*, p. 170, and Tierney's note to Rishton's Diary in his edition of Dodd's *Church History*, vol. iii. p. 158.

<sup>22</sup> *Diarum Secundum*, p. 161.

to all the Records of the College, then intact. Moreover, he must have been personally acquainted with the majority of priests who were Hewett's contemporaries, having been himself for several years on the mission, and one of the band of priests who were banished together in 1585. Yet he was evidently perplexed with the reported execution of "Weldon," and not recognizing the name among the missionary clergy, he entered his name in the Catalogue, probably at a mere guess, as a *layman*.<sup>23</sup>

The first trace of the name of "Weldon" is apparently to be found in one of the State Papers,<sup>24</sup> announcing his apprehension as a Seminarist, in the lodgings of John Gardener, Esq., of Grove Place, in the county of Buckingham. A short time before, a priest named Greene, *alias* Strawbridge, had been seized in this gentleman's house, and the writer adds: "Since the apprehension of the said Greene (who is prisoner in the Counter in Wood Street), the said Gardener hath gotten to himself another young Seminary priest named Welldon, *alias* Savell, for whose safety and more secret abode with him he did take a chamber in Gray's Inn, and there they harboured and lay together, and had Mass there, within these three weeks at sundry times (as the priest himself confesseth, although Mr. Gardener doth obstinately deny it), and he made for the same priest a new black cloak (such as his other servants used to wear), and so kept him as his servant abroad and his fellow at home."<sup>25</sup> There is no date to this paper, but in the *Calendar Dom. Eliz.* it is assigned to March? 1587.<sup>26</sup> The name appears again, however, later on, in significant company. In a "Certificate of Seminary priests, in their prisons in and about London, 30th September, 1588," printed by Strype,<sup>27</sup> we find among the priests *John Weldon*, John Marche, and David Kempe (the two latter, it may be remarked, left Rheims, January, 1585, with Huit), and among laymen, Peter Pencavell, the writer of the MS. narrative above quoted, Thomas Pencavell, and Nicholas Horner.

With these facts before us, it may fairly be assumed that John Hewett, or Huit, on his return to England after his banish-

names of Weldon and Savell.<sup>28</sup> Some of his fellow-prisoners knew him as Hewett, and accordingly reported his martyrdom (at Mile End Green) under that name. The distinct evidence derived from Stow and others that Hartley's companion in martyrdom was indicted and condemned as "John Weldon," probably gave rise to the belief that Hewett was a different person who suffered at York.

Our earliest martyrologies add considerable strength to this conclusion, betraying as they do uncertainty or differences regarding the two names.

A catalogue printed at Rome in 1590<sup>29</sup> gives "Joannes Hewet, presb.," but makes no mention of Weldon. This is important testimony, as the writer states that he has printed his list in Latin just as it came from the hands of Dr. Barret, then President of the College at Rheims. In the following year this catalogue was reprinted, with the addition of four new martyrs in the *De Signis Ecclesiæ*,<sup>30</sup> by Father Tomaso Bozio, of the Roman Oratory. The *Breve Relacion de los Martires*, &c., printed at the end of Ribadeneira's *Historia Eccles. del Scisma*, carried down to 1592, contains among the martyrs of 1588 "Joan Wuyt" (clearly meant for Huit), but again no Weldon; and the same is to be said of the list in Yepcz, which gives Hueto only. The earliest catalogue in English seems to be that of Wilson, "The English Martyrologe," 1608. In nine cases out of ten this writer is able to give day of month and place of execution as well as year, but he registers "John Hewet, priest," simply, without further information; while in his list, for the first time, we find mention of "John Weldon, priest, at Mile End Greene, by London, 5 October."

Dr. Worthington published his *Catalogus Martyrum pro religione occisorum* in 1614, and, as has been said, includes both

<sup>28</sup> The families of Wildon, or Weldon, and Hewett are conspicuous for recusancy in the city of York in 1577 or thereabouts, and they occupy apparently the same social position. The wife of John Wildon, tailor, appears in the list of the Archbishop of York sent to the Privy Council, printed in Cartwright's *Chapters of Yorkshire History*, p. 152, and in the same list we find Anne and Margaret Hewett, "yonge and wilfull and worth nothinge," daughters apparently of Thomas Hewett, wax-chandler. Com-



Hewett and Weldon, but, not recognizing Weldon as a priest, registers him as *laicus*, which is an undoubted error in any case. Molanus follows with the *Martyres Angliæ Sæculares*, printed at Paris in 1629, and again inserts both Weldon and Hewett, calling the former "Collegii Duaceni, Presb.," but refers for his authority to Wilson alone, who says nothing of Douay College. Arnold Raissius, on the other hand, published about the same time (Douay, 1630) his catalogue of martyrs from the Douay Seminary, and omitting Weldon altogether, puts the martyrdom of John Hewett at York. None of these lists, however, can be said to have such authority as that drawn up at the command of the Roman Court by Dr. Smith, the Bishop of Chalcedon, which was compiled after diligent research, and forwarded to Rome in 1628. This valuable document was never printed, but several copies of it exist. We do not find in it the name of Hewett, but the priest executed at Mile End Green is called "Joannes Weldonus, presb. sæcularis," and the authorities referred to by the Bishop are the register of Newgate prison, Stow's *Annals*, and the catalogues of Worthington and Wilson. The omission of Huit is all the more noteworthy, for both Worthington and Wilson had, as we have seen, registered that name as martyr of York; but the Bishop of Chalcedon had before him in the case of Yorkshire martyrs the *Catalogus Eboracensis* and a document he cites as *Registrum Comitiorum*, and very probably neither of these documents contained the name. Indeed, that the *Catalogus Eboracensis* knew nothing of Hewett's execution at York, may be set down as certain; for an early martyrology now in the Archives of Westminster, but which formerly belonged to the Seminary at Paris, cites this catalogue for every martyr up to 1616, without exception, whom we know undoubtedly to have suffered in Yorkshire; but although we find in this list "Joannes Huettus, P. Eboraci, 5 Octob.," the *Catalogus Eboracensis* is significantly absent from the authorities cited for the fact. The next entry is "Joannes Weldonus, Lond. 5 Octob. Causa mortis [blank]. Scriptores Worth. et Wilson in Catal. et Stous in *Annal*. Stous in *Annal* vocat eum sacerdotem, atque cum Hartleo (de quo mox) condemnatum, quod sacerdos cum esset in regno maneret contra statutum. Sed Worth. in Cat. vocat eum laicum." <sup>31</sup>

<sup>31</sup> The MS. Catalogue of Thomas More (died 1625) sometime agent for the clergy at Rome in the reign of James I., is of a little earlier date than that of Dr. Smith. It is entitled, *Effigies, nomina, cognomina, loci, anni ac dies martyrum 123 sæcularium*

The source of the confusion and its progress is intelligible. The earliest catalogues mention the martyrdom of a Seminary priest, John Hewett, in 1588. Later on, Wilson and Dr. Champney find evidence from Stow and the Public Records that "John Weldon was indicted as a priest and executed at Mile End Green, Oct. 5, 1588," and, having no suspicion of their identity, set down both Hewett and Weldon as martyred priests. Wilson, however, cannot say where or on what day the execution of Hewett took place, whereas Champney puts it at *York* (a mistake very natural under the circumstances), and on October 5th, a date which seems to betray a trace of the true tradition. Lastly, the Bishop of Chalcedon, finding no reliable evidence of Hewett's execution at York, rejects the name altogether from his list. Thus, if the conclusion we have attempted to establish be true, not one of our many writers and martyrologists have stated all the facts correctly, viz., that John Hewett, Yorkshireman, the exiled deacon of 1585, suffered martyrdom as a priest under the name of Weldon, not at York, but at Mile End Green, near London, October 5th, 1588.

There are many points in the history of this martyr upon which we must look for further light. Were there any grounds whatever for the charges thrown in his face at the scaffold by the Protestant minister? Is there any independent account of his capture in the Low Countries by the Earl of Leicester, and was this before or after his arrest in London in the house of Mr. Gardener?

Meanwhile, enough has been said to show that there is yet abundant room for further investigations concerning our martyrs. There is needed, to begin with, a complete collection of prison certificates from the Record Office, British Museum, and other libraries, as well as of all catalogues of martyrs still extant in manuscript. Indeed, English Catholics, to whom the subject has a far more than historical interest, should not be content until every scrap of paper bearing upon it is put into print.<sup>32</sup>

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*sacerdotum in Anglia*, &c., and is dedicated with a preface to Cardinal Borghese. It contains "D. Joannes Weldonus, Londini, 1 Octobr. [*sic*], 1588. De hoc Wilson, Catal." and "D. Joannes Heuuitus. Ebor. — 1588. De hoc Bozius, l. 12, p. 564. Yepes, l. 5, c. 1. Wilson, Catal."

<sup>32</sup> [It is perhaps better that we should state that this article was put into print two months ago, and that its publication in our present number instead of an earlier one is a simple accident. Ed.]

## *Blessed Charles the Good, Count of Flanders.*

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MOST of the royal races of Europe have had their thrones honoured by princes whom the Church now reckons among her saints. St. Louis of France, by the justice of his rule, by his humility in prosperity, by his firmness in the hour of trial, and by the piety of his whole life, has shed more lustre on the royal house of France than that which it received from the reign of a Charles the Great or from that of Louis the Fourteenth, the Great Monarch. And speaking of St. Louis, we are without difficulty reminded of many another royal saint, of St. Stephen of Hungary, of St. Henry of Germany, of the two Saints Elizabeth, of St. Canute of Denmark, of the saintly princes of the House of Savoy, of St. Ferdinand of Spain, and of our own royal Saints, Edmund the Martyr and Edward the Confessor, whose good laws preserved the liberties of Englishmen. Mindful of the glory these saints have added to the thrones they filled, the Belgians desire to add to the honours surrounding their youthful dynasty by recalling to mind that they, too, have in the past been ruled by a prince who only awaits the sanction of the Church to be honoured among the canonized saints.

Towards the close of the eleventh century there came to Bruges, to the Court of her father, Robert the Frisian, Count of Flanders, the widowed Queen Adela, who with her son—a child of five years of age—sought a refuge from the violence of her Danish subjects, after they had martyred, in 1086, her husband, St. Canute. The child, who through his mother had descended from our own King Alfred, learned, at his grandfather's Court, to become a good and brave Christian knight. One day, we are told, Charles, for such was the child's name, visited Ivend Trundsen, a Dane, at that time kept with a companion as hostages to the Count of Flanders. The hostage chanced to be in bed, and Charles, playing at the side of the bed, noticed beneath it a handsome sword, which with childish simplicity, he wanted

to carry home. "Take it, my child," said Trundsen, "it is only right you should have it; for that sword was worn by your father when he was martyred, and afterwards it was given into my charge." The child, delighted, bore away the weapon, and showing it to his grandfather, begged and obtained the freedom of the two hostages.

The young Charles soon became worthy to gird on his father's sword. According to the customs of the times, he passed through the different grades leading to the dignity of knighthood. As page, he hardened himself by long hours spent in hunting and hawking, and in practising with sword and lance. He learned to admire the brave deeds of the knights around him, and of his grandfather Robert, who had fought in many lands, in Spain, in Greece, and even in the Holy Land before the First Crusade had been preached. Of a winter's evening the page's imagination was fired by tales of the brave warriors long since dead, whose swords hung rusting over the great fireplaces of the baronial castles; or he would listen with wrapt attention to the minstrels' songs of King Arthur's knights. Later on, at the age of fifteen, the page was led to the foot of the altar, and there he put on for the first time the weighty armour of those days and assumed the title of squire, and began the duties of that office by riding behind his lord, bearing the lord's arms, or by serving his lord at table—menial offices, ennobled by the way in which they were executed, and by the nobility of those performing them. At last, at seventeen, well used to martial exercises, his courage inflamed by a thousand tales of chivalry, and his faith firmly impressed on him by careful religious instruction, the squire might set out in search of adventures, might sally forth as the friend of the feeble and foe of the oppressor. At the age of twenty-one the squire could claim to be knighted. The ceremony—one sanctified by religion—was symbolical of what a Christian knight should be. By the time a youth had won the golden spurs of knighthood, he had received a training which made him thoroughly a man and thoroughly a Christian. Such an education, perhaps, would not have fitted men for competitive examinations at Woolwich or Sandhurst, but at all events it prevented them from becoming the admirers of triumphant brute force, or worshippers of the money-bag, which, as Carlyle has well said<sup>1</sup> is "the worst and basest of all banners and symbols of dominion among men; and

<sup>1</sup> *French Revolution*, bk. iii. c. i.

indeed is only possible in a time of general atheism and unbelief in anything save in brute force and sensualism." It was an education which gave men big and courageous hearts, which often made them heroes and even saints. It was the higher education of the ages of faith, when men were not ashamed to "prize their *Credo*, and raise stateliest temples for it, and reverence hierarchies, and give it the tithe of their substance ;" for, as the same author adds,<sup>2</sup> "it was worth living for and dying for," and it was this that their education taught them. And it was this education that Charles received. His first feats of arms he performed under the leadership of his cousin, Robert of Jerusalem, with whom he spent many years in the Holy Land, fighting the Saracen, winning much glory and many scars. When Robert perished in the Marne in 1111, while fighting for the French King, he was succeeded in the marquisate of Flanders by his son Baldwin the Seventh, who styled himself Count of Flanders, and who, because of his love of strict justice, was named by his subjects Baldwin of the Axe. Such, indeed, was his desire to see justice strictly executed, that on one occasion he is said to have hung, with his own hands, a Flemish noble guilty of robbery. This severe prince, having no heir, resolved to make Charles his successor. He bestowed on Charles the lands of Ancre, and married him to Margaret, daughter of the Count of Clermont. She brought as her dowry to her husband the county of Amiens. For many years Charles ruled over Baldwin's dominions, and on the latter perishing, as did his father, in fighting for the French King, Charles became Count of Flanders. One of his first acts was, as vassal of the French monarch, to lead ten thousand men against the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who was threatening an invasion of France. The invaders, however, had decamped before Charles and his forces reached them. Before this, however, Charles proved himself to be a skilful soldier. On his accession as Count, his right to reign was disputed by a powerful nobleman, William of Ypres, who, taking up arms, marched along with several other barons and nobles against Charles. The latter completely routed his enemies, and was recognized throughout Flanders as its legitimate ruler.

A brave knight and skilful soldier, Charles was also a great prince. In this age of Parliamentary government and of constitutional puppets, the idea of a prince who still wields power and yet is not an absolute monarch, has well-nigh been lost.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* bk. i. c. ii.

Alone among nations, we English have some conception of a prince whose power is limited and yet is a reality. The sound common sense and conservative spirit of the English people, and the high character and virtues of our sovereign, have combined to prevent the idea from being lost among us. However, the ages of faith, and even Catholic writers of later date, have set forth the idea in clearer terms than it is to be found now-a-days. A king, according to St. Thomas Aquinas, is to society what the soul is to the body, what God is to the universe. A king who is penetrated with this thought will be zealous for justice, yet gentle, kind, and merciful.<sup>3</sup> The advice given on his death-bed by St. Louis to his son, is so well known that to quote it would be a needless repetition. It is, as M. Perin remarks in his excellent chapter on royalty, a code for Christian princes.<sup>4</sup> Bossuet, although inclined to make the power of a prince too absolute, speaks as becomes a bishop, of the duties of a king. He bids princes to look above all to the wants of the feeble, and to be the fathers of their people, and to use them justly, remembering that every prince will have to render to God an account of his reign.<sup>5</sup> The Church, too, in her rite for the consecration of a king, sets forth beautifully what a prince should be. The prelate who anoints the king bids him be a true Christian, bids him respect the pastors of the Church and their rights, bids him administer justice firmly, rewarding good and punishing evil doers. He bids him be kind and accessible to all, and to reign not for his own benefit but for the good of his people, and so merit the reward of good deeds.<sup>6</sup> Charles was all this for the good of his people, and he won from them the surname of Good. He was so easy of access by the poor, that some of his courtiers murmured at it. "Ah!" he said, "I am so, because the poor have as many wants as you rich have pride." When a poor man came to him, Charles would kiss the poor man's hand, reverencing Christ in the person of His poor. Daily he fed, at the same table at which he dined, thirteen poor persons. He punished with severity those who oppressed the poor or the weak. He published in Flanders the Truce of God, which forbade private feuds and revenges, and placed under special safeguard, all religious men, pilgrims, husbandmen, cattle

<sup>3</sup> *De Regimine principum*, lib. i. c. xii.

<sup>4</sup> *Les Lois de la Société Chrétienne*, t. ii. p. 398.

<sup>5</sup> *Politique tirée de l'Écriture sainte*, liv. iii.

<sup>6</sup> *Vide Pontificale Romanum*.

and crops. As many acts of homicide occurred through his people going about publicly with arms, he abolished that custom. On August 11th, 1122, the sun was partially eclipsed, and the people thereupon superstitiously expected some great catastrophe. As it chanced, there was a great famine in Flanders during the following year. Bread there was none, so that those who could procure meat had to live upon it throughout the year, even in Lent. During this great distress, Charles found some nobles hoarding up their grain in order to sell it dearly, and he forced them to cease this practice. As long as the famine lasted, Charles ordered that at Bruges, and at each of his castles, a hundred needy persons should be fed daily at his cost. One day, at Ypres, he gave away no fewer than three thousand nine hundred quartern loaves. Daily he clothed, from head to foot, five persons who had parted with their clothing for food. He rebuked the rich people of Ghent for having closed their gates against the starving country folk who came to them for aid. He fixed the price of wine, and ordered the bakers to knead coarser bread, and forbade the making of beer, so as to economize the store of grain. To prevent the continuance of the famine, he turned the hop grounds into wheat fields, and caused a third of the land to be sown with quickly growing vegetables. A modern writer—a French Academician—has ridiculed Charles' precautions, which anyhow proved efficacious. It hardly becomes our age to criticize the economy of the past when we recollect that people die, oftener than is supposed, of starvation in our great towns, and that as yet we have not found out how to stave off famines in the East, resulting in the death of millions.

Charles administered justice with a firm hand, being especially severe against sorcerers and dealers in magic and against blasphemers. If one of his household made use of profane language, besides the punishment provided by law, he inflicted on him a fast of forty days on bread and water. He was ever ready to see justice done. Being once at Vespers in St. Peter's at Ghent, a poor woman from whom her cow had been stolen, came and asked him to see justice done to her forthwith. He promised to see to the matter when Vespers had been chanted, but the woman feared that weightier matters of State would then supervene and her lost cow be forgotten. Charles, as a pledge that he would keep his promise, gave her his rich cloak. The pledge was soon redeemed by the recovery

of the cow. He always showed great respect to the clergy, and listened to their admonitions with humble attention. Religious were admitted to audience before all other persons, for, he said, they should be kept from their monasteries as little as possible. On this point he was very strict, as is seen by the way he received the Abbot of St. Bertin, who came on the Epiphany to get him to redress a wrong. "My lord Abbot," said Charles, "who sings High Mass to-day in your abbey?" And the Abbot answered: "Sir Count, there are a hundred monks among whom a celebrant can easily be found." The reply did not please the prince. "Know, my lord Abbot, that on such a day you should share the offices, the repasts, and lawful recreations of your monks, which have been provided for them by the generosity of my ancestors. Remember it is your duty to praise God, mine to protect you." Thereupon he saw justice done the Abbot, who in all haste betook himself to his abbey.<sup>7</sup> Charles usually rose early, and having distributed his alms, was present at Holy Mass. He frequently assisted at the Divine Offices, often going to them barefooted. After supper, he caused one of the three theologians of his household to read and expound a chapter or two of the Bible, in which, says an old chronicler, he took great delight.

Such was the prince whom his people called Good and generations have called Blessed, and whom some Martyrologies have styled Saint. And so worthy a life had a noble close—a death for justice' sake. The Provost of the Church of St. Donatian at Bruges was a man of violent character, who had raised himself from serfdom to his high position to which was attached the office of Chancellor of Flanders. This man and his nephews had forgotten their humble origin, conducted themselves as turbulent nobles, and were mixed up in every quarrel and broil that happened. At last the Provost's nephews were called to account for their deeds before the Count, and judgment was given against them. They, of low origin, had been guilty of quarrelling with and challenging a noble of high rank. This revelation of his humble birth so annoyed the Provost, that he urged his nephews to revenge themselves on the Count, for a judgment the justice of which they could not deny. They met together secretly by night at Bruges, and determined to carry out their plot on March the 2nd, 1127.

<sup>7</sup> See Mgr. Guérin's *Petits Bollandistes*, of whose account of Blessed Charles we have made free use (tom. iii. p. 101, 7ième Edit.).



It was a Wednesday morning, and the Count, with some of his household, was in the upper gallery of the Church of St. Donatian. He had passed a restless night. Moreover, he had been warned of danger. "What matters it," he said, "as long as we are at peace with God?" And having been told whence the peril proceeded, he answered: "For what better cause can we die than for justice and truth?" So he continued calmly hearing Mass. The conspirators gathered round him, and one, named Burchard, advancing, pricked the Count's neck with the point of his sword. "Sir Count, take heed!" cried a poor woman kneeling near him. The cry came too late, and with a single blow of his sword Burchard clove the Count's skull in twain. The other murderers hacked the Count's body with their swords, and then sallying forth, slew all in Bruges whom they looked upon as their foes.

The chroniclers of the time relate that the news of Charles' death reached London and other places quicker than ship or horse could have carried the tidings to them. They also relate that the Provost, wishing to hide his guilt, sent off a messenger in haste to the Bishop of Noyon to beg him to purify the church after the murder. The messenger was thrown from his horse, and the Bishop, learning meanwhile the true state of the case, anathematized the murderers. The Provost also sought secretly to send the body—which still lay in the church—for burial at Ghent, but the people rose in tumult to prevent this, and their ire was only appeased by their wonder at a paralytic child being cured by touching Charles' body. After being solemnly exposed, enshrouded in a deer skin, as was then the custom, the body was deposited in the Church of St. Christopher, and later on in St. Donatian's. Both these churches were destroyed at the French Revolution, the site of the latter being marked only by the trees growing at a little distance in front of the town-hall of Bruges.

The people of Bruges eagerly sought for relics of the good Count at the time of his death, and the piety of their descendants has preserved his remains in their midst. It is well so, for the Blessed Charles would not in life leave their city, even when offered a kingly crown in Jerusalem and an imperial diadem in Germany. The shrine of Blessed Charles is still kept and honoured in St. Saviour's Cathedral at Bruges, and the Bishop of that town recently solemnly verified the relics. In 1610 the Chapter of Bruges ordered a solemn Mass of the

Holy Trinity to be sung on the 2nd of March of each year, in honour of Blessed Charles the Good. His fame is known in many lands, not least in his native land, and many a Danish traveller passing through Bruges, heretic though he might be, has anxiously asked to see the shrine of his saintly fellow-countryman. Last year, being the seven hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the death of Blessed Charles, his shrine was placed amid a thousand wax lights in the midst of the Bruges Cathedral, and a solemn High Mass was sung in presence of the Bishop, Chapter, and a multitude of the citizens. An equally great number thronged to the Vespers, after which a panegyric of the saintly Count was preached in the Flemish tongue. A side chapel, in which the shrine is ordinarily kept, is undergoing restoration. It is hoped that the honours of canonization will soon be given to the Blessed Charles, whom the Catholics of Flanders regard as their patron.

On hearing of the murder of the good Count his vassal, Louis the Fat of France hastened to Bruges to punish the assassins. These took refuge at first in the palace of the Counts of Flanders, and afterwards in the Church of St. Donatian, where they stood a siege. After a desperate resistance some escaped, and the rest were hurled down alive from the pinnacles of the church. Of those who escaped, some perished miserably in exile, others were retaken and expiated their crime with their lives. The Provost was hung at Ypres. Burchard died on the rack, repenting his crime.

W. C. R.

## *Gleanings among Old Records.*

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### II.—ROCHE ABBEY, AND ITS VISITORS.

IN one of the most picturesque of the glens which give such a charm to the West Riding of Yorkshire stand the scanty remains of Roche Abbey.<sup>1</sup> Like the other monastic buildings which were erected by the great Cistercian Order, this monastery is placed in a situation which must have harmonized admirably with the habits and feelings of its inmates. The building is placed at the point of union of two narrow valleys, each well wooded and well watered, for each has its own little beck; and these, though placid and innocent as a child in summer, can be angry and dangerous in winter. Here, a fissure in the limestone rock has laid bare a wide perpendicular surface, in the immediate neighbourhood of which rise the ruins of the church. The ground ascends abruptly on the south, thus leaving a clear and open space in that direction; yet the situation must always have been solemn, even gloomy. From that very reason, however, it was all the more highly prized by the recluses by whom the buildings were erected and occupied, since the general aspect of the scene must have recalled memories of their beloved mother-church of Cîteaux, and her four daughters, La Ferté, Pontigny, Clairvaux, and Morimond, with each of which Roche Abbey has many points of similarity. Even now this Yorkshire glen inspires something of awe, as much from its solitude as from the evidences which remind us that, however ruined and desecrated it now appears, it once was a spot consecrated to the worship of God and the services of religion. Its architecture is at once simple and elegant. Without pretending to compete with such stately fabrics as the Cistercians erected at Byland, Kirkstall, Rievall, and Fountains, or with the yet more celebrated Tintern or Netley, the modest ruins of Roche Abbey, while they are confessedly less extensive and less dignified, are, for their size, neither less impressive nor less beautiful.

Its history is not without its interest and its lesson. Founded in the year 1147 by two Yorkshire barons, Richard de Buisly<sup>2</sup> and Richard Fitz-Turgis, it was indebted to them for a moderate grant of land, which, while it sufficed to supply all the wants of the austere Cistercian could

<sup>1</sup> The early history of this abbey is given by Dugdale in his *Monasticon*, vol. v. p. 501, edit. 1830. It has also been carefully treated by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, in his *History of South Yorkshire*.

<sup>2</sup> See Dugdale's *Baronage*, vol. i. p. 455.

scarcely excite the cupidity or the jealousy of the neighbouring Yorkshire baron or vavassour. From its name, it might naturally be assumed that the church was dedicated to St. Roche; but such was not the case, it has no connection with that Saint. Like other foundations of the same Order, it was placed at its dedication under the immediate protection of our Lady, with a subordinate addition derived from "the Rock," which forms such a prominent feature in its position. There is nothing to show what was the original number of the monks at the time of its foundation. Either the community from the beginning must have been very small, or it had become considerably reduced before the middle of the fourteenth century; for we learn from the charter by which John, Earl of Warren, gives the Church of Hatfield that the reason for his gift was the contrast which he could not but remark between the insignificant number of the monks and the magnificence of the buildings which they inhabited. That donation was made upon the understanding that thirteen "honest and fitting men," and of competent learning, should be added to the establishment, and this was done according to his wishes.<sup>3</sup>

Yet even with this addition the monastery never attained either wealth or distinction. At the time of the suppression of the monastic houses under Henry the Eighth, the site of the buildings, with the garden, dovecote, and close, were valued at twenty shillings by the year, apparently a fraudulent transaction. The receipts and expenses of the community, at that time seventeen in number, were upon a very modest scale. The oblations made to the convent, amounted one year with another, to about twenty shillings; the alms given by them in money, averaged £2 14s. They made an annual payment of £15 to the Vicar of Hatfield. The gross income of the house amounted to £271 19s., and its clear revenue was "some £222 or thereabouts, by estimation."

Having wrung from the inmates of the convent this enforced surrender of their property, the royal plunderer proceeded to make what he called a provision for the expelled members. We have before us a statement of the sums which were promised to them by the Visitors to whom was intrusted the suppression of the establishment. For his pension the abbot was to have £33 6s. 8d. Eleven monks were in priests' orders, each of whom was to be allowed £5, and to four novices £3 6s. 8d. each. The income assigned to the abbot certainly is liberal, but it demands a word of comment. In Yorkshire, as elsewhere, the Royal Visitors (Doctors Leigh and Leighton) were most anxious to obtain what they were pleased to call a voluntary surrender of the monasteries which they visited. To effect this end they were most lavish of their promises. That it should appear to be the spontaneous act of the inmates themselves was the end which Henry's agents had most at heart, and to accomplish this they always aimed in the first instance. They knew, and the King knew, that the

<sup>3</sup> Dugdale's *Monasticon*, vol. v. p. 503.

feelings of the country had been deeply outraged by the course of spoliation which he was pursuing; and that the people, though for the time stunned by the suddenness of the blow, might rise in rebellion at any moment. It was neither safe nor wise to hang too many abbots; scenes such as those which were taking place at Woburn, Colchester, and Glastonbury might be repeated once too often. Hence the safer policy of employing fear or flattery; a policy which too often was successful, and which would seem to have been not without its influence on the present occasion.

While the process of desecration and demolition was in progress under the direction and for the benefit of the grantees to whom Henry the Eighth had assigned the site of the monastery, there lived in its immediate neighbourhood at least one individual who regarded these proceedings with sorrow and apprehension. He has left us an account of some of the incidents which took place around him on that occasion, and these are so instructive that we think ourselves fortunate in having the opportunity of laying them before our readers. They possess the double recommendation of being trustworthy, as the recollections of an eye-witness, and at the same time of expressing the feelings which must have been shared by nine-tenths of the entire population of England. It is fitting, however, that we should mention the source from which this narrative has been derived, for until this has been ascertained we cannot expect that it will command the confidence which it deserves.

About a century ago lived a certain Reverend William Cole, a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Rector of Bletchley, at that time an obscure village in Buckinghamshire, now an important station on the Euston and Birmingham Railway. Cole was a man of cultivated tastes, a gentleman, and a scholar; in correspondence with Horace Walpole and Alban Butler; an earnest and enlightened antiquary; deeply interested in all that related to the early ecclesiastical history of our nation, and—what is worthy of notice—superior to those narrow prejudices against the Catholic faith which at that time were so generally diffused among the English clergy. He brought together much curious information and became acquainted with many valuable documents, which (when he could not buy them) he copied, in a hand remarkable for its clearness and accuracy, into a series of volumes, which after his death passed by his will into our great National Library in the British Museum. One of these volumes<sup>4</sup> contains his transcript of a volume which had been lent to him by "Thomas Porter, of Nottinghamshire and Cambridgeshire, Esquire." Mr. Porter did not tell his friend Cole how the book had come into his hands; but he expressed his belief—on what grounds we know not—that its author was Cuthbert Sherebrook, "a dignified ecclesiastic, as he supposed." Cole neither accepted nor rejected this theory, but he put in a claim for one Philip Woodward, and that

<sup>4</sup> It is now marked, Addit. 5,813.

upon grounds which he has stated. The anonymous author, whoever he might be, tells us that he was the same person who had already translated into English the *Dialogues of St. Gregory*.<sup>5</sup> An edition of that work appeared in the year 1608, dedicated to Anne of Denmark, the wife of James the First, King of England, and the preface is signed P. W. We may conclude, therefore, that the present narrative was written very shortly afterwards, and may therefore assign its composition to about the year 1610.<sup>6</sup> It does not appear whence Cole had his suggestion about Philip Woodward, an author apparently unknown in the literature of the period.

The narrative proceeds as follows :

It shall not be amiss to let thee know how, and in what order, the religious houses were visited, spoiled, and destroyed, so that in most places it cannot be perceived where they stood, and their lands were so dispersed abroad into many persons' hands that there be few subjects of any living that have not some part thereof (yea, many of them have their whole maintenance forth of the clergy land); and that hard it would be to know what lands belonged in times past, and what not, to the said houses, and where the monasteries and colleges stood, if it were not for the records of the Exchequer and other Courts.

In the plucking down of these houses, for the most part this order was taken that the visitors should come suddenly upon every house—unawares—to the end to take them napping, as the proverb is, lest if they should have had so much as any inkling of their coming, they would have made conveyance of some part of their own goods, to help themselves withal when they were turned out of their houses, as both reason and nature might well have moved them so to have done. For so soon as the Visitors were entered within the gates, they called the abbot and other officers of the house, and caused them to deliver up to them all their keys, and took an inventory of all their goods, both within doors and without. For all such beasts, horses, sheep, and such cattle as were abroad in farm, or grange, or other places, the Visitors caused to be brought into their presence; and when they had so done, turned the abbot with all his convent and household out of doors, which thing was not a little grief to the convent, and all the servants of the house departing one from another, and specially such as with their conscience could not break their profession. For it would have made a heart of flint to have melted and wept to have seen the breaking up of the house, and their sorrowful departing, and the sudden spoil that fell the same day of their departure from the house. And every person had everything good cheap, except the poor monks, friars, and nuns, that had no money to bestow of anything; as it appeared by the suppression of an abbey hard by me, called the Roche Abbey, a house of White Monks, a very fair builded house, all of freestone, and every house vaulted with freestone, and covered with lead, as the abbies were in England, as well as the churches be. At the breaking up whereof an uncle of mine was present, being well acquainted with certain of the monks there, and when they were put forth of the house, one of the monks, his friend, told him that every one of the convent had given to him his cell (wherein he lived), wherein was not anything of price but his bed and apparel, which was but simple and of small price. Which monk willed my uncle to buy something of him, who said, "I see nothing that is worth money to my use." "No?" said he. "Give me twopence for my cell door, which was never made with five shillings." "No," said my uncle; "I know not what to do with it;" for he

<sup>5</sup> Reprinted in 1874, and edited with a Preface by Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J.

<sup>6</sup> In this case it may be placed a little in advance of Spelman's *History of Sacrilege*, the composition of which was begun about A.D. 1612.

was a young man, unmarried, and then neither stood need of houses nor doors. But such other persons as afterwards bought their cows, or hay, or such like, found all the doors either open, or the locks and shackles plucked away, or the door itself taken away, so went in and took what they found, and filched it away. Some took the service books that lied in the Church, and laid them upon their waincopps to piece the same, and likewise they did of many other things. For some pulled forth the iron hooks out of the walls that bought none, when the yeomen and gentlemen of the country had bought the timber of the church. For the church was the first thing that was put to the spoil, and then the abbot's lodging, Dorter and Frater, with the cloister, and all the buildings thereabout within the abbey walls, for nothing was spared but the oxhouses and swinecotes, and such other houses of office that stood without the walls, which had more favour shown to them than the very church itself, which was done by the advice of Cromwell, as Foxe reporteth in his book of Acts and Monuments. It would have pitied any heart to see what tearing up of the lead there was, and plucking up of boards, and throwing down of the spars. And the lead was torn off and cast down into the church, and the tombs were regarded no more than the tombs of all other inferior persons; for to what end should they stand when the church over them was not spared for their cause? And all things of price were either spoiled, carried away, or defaced to the uttermost.

The persons that cast the lead into foddors plucked up all the seats in the choir, wherein the monks sat when they said service, which were like to the seats in minsters, and burned them, and melted the lead therewithal, although there was wood plenty within a flight-shot of them, for the abbey stood among the woods and rocks of stone. In which rocks were pewter vessels found, that were conveyed away, and there hid, so that it seemeth every person bent himself to filch and spoil what he could. Yea, even such persons were content to spoil them, that seemed not two days before to allow their religion, and do great worship and reverence at their Matins, Masses, and other service, and all other their doings; which is a strange thing to weigh, that they could this day think it to be the house of God, and the next day the house of the devil, or else they would not have been so ready to have spoiled it.

For the better proof of this very saying I demanded of my father thirty years after that suppression—which had bought part of the timber of the steeple, with the bell frame, with other his partners therein, in the which steeple hung viii. yea ix. bells, whereof the least but one could not be bought at this day for xx*l.*, which bells I did see hang there myself more than a year after the suppression—whether he thought well of the religious persons and of the religion they used, and he told me, “Yea. For,” said he, “I did see no cause to the contrary.” Well,” said I, “how came it to pass you was so ready to destroy and spoil that thing you thought well of?” “What should I do?” said he. “Might I not, as well as others, have some profit of the spoil of the abbey? For I did see all would away, and therefore I did as others did.” Thus you may see that as well they that thought well of the religion then used as they which thought otherwise could agree well enough, and too well, to spoil them. Such a devil is covetousness and mammon!

After the passages given above, the author enters at some length into an argument to prove that the monastic establishments of England had been founded for a good purpose; and that they had done, and were doing a good and useful work, until the very time of their overthrow. He admits that in some instances the inmates, both men and women, had fallen from the zeal and purity of the earlier ages of the Church; but he remarks, in reply to the argument which might possibly be drawn by some persons from this concession, that when a house

needs to be repaired, these repairs may be made without pulling it down to the ground. On this head his observations, though sensible, possess no novelty, and may be passed over without further notice. But when he speaks upon the effects produced by the Reformation in general, and by the destruction of the religious houses in particular, we may listen to the results of his own experience with deference and attention.

The writer notices the great social revolution which had taken place in England by the overthrow of the old aristocracy, and the substitution of a new race of upstarts. These men were unknown at the beginning of Henry's quarrel with the Holy See, but by the middle of the reign of his son, King Edward, they had obtained position, power, rank, and wealth. The party was still further strengthened by Elizabeth. They carried out the purposes of the Crown without question and without scruple; and the Crown rewarded them with a grant of abbey lands. Men of inferior social position and of obscure birth found themselves placed in the position of country gentlemen; and in order to maintain their new rank they raised the rents of their tenants. The change between the two systems was sharp and sudden. Land, says our informant, which before the time of Henry the Eighth had let at fourpence an acre, had risen, at the time when he wrote, to three shillings. The cottager, he tells us, who in former days "might have kept a cow or twenty sheep for the clothing of himself and children, is not now able to keep so much as a goose or a hen." "Lands formerly common to all dwelling within the township, poor and rich, are now taken in and inclosed." Poverty had increased; and the system by which in the days of Catholic England poverty was first restrained, and then relieved and sanctified, had now become so entirely disregarded that it was considered in the light of a crime, and as such was punished by the law. In 1571—that we may confirm and illustrate the assertion of our author from independent sources—occur, in the Public Record Office, various returns made by certain Justices of the Peace, in reply to a Commission issued by the Royal Authority for the apprehension of rogues and vagrants. In the county of Nottingham "all vagabonds, rogues, and mighty valiant beggars were examined, whipped, stocked, and punished according to law." The Justices of Kent report that they have made search in Aylesford, and apprehended "thirteen men and women, stout and valiant vagabonds, all of whom have been stocked and whipped severely." In Northampton all vagabonds and beggars who had been arrested were "punished by stocking, with sharp and severe whipping." It would be easy to multiply instances, but these suffice to show the spirit of the legislature. The author of our manuscript tells us that the increase of mendicity "may partly be gathered by the multitude of beggars that came to the funeral of George, late Earl of Shrewsbury, celebrated at Sheffield, on January 13th, 33 Eliz. [A.D. 1591]. For there were, by the report of such as served the dole unto them, to the number of



eight thousand ; and they thought that there were almost as many more that could not be served through their own unruliness. Yea, the press was so great that divers were slain, and many hurt. And further, it is reported of credible persons, that well estimated the number of all the said beggars, that they thought there was about twenty thousand."

We next pass on to notice the spoliation of the Church goods which occurred at this time. It was very general and doubtless was very productive, not only to the Crown and to the plunderers, but also to the inferior country gentlemen who shared in the plunder. "Under colour of certain Acts of King Edward the Sixth," proceeds the narrative which we are now quoting, "the candlesticks, crosses, censers, cruets, holy water fats, lecterns, bells, copes, vestments and what not, as well as the books and images, were taken away, and the parishioners in many churches had no redemption for them, although by the statute nothing was to be utterly destroyed but images and books. The Commissioners, by the words, *Superstition and Idolatry*, made the ignorant churchwardens, and such other like of the parishioners that were afraid to speak any word against their doing—lest they should have been taken up for hawk's meat, as all Papists were—to believe that the parishioners must needs make all things ready with speed. Yet some churchwardens, wiser than the other, sold many things to the use of the parish ; yea, that thing for a penny which cost twelve pence, as I myself can witness that bought part of the Church goods. And many other there were of the like consciences and conditions to the Commissioners, which persons took many things away without payment. For they plucked up the brass of tombs and gravestones in the church, contrary to the very words of the statute, and some stole the bells forth of the steeple, and one gentleman, whose name was Bosseville, dwelling then at Tickhill Castle<sup>7</sup> (a very shifter, I will not say a thief, and sithence made a minister), stole the great bell forth of the steeple of St. John's, and carried it away in the night.

"But now the churches are more like to fall down for default of upholding than to be robbed of their wealth in stuff. For there is nothing in the church to be had, used, or maintained but the Communion Book, the Bible, and the Homily Book, with two surplices, the one for the minister, the other for the clerk, and a communion cup, instead of a chalice. In the place of the altar is one communion table, less reverenced and far worse kept than any person of countenance keepeth his own common dining table, and a font-stone with water, made of no more account—yea, not so much, as a mean gentleman maketh of the basin wherein he washeth his hands. The parishioners are unwilling to maintain these few things, but in many places letteth the church go down."

The writer continues his reminiscences, and invites us to accompany him to the town of Rotherham, in Yorkshire, of which he may be called

<sup>7</sup> In Hunter's *South Yorkshire*, vol. ii. p. 345, is noticed Richard Bosvil, of Gunthwaite, "a clerk."

a native, having been born within three miles of it, as he himself tells us. He had his education at the Free Grammar School, founded by Thomas Rotherham (who was also named Scott) Archbishop of York, in 1481.

"It is a fair house, yet standing," when he wrote, "but God knoweth how long it shall stand, for certain brick chimnies, and other brick walls (for it is all made of brick), are fallen down and decayed for lack of use." At this time it had come into the possession of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and was so much neglected by him that it had become nearly uninhabitable. So entirely had it been stripped at this time of its former extensive possessions, that there only remained to it "the yard, orchard, and garden lying within the walls thereof, for it is walled in with a brick wall." The inhabitants of the district were scandalized that the foundation should be thus perverted from its original intention; indignant also at the injury thus inflicted upon the educational interests of their town. Should it be said that the ignorant and benighted Catholic cared more for the instruction of the poor and the uneducated, than the enlightened and liberal advocate of the Reformation? The matter was investigated in a court of law, and the result was what might have been anticipated. The statutes<sup>8</sup> given for management of the school by Archbishop Scott when he endowed it were produced, and it was then seen that he had founded it "to this end and purpose, that the master thereof should be a preacher, and to have three Fellows within it; of the which Fellows one should teach freely a grammar school within the town for all that came to it; the second should teach freely a writing school, and the third a song school. And further, to find six choristers for the maintenance of God's service in the church until their voices changed, at which time they went to the grammar school. For by the foundation of Lincoln College in Oxford, whereof the said Bishop was a founder also, the scholars that came from this College of Rotherham were to be preferred to a Fellowship of that College before any other, which was performed very well so long as that house stood, according to his first foundation. But so soon as the said house was dissolved, neither preacher nor schoolmaster was provided; but the town hired the schoolmaster for the school many years after, until they made [a petition] unto the Queen's Majesty and obtained £10 yearly towards the finding of the schoolmaster for the grammar school, which cost the town not a little before they could get it. Now let every one consider what great loss this was to such a town and the country round about it, not only for the cause of learning but also for the help of the poor. Well, this College sped better than most of its fellows, that were far

<sup>8</sup> These statutes, with a copy of the founder's will, are to be found in Hearne's *Liber Niger Scaccarii*, p. 667, whence they have been transferred to Dugd. *Monast.* vol. vi. p. 1441. The text there given corresponds very closely with the abstract given above, and thus confirms our confidence in the accuracy of the narrative.

better than it both in building and possessions, for they be for the most part razed down to the ground, as the monasteries for the most part are."

We refrain from making further extracts, though abundant material remains behind, no less instructive than interesting, and must now conclude with a few observations to which we have been led by the preceding narrative. We cannot but see in it the fatal effects which the suppression of the religious houses produced upon the mind of the English Catholics. It revolutionized the whole condition of the realm, not only in its religious aspects, but politically, socially, and morally. The effect was felt and understood not only in every parish, but in every household, for scarcely was there a family, even among the poor, the interests of which were not, in some form or other, bound up with its monastic establishments. These houses were now no longer the central points round which rallied the sympathies of the neighbourhood; they could no longer protect the poor man against the tyranny of the rich, nor teach the rich man how to sanctify his wealth to God. Kindly neighbours, liberal landlords, they had no spendthrift sons to forward at Court by bribery, no dressy daughters for whom to secure an eligible settlement. In every respect the middle classes and the poor were injured and degraded by this enforced and unjust exchange of the proprietorship of landed property. The gainers—and that only for a short time—were those unscrupulous characters found in every class of society, who sacrifice all the rights of others to their own private interest; and from among these numerous candidates for his favour, it was only natural that Henry the Eighth and his son should select those courtiers who came nearest his person and made themselves most obsequious to his pleasure.

Besides the injury thus inflicted upon the material prosperity of the country and the social welfare and happiness of Englishmen, the destruction of the monasteries was productive of much mischief in another direction. This measure prepared the public mind for the calamities which were to follow. Men, as a rule, are not quick to perceive and to apprehend doctrinal changes; questions which appeal only to the intellect, and the truth and the falsehood of which are balanced between a yea and a nay, a *Credo* or a *Nego*, are not those which easily influence the intellect or move the heart of the multitude. The ruin of the monasteries was something much more significant, and spoke with a voice which made itself heard and feared not only by every fireside, but in every man's bosom. Close by his own home he could see the ruins of a building in which, but a few months before, he had worshipped God, as his father and mother had done before him. That church was now desecrated, the windows were demolished, the lead was stripped from the roof; the glory of the older temple had departed, and he was told to bend down and worship new gods, by a new rite, in a new establishment. Many persons, his own equals until of late, now had got possession of the fields on which possibly they

and he had laboured when they all were youngsters. It was a new world ; and he had been told by wiser men than himself that since he could not mend matters he would do well for himself and his family were he to make the best of them he could. Change of abode would not better his lot, for what had happened in his own neighbourhood had happened elsewhere, as he was told, everywhere, from one end of the land to the other. The ruin had been sudden, sudden and unsparing as an earthquake. Nothing had escaped the hand of the destroyer. All this mighty revolution, moreover, had been done at the fiat of one single will, of one mighty Jupiter, who, seated upon his Olympus, issued his mandate and it was obeyed. Who would venture to oppose him who wielded such thunderbolts? What greater proof of his omnipotence could be needed than that which he had already given? Who would henceforward venture to question the sentence of the great Defender of the Faith? Thus, after the destruction of that which was visible, tangible, and material, of that which men could see, and feel, and handle, it was comparatively an easy step to overthrow the foundations of the faith, and in place of the doctrine once delivered to the saints to introduce heresy and schism, licence, infidelity, and all uncleanness.

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## *Anemone.*

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### CHAPTER XVI.

#### WAITING.

MORE than a fortnight passed away over the dwellers at Foxat in whom we are interested, before anything that could be called an incident took place to disturb or excite them. Blanche settled down more and more into a calm, which had something of lethargy about it, though it was occasionally broken by bursts of sorrow or by the arrangements for the future which she insisted on making. A change came over her as to her children, whom she now seemed to wish to have with her, withdrawing herself sometimes for several hours in each day, even from the company which she so much loved, of her mother, Geoffrey, and Anemone. But she was rather fanciful, and some of her whims—as they seemed—would not have been altogether pleasant if the persons living with her had not understood that they were to be treated as such. If Aunt Joanna had been there to watch her, that worthy lady would have said that she was trying to throw Geoffrey and Miss Wood together as much as possible. She would have Anemone present when she discussed with Geoffrey how the little girls were to be brought up, and she made her give her opinion as a person who was to be naturally concerned in carrying out what was determined upon. It happened more than once that when Geoffrey was to take Anemone and the children for a drive or a stroll, Blanche would suddenly send for the girls to spend the afternoon with her. Mrs. Arden did her best to provide against anything that might seem awkward, but Anemone and Geoffrey were relations, and their companionship seemed to each so perfectly natural that there was no constraint at all between them.

His aunt said to herself that she had never seen Geoffrey so charming. He was always pleasant as well as clever, but he had usually still something about him of that positive and dogmatic

air which makes clever and successful men rather formidable to simple folk like Anemone. Blanche, as has been said, had felt this at the time of his Oxford successes, and it may have had some slight influence in disengaging from him the tender affection with which she was beginning to regard him. Since her marriage eight years had passed, during which he had been making his way up in the legal world, and he now found himself well known and esteemed as one of the most rising men of the time in his profession, and by no means without reputation in the literary world. There was no society in London, that he cared for, which was not open to him; he was a good talker, and his company was much prized. If all this trouble had not come upon him, and if his cousin had not summoned him to her side in a manner which could not be gainsayed, he would probably have spent a good part of the Long Vacation in visits to the country-houses of distinguished people at whose parties in London he was a much-courted though not very frequent guest. Here he was, however, with a period of forced retirement from society made necessary by his own grief, and still more by the anxious state in which Blanche was. He had plenty of resources in himself, and could always find abundant occupation in reading and writing. But he felt just now little inclination for this. Mrs. Arden loved him as if he was her own son, and he felt almost more at home with her and with Blanche than with his sister. He was greatly softened and subdued by the blow which had fallen on them all, and full of chivalrous tenderness to Blanche. He had no one to battle with in conversation, and it was hardly a time for the display of the sharp wit, for which he had credit among his friends. His companions were unequal to him in intellectual stature, and in activity of mind, but life at Foxat was cheerful as well as reposeful, and the days went by with swiftness.

Anemone was thoroughly well educated, and could talk well enough when she was with women like herself. To Geoffrey she was a very tractable listener, but as the days rolled on she found it very natural to ask him a number of questions about her own affairs, as to which she had many letters to answer. Cissy and Rose were very desirous to get her home, but they did not venture to interfere with her stay, as long as Mrs. Arden wished it. Her brother often told her that Mr. Arden could give her the best advice as to this or that little matter of business. Then Blanche and her girls were an unfailing subject

of conversation between the two. Geoffrey would talk of his cousin's girlhood, of traits of her character, anecdotes, and the like, which he had very seldom spoken of so freely before. It seemed as if he felt that Anemone knew what they were once likely to become to one another, as well as the position of devoted guardianship which he meant to assume for the future. There was the country to be shown off, in the walks and drives in which the afternoon and early evenings were spent, in which they seldom met any one whom they knew, except a few of the labourers about, who remembered Mr. Geoffrey very well from earlier days. Anemone had lived almost entirely at home, and she was a simple country maiden in her openness and readiness to delight in the companionship into which she was now thrown. She had never before known any one to whom she could look up in the way in which she now began to regard Geoffrey.

"John," said Annie Wood to her husband, one morning about this time, "I'm not sure that we shan't lose our Nem if she stays away like this. Let me see. Yes, it's seven times over in her letter to-day: 'Geoffrey Arden says this,' 'Geoffrey Arden tells me,' 'Geoffrey Arden thinks,' and the other times it's plain 'Geoffrey.'"

"Well, Pussy, and suppose it is," said John. "We are cousins to them all somehow, though it's rather a long way round to our common ancestor. You must remember—perhaps, having been so short a time in the family, you never heard—that Geoffrey used to be very fond of Blanche, and he is not likely to turn round all of a sudden, now that she is in sorrow. Besides, after all, would it be so bad a thing for her if he were to take a liking to Nem? I know I should have been furious at any one who made up to her two years ago. What can have happened to make me indifferent, I wonder? I really think you yourself have something to do with it. And you, my dear, what can you wish for Nem better than what you are so blessed with yourself?"

"Perhaps, sir, it is just my own experience that makes me anxious to save her," said the lady. "But, John, isn't he too old? he is twelve or fourteen years older than she is."

"She must marry some one," said John, "and if she likes Geoffrey, it won't hurt her that he is a man of judgment and experience, able to manage her property for her, and all that. He may be Lord Clyst-Arden some day, perhaps, and her

fortune will make him more comfortable than he otherwise would be. I know this, Annie, that he is thought exceedingly well of in London, and besides, he is one of the best men I know. A little inclined to lay down the law, and talk like a book, and all that, but he's just the man to make her very happy. Nem likes to look up to some one, and to be guided, though she is very clever, and has a wonderful judgment of her own. Old Rymer, the agent, tells me she's a great talent for business, and that her letters are always to the point."

"She'll be a prize to any one," said Annie. "But I don't want to lose my Nem just yet. But I don't see how we could get her away from Foxat till after this child is born, anyhow. It can't be long, however."

Cissy and Rose, when they found out what was in their sister-in-law's mind about Anemone, took the young unmarried ladies' view of the affair, and became very anxious that the supposed possibility should come to pass. They talked over the matter between themselves with all the seriousness which became the discussion of such a question by the united wisdom of seventeen and sixteen. Happily, a photograph book of John's was found to contain a portrait of Geoffrey, and this was duly examined by the same wisdom. A note in his handwriting was also fished up from some receptacle of forgotten correspondence, and his character, as displayed by his acceptance of an invitation to dinner in black and white, received all due consideration. It soon came to be a settled thing between Cissy and Rose that Anemone was to become, first Mrs. Arden, and then Lady Clyst-Arden. If, as some wicked people say, to belong to the female sex is to belong to an inferior species of humanity, the baby expected at Foxat was already doomed by these two young ladies to this secondary order of existence.

Meanwhile, it cannot be said that the two persons principally concerned in the plans which were so kindly made for them were at all conscious of anything of the kind. Geoffrey was getting to depend on Anemone's bright looks and open confidences as the great pleasures of his day, but he would have put away the thought of marriage with any one under present circumstances, as something not quite loyal to Blanche, though all his thoughts of her were of the brotherly care that he meant to take of her and her children. Anemone was beginning insensibly to look to him for counsel and guidance, but she too thought of him as of a person prevented by circumstances from



thinking of marriage. She said this to herself once or twice, and then put away the thought. Perhaps it a little encouraged her in her entire openness with him. In her confidences to him, she went so far one day as to mention the incident already mentioned of Blanche's eagerness for confession. She was half afraid of what he would think, and felt uneasy lest he should say something which might dry up her sense of sympathy with his thoughts and ideas as far as she knew them. But she was too honest not to run the risk.

"Well, and what did you do?" he said.

She told him that she had tried as well as she could to help Blanche to prepare herself for Communion. They had a little book of self-examination which Mr. Westmore had published several years before, at the time when his High Churchism had been of a more practical and spiritual style than at present. They had asked one another questions, and each had made the other the confidante of the faults which they found. Then they had said some "acts of sorrow," which were found in the same little book, and had ended by another prayer, which was a sort of adaptation of the Absolution in the Communion Service of the Prayer Book.

Geoffrey seemed very much puzzled. He felt altogether unable to censure either Blanche or Anemone, but he did not like so much particularity about sins. Perhaps if he had seen the book of self-examination, he would have been more displeased still. He paused some time before he gave any opinion. She had not repeated to him what Blanche had said about criminals giving themselves up rather than keep to themselves the secret of their crime; but it occurred to him as an illustration of her feelings, and he told Anemone a few stories which he had come across in his legal experience of facts of this kind. Then he told her that he had known, when he was at school, of two boys who had helped one another very much in the same way as Blanche and herself. Still he seemed to avoid giving any decided opinion.

"I should like to know what you think yourself, Geoffrey," she said at last.

"I can't blame any one for doing what they think right in such matters, and it is quite clear that a great many people who are very good do feel very much the need of something like confession. There is a great deal of nonsense talked by some of our bishops and others," he added, with a touch of severity in

his voice, "about enervating the soul, and intervening between it and its Maker, and all that sort of thing. We receive the sacraments through the hands of men like ourselves, and it is the principle of God's government at present, that there should be a whole system of the kind. What is a difficulty to me, if you ask me, is this—whether, if there is this natural craving for getting rid of one's burthens by something like confession, we can stop short of Sacramental Absolution, as it is given in the Roman Church?"

Anemone was taken aback. She did not, in the first place, see the connection, which Geoffrey seemed to see; and in the second place, she was astonished and alarmed at his seeming to speak in favour of Rome.

"What I mean is this," said Geoffrey. "We may expect all the wants and cravings of our souls, especially those that regard so vital a matter as our reconciliation with God after we have offended Him, to be provided for in some way in the system of Revelation. I read somewhere or other once a French book about the sacramental system, in which this was brought out, much further into détail than I could follow. But it seems to me that the principle is natural, and that if it does us so much good to confess, and gives us so much relief, then one might expect that this mode of relief would be sanctioned and legislated for in a system like that which our Lord came to found. Now, there are only two ways in which I can imagine such a provision to be made; either it may be enough to tell our faults to any one, or it may be provided that there are certain appointed persons to whom confession should be made. But there are great objections to the first. It would not matter much for you to know Blanche's faults, or for Blanche to know yours, such as they might be, Anemone. But not everybody is like you, and you could not always have one another at hand. Human life could not go on as it does if we were promiscuous in our confessions to one another, and the secret could never be kept. No! there must be a few chosen persons for the administration of such relief. But if there are to be certain persons appointed to receive confessions, then we come at once to priests, for they, if any, have the power to absolve. I don't say they have, but no one else has, and it seems most natural, on all grounds, that some kind of absolution should follow confession."

"If that is so," said Anemone, "it would not be so difficult

to go to confession to a priest. But I never thought of that, or Blanche either."

"I can't say I am sorry to hear it," said Geoffrey.

Just then, little Marian, the eldest of Blanche's two girls, ran in, to interrupt them with a summons for Anemone from her mother.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### A NEW STRUGGLE.

AUNT JOANNA had often before indulged the curiosity, which was in her a second nature, of prying into secrets with no particular object except the prying. Persons of her disposition often get credit for greater malice than they have, for their propensity is like that of the intemperate for drink, and is indulged in for its own sake. She did a good deal of mischief now and then, and was continually disagreeable, but she was incapable of any deep and sustained plot, and had no definite view of doing evil to any one in particular. When she found herself in possession of the momentous secret which she learnt from the perusal of Father White's letter to Mr. Westmore, she was quite ready to wish that she had not learnt it. She was angry with Alice, she bore her no great good will for coming into the house and supplanting her with her brother and his children, and for taking her place in the management of the household. But Alice was always kind, sweet, and deferential to her, and gave her no annoyance beyond that which was caused by the simple fact that she was Mrs. Westmore. Joanna had no wish to see the whole family upset. She knew her brother well, and felt sure that a great explosion was at hand. She felt for him, and would have saved him if she could, but she did not see how this could be done. The letters were gone when she looked into the hall from the top of the staircase, and it would take her too much time to put the letter into another envelope, and copy the handwriting of the address. The one thing she feared most was her brother's anger with herself, and this she might call forth if she wrote herself the next day, or telegraphed to him to come home. It would come out somehow that the letter had been intercepted, and she knew that Mr. Westmore's suspicions would fall on her. What could she do? She could hit upon nothing better than sending off Father White's letter the next day, and in the meanwhile watching Alice as carefully as

possible, in order to prevent any communication with Father White.

The next day, however, Alice was refreshed and felt herself wonderfully strengthened for the task she had to perform. She wrote fully to her husband, telling him of her determination, and explaining to him that the step which she had resolved on taking was entirely her own act. She told him how Father White had tested and resisted her, and how he had proposed every plan that could be thought of to avoid appearing himself as a party to the blow which was to fall on his friend. She referred him to the priest's own letter for his reasons for acting, adding very strongly that she was herself responsible far more than he. This letter she wrote in the morning, and when it was over she spent some more time at her *prie dieu*, and then quietly began her preparation for confession, as Father White had told her. All that day she was very quiet, and did not go beyond the garden, where she passed some time in the afternoon with her child. Emily once or twice came to her with some little service or offer of affection, as if the good girl had an instinctive feeling that her young stepmother was in need of sympathy, but Alice could not tell her her secret. It was a glorious afternoon, and the garden seemed in its height of beauty. Never had her child seemed sweeter to her with his little clever ways and pretty caprices. But she was at peace in her own heart, and everything seemed bright, while at the same time, it seemed to her as if there was a truer brightness behind, for the sake of which she could bear to leave all. It was not that she calculated on a lasting and irreparable breach with her husband, but she knew well how violent he would be, and to what unmeasured lengths his violence might carry him. But she felt too tranquil in herself not to be full of tenderness for him. She acknowledged to herself all the little failings of which she could accuse herself as to her duties as a wife, how unequal she was to him in intellectual stature, how great a grief she might be preparing for him, what a poor return she was making for what she considered his compassion in marrying her. She went to bed with feelings full of softness to him and all around her. Emily was surprised at the fervour of her embrace when she wished her good night, and Aunt Joanna was moved to merciful sentiments by the unusual humility and submissiveness of her manner.

The next morning brought her a letter which added not a little to her trials. This letter was written by her husband the

day after he had answered the offer of the Archdeaconship from the Bishop of Southmercia. Mr. Westmore passed in the world at large for a man of decided character and prompt action, but in this crisis of his life he certainly hesitated very much, and was very much guided by others. After breakfast Mr. Woodbrook had asked him whether he had told his wife of the Bishop's offer, and expressed surprise when he answered that he had not. "You ought surely to give her the chance," he said. "She ought to know what she is doing. And, in my opinion, if she is like other women, she will think twice before she plunges you into so much trouble, and possibly, hinders your advancement to a place of so much usefulness."

Mr. Westmore went off to his other counsellor, Lady Susan. "Woodbrook tells me," he said, "that I ought to put the question of the archdeaconry before my wife."

"Will it stop her?" said Lady Susan.

"That, of course, we can't tell. But he thinks she ought to know of it."

The lady paused, and thought. It was pleasant to her to be thus consulted as to what Charles Westmore should tell his wife—that wife whom at one time she had looked upon as an interloper who had spoiled her own prospects. But, with all her faults, Lady Susan had a certain natural rectitude of judgment, and besides, she had been saying to herself these last few days that Mr. Westmore was very pleasant as a friend, and that her relations to him were better as they were than as they might have been.

"Charles," she said, "I can hardly judge what you ought to tell your wife. In ordinary circumstances, of course, there ought to be no concealment between you, and I gather from what you say that she is quite open to you about herself. I cannot say that you ought to keep this affair from her—but suppose it was to influence her, would it be so well?"

"Well! if it kept her from leaving the Church of her baptism, and from making her house desolate, and her husband miserable, of course it would be well."

"But," said Lady Susan, "if her mind is made up and her conscience tells her to do this thing, will she ever be at peace unless she does it? Her peace of mind is of greater consequence to your home, Charles, than the archdeaconry and the stall. Put it as a case of bodily health. Suppose you were to be appointed, say a Colonial Bishop, in a part of the

world in which she for some reason or other could not live, would it not be a hard trial to her to tell her that you had the offer and that she was practically to decide whether you were to accept it? She would probably say yes, and die after a year or two. Your being an Archdeacon won't cure her of her yearnings for Rome, and if it will not—indeed, one might say, if it ought not—it is only putting her to a hard trial to let her know of what has passed. Suppose the Bishop writes to you to say that if she turns Romanist he cannot make you Archdeacon?"

"Perhaps she will give way," said Mr. Westmore.

"I have no more to say, Charles," said his friend. "Perhaps I have said too much."

She made him hesitate, however, though he followed ultimately the advice of Mr. Woodbrook. The letter which he wrote was not a very easy one to compose, but, since he had received the Bishop's offer, ambition of a certain sort had been growing upon him, and he was now very much bent on being Archdeacon. He wrote very cleverly and, to Alice, very dangerously. He used a tone of affection and tenderness which he had for some time laid aside. He spoke, too, of the help which he hoped to receive from her in his new position, of the possible good which she might do in the Cathedral town, and the like, in a way which offered very subtle incense indeed to any vanity which might be lurking in her heart. There was not a threat or a severe word from the beginning of the letter to the end. He exaggerated his own delight at the appointment, the hopes which it kindled in him of usefulness, the importance of the position, the duties which it involved for her as well as for him. Might it not come just at this time as a Providential stroke to unite them still more closely together? Altogether, poor Alice was far more affected by the letter than she might have been if it had been angry and severe.

After all, was she not in her place, where she had been set by Providence? Who was she, that she was not to be content with what satisfied so many good men, men who were learned as well as good? Was she indeed to be the one to destroy her husband's prospects of advancement and greater usefulness? Might she not labour by his side, to prepare people about them for better days, when the long-desired union of the Churches might become possible? What was she going to do, but to

add another element of discord, to upset all peace in Osminster and in her own home? Whom had she with her, against all the people whom she ought to look up to and listen to? There was no one but Father White, who had only spoken to her once about religion, and who seemed as if it would have been a relief to him if he could have found her unfit for reception! Had she not wearied herself for nothing? Could she not wait a little longer, till her husband was settled into his archdeaconry, and might she not then depend on his tenderness to let her do as she wished then? Poor Alice! a strong reaction seemed to be setting in on her mind—and that morning passed away in conflicts and struggles such as she had never felt before.

Meanwhile, thanks to Aunt Joanna, Father White had no letter from Mr. Westmore. He was uncomfortable, for he would far rather not have acted in the dark, and the silence of the Vicar was no certain sign at all of his consent. But he thought it better to see Alice and then decide what course to pursue. Perhaps it might still be possible for her to go away and be received elsewhere.

The luncheon at Blackley House was not long over when he presented himself at the door, and asked for Mrs. Westmore. The servant had been instructed by Mrs. Millwood, and said that Mrs. Westmore was too unwell to receive any one that afternoon. He stood for a minute or two in the little drive after the servant had closed the door, and that minute or two had an important bearing on the immediate future. Charlie came down the steps on his way to the road, and found Father White just by the gate. He greeted him courteously.

"I was hoping to see your stepmother, Mr. Westmore," he said. "But I am told she's not well enough to see any one. I hope nothing serious is the matter."

"Nothing much, I think," said Charlie. "I'm sure she'd be glad to see you, Mr. White. She's just gone into the garden to sit on the terrace, I heard her say so. I shall tell her that you are here, or perhaps you won't mind coming with me. I'm sure she would be sorry not to see you." And he led the way through the little wicket door which led into the garden from the side lane, of which mention has already been made. "I dare say my aunt is wanting to keep her very quiet just now, but she won't mind seeing you."

Aunt Joanna had not been told of the offer which Mr. Westmore had received from the Bishop. But she had found it out

almost as soon as Alice had known it, by a glance at her letter as she sat at breakfast, and she had exercised the most severe self-restraint all that morning in sitting in watch over Alice and the front door at once, in order that Father White might be turned away. She had heard the servant refuse him admittance and close the door, and then she was upstairs in a moment to put on her bonnet and rush off to Mrs. Barker with the confidential communication about her brother's advancement. Before the evening was over, the report that the Vicar was to be the new Archdeacon was already creeping into publicity over half the little town.

About an hour after he had taken Father White into the garden to Alice, Charlie looked in at Mr. Barker's. He still hovered about the house, and made himself agreeable to Jane whenever he had an opportunity, and they were now on very good terms indeed, without any attempts on his part at tenderness. He found his aunt with Mrs. Barker on one garden seat, and Jane with her work on another just by. Jane asked him after Alice, and he said he had left her some time before on the terrace with Mr. White.

Aunt Joanna's face grew red with sudden anger. "How did he get in?" she said. "I told the servant that she was not to be disturbed by visitors this afternoon."

"Indeed," said Charlie, "I thought that was very likely; but Mr. White seemed to wish to see her, and I took him on to the terrace."

"Foolish boy!" said his aunt, "you've done a great mischief." Hereupon Aunt Joanna took a very abrupt leave, and scuffled off without more ado, leaving Mrs. Barker and her daughter in great amazement. When she reached Blackley House, neither Alice nor Father White were to be found anywhere. Alice, she was told, had gone out with Emily.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CASTING THE DIE.

FATHER WHITE, as we have said, was not by nature a courageous man, and in the particular matter to which this story relates, he was sincerely anxious on many grounds to act, if possible, so as to avoid an explosion. He would have been very glad indeed to have heard that Mrs. Westmore had gone off to some place at a distance to be received into the Catholic Church,



and to be sure that her husband knew that he had himself had no part in making her a Catholic. As far as her convictions went, this was almost entirely true, for he had never conversed with her on religious matters, though it was impossible for her to see so much of him as she had seen without picking up a good many things which had helped her on. Father White was not a Don Abbondio, but he was a man of peace, sincerely attached to his friend, and full of tenderness for the grief which he knew the blow of his wife's conversion would occasion to him. But men in his position are frequently called on in our time and country to do what they know and feel must give a bad impression, or, at least, cost them the friendship and even the respect of those whom they esteem and love.

He found Alice in what to his eyes was a state of evident temptation. The happiness of the day before had all vanished from her mind. Everything was dark. She had made no plans for communicating with him, and when Charlie left them together, she was almost angry with him for going away. They did not begin the subject of religion immediately. Father White said very little during the few first minutes of the interview, though he lifted up his heart very fervently in internal prayer. Then he began by speaking of the strange chance, as it might have seemed, which led her to the door of the chapel on the feast of the Assumption. "It is, in many respects, *the* great feast of our Lady," he said, "and it is in an especial manner the feast of her power of intercession." While he spoke, his heart was earnestly imploring that intercession in favour of the work he had in hand.

Alice was calmed by these first few moments of pause before they came to the great point. "I have had a letter from my husband," she said at last. "If you do not mind, I should like to read part of it to you."

Father White listened as she read the substance of the letter—leaving out the little passages of endearment, and those in which he spoke of his own delight at the offer of the Bishop and his hopes of her cooperation. "Now, Mr. White, what can I do? It is clear that he thinks that if I take this step now, I shall ruin his prospects. Would it be safe to wait?"

"That is a hard question. What do you think yourself? When I last saw you you seemed to be very much afraid of any delay."

The thought of another terrible time of physical danger

came across her, and all the fears which had made her so miserable for the last few months. "Ought I to do it now, because I am afraid of death? Is that the right motive?"

"If you were certain of health and strength for years to come, would you think you ought not to do it?"

"I think I ought to do it, in any case," she said, after a long pause. "But cannot I promise God to do it by-and-bye, and be safe?"

The priest again threw her back on her own conscience, "Can you?" he said.

"I heard some one say once," she said, "that the young man who did not obey our Lord's invitation to join Him, had never another opportunity given him, and that he lost his soul."

"Well, said Father White, "that was a call to a life of perfection, not exactly a call to what was necessary to salvation. I should be afraid to say myself that he had never another opportunity, or that he lost his soul. But what is certain is this—that we can never put off God's grace, and reckon on it at a future time. You can never become a Catholic without a special grace to help you, and what you must consider is, whether you have any reason to plead now for delay, which will avail you in the Day of Judgment, if you are never able to do it by-and-bye. Pray a little, Mrs. Westmore, and I will pray with you."

He knelt down for a minute or two on the footboard of the large garden seat on which she was sitting, and Alice did the same. Then after an earnest prayer, she rose up again.

"Mr. White, you must tell me what to do. I have put myself in your hands. But you see the difficulties of my position."

"Do you believe," he said, "that there is no salvation for you out of the Catholic Church?"

"I do believe it," she said, firmly.

"Then I must take it on myself to be your guide. You had better carry out your decision of the other day. I have no letter from Mr. Westmore, and I am free so far to act, but I should act, under the circumstances, even if he had remonstrated. God knows how it goes to my heart to pain him. But it must be done. I heard this morning from our Bishop, Dr. Thatcher, and he will be here to-night. If you are received to-night, he will confirm you, I daresay, to-morrow morning, and that will give you greater strength for any trial that you may have to

meet. Now, have you thought about your confession, as I told you the other day?"

Alice said she had read through the Examination of Conscience, and could tell all that she remembered. "It is a very poor preparation, I am afraid, but I wish most earnestly to be forgiven for my sins."

He found out also that she had read over the Confession of Faith, which she would have to make on her reception. "I believe every word of it, because the Church teaches it," she said.

Then it was arranged that in half an hour she should be at the little Presbytery, and go with him into the little chapel to render her abjuration. Father White then took his leave, and turned homewards.

Long after did Alice remember the remaining incidents of that afternoon: how she went to kiss her child, and how she knelt again at her *prie-dieu* before her Madonna, and how she went through the rooms with a strange feeling, as if she was bidding adieu to her old life. A little miniature of her husband lay near the door of her room, and this she kissed over and over again tenderly, as if her happiness with him was soon to be a thing of the past. She felt inclined to wish good-bye to the servant whom she met on the stairs, and at last fairly burst out crying as she met Emily in the passage by the front door.

"Where are you going, Madre?" said the girl. "Madre" was a name by which Alice liked to be called by Emily—a sort of compromise between "Alice" and "mother," something short of the latter, for which, as she said, she did not feel old enough.

"Darling, where I cannot take you, I fear," she said. "No—come with me, I must have some one with me, and we may not often be together again. Darling, how sweet and good you have always been to me!"

Emily was supposed to be a matter-of-fact girl, but she had a warm heart, and she loved Alice intensely. But she was utterly confounded by her stepmother's manner. It was more like enthusiasm than excitement, but she was quite out of her common quiet gentleness.

"Wherever you like, Madre. But what is the matter? Where are we to go?"

Alice led her on quickly down the street, hardly speaking except incoherently. A strange thought had come across her that it was better that there should be some witness, as far as

was possible, to what she was going to do, who might testify that she had acted with absolute freedom. And so, to Emily's utter astonishment, she led her on till they found themselves at the gate which led up to Father White's house, close to the door of the little Catholic chapel. The chapel door was half open.

"Go in, dearest, and sit there till I come to you."

Emily now found her tongue. "What are you going to do, Alice?" she said. "My father could never bear either of us to be here."

"Emily! Emily! you must help me so far—it is all my own doing, and I want you to be here to see that it is. I want you to be able to tell your father all that passes. Emily, dearest, do not forsake me! It can do you no harm; you are here now, wait till I can come back."

Emily at last obeyed. She went into the little chapel, and sat down on a bench near the door. There was no one in the chapel. What a plain, untasteful place it seemed to her! Those dauby pictures of the Passion round the walls, the simple altar—decorated, indeed, for the octave of the feast, after a fashion, but still not to be spoken of in the same breath with the beautiful artistic altar in the Minster. Then the statue of our Blessed Lady—it was painted and gilded, and though it seemed devotional in its way, it jarred upon the taste of the young English lady. What did that red lamp mean, which was burning before the altar?

She sat for some time without anything to divert her attention. Then she saw Father White show Alice to a little side door in the wall near where the vestry door seemed to be. Alice went in, and then there was a long silence. What could she be doing? Father White had gone back into the vestry! She waited for nearly half an hour. What could be going on? Then Father White appeared, vested as before, in a short surplice and stole. He lighted two candles at the altar, and then Alice appeared and knelt at the altar rails. She could not hear what was said, but they seemed to be reciting a psalm. Then Father White stopped, and, after a few versicles, Alice read out of a book what sounded at first like the Nicene Creed. Then he poured a little water on her forehead, saying words which Emily could not hear. Then he whispered something to her, and after that pronounced a sort of absolution, making a large sign of the Cross over her as he did so. Then Alice stood up, and they recited the *Te Deum* together, after which Father White went

away into the sacristy, and left Alice kneeling before the altar.

It was all very quiet, and very quick, and very business-like, Emily thought. Nothing at all sensational or æsthetic, certainly. Alice's face was radiant when she turned and went down the chapel to where Emily was sitting, having first said a few words to Father White in the sacristy. Neither of the ladies had much to say to one another as they walked home. Emily could see that Alice was very tired, and that she might have to suffer very much physically from the effort which this afternoon had cost her. She suggested to her to keep to her own room, and have her dinner sent up to her, a proposal which Alice accepted with great readiness. "A few hours of peace, at least, dearest," she said. "But now I am ready for anything, and indeed for death itself, and I hardly wish to live."

## *Catholic Review.*

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### I.—NOTES ON THE PRESS.

#### I.—ARTICLES AND CORRESPONDENCE ON THE CONVERSION OF MR. ORBY SHIPLEY.

IN our last number we had occasion to make the remark that, as we imagined, very few persons are aware of the full depth of the ignorance of even the elementary truths of the Catholic religion which prevails among our fellow-countrymen. And in speaking thus we did not mean to refer to the uneducated classes alone. We referred to men like Mr. Gladstone, with whom we were directly engaged; and among the points as to which we suggested that this gross ignorance prevailed, we mentioned in particular the true notion of faith. It appears to us that the correspondence which has lately appeared in the *Times*, and the comments which that correspondence has elicited, may very well be considered as illustrating the opinion which was expressed by us, and we are about to make a few remarks to show how they do this. The documents on which we shall comment are these: (1) A letter of Mr. Orby Shipley, dated November 22, which appeared in the *Times* of November 26. This letter explains Mr. Orby Shipley's main reason for submission to the Catholic Church. (2) A leading article in the *Times* of the same day, commenting upon Mr. Orby Shipley's letter. (3) A letter from Dr. Littledale, dated November 26; and (4) a similar letter from Mr. T. T. Carter of Clewer. These two letters comment, like the *Times*, on Mr. Orby Shipley's letter. (5) An article in the *Spectator* of November 30, the writer of which reviews both the letter of Mr. Shipley and the article in the *Times*. (6) A letter of a "Perplexed Inquirer," commenting on Mr. Carter's statement in the letter above mentioned, as to the Rule of Faith. This letter appeared in the *Times* of November 28. (7) Another shorter letter to the same purpose, signed "R. S. S.," which appeared in the *Times* of December 3. (8) An answer from Mr. Carter to the letter of the "Perplexed Inquirer," dated November 30. This letter appeared at the same time with the letter of "R. S. S." (9) A rejoinder of the "Perplexed Inquirer," contained in a letter to the *Times* (of December 5). To these we may add, as illustrating the subject, a letter signed "G. R. Gasquet" (a Catholic writer), occasioned by the article in the *Spectator*, and the comments of the

*Spectator* itself on the last letter of the "Perplexed Inquirer." Both these are to be found in the *Spectator* of December 7, 1878.

We have here a number of writers, who may be fairly taken to represent the average of educated Englishmen. Dr. Littledale and Mr. Carter are well-known High Church clergymen, and the "Perplexed Inquirer" and "R. S. S." are at least persons who take an interest in religious questions. The writer in the *Times* must be supposed to be a Christian, although it is now understood that the Jewish influence, which already is paramount in the Continental Press, and has in England swallowed up the *Daily Telegraph*, not to mention other newspapers, has of late been attempting to take possession of our leading journal. The writer in the *Spectator* would probably call himself a philosophical Christian. We have here, therefore, half a dozen men of education and cultivation, as may be supposed, above rather than under the average, and, what is more to our point at present, persons who may be supposed to be able to give an intelligent account of what and why they believe. We say "believe," because we have a right to assume that all these gentlemen recite every Sunday, if not oftener, the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed. That is, they avow, as the solemn profession of their religious position, and of their hope for the future, first that they believe something, and then that that something which they believe is contained in the Christian Creeds. And yet we fail to find in most of these writers any perception of the ludicrous inconsistency of finding fault, as some of them do, and in the language in which they do, with Mr. Orby Shipley for the simple statement of the grounds on which he has acted in submitting to the Catholic Church. And we hope to make it plain that these censurers of Mr. Shipley say what they do mainly from a want of simple intelligence of what they say so often, that they "believe" in the Three Divine Persons of the Ever Blessed Trinity, in the Incarnation and Passion of our Lord, in the future Judgment, in the Holy Catholic Church, the Life Everlasting, and the like.

§ 1.—*Mr. Orby Shipley's statement.*

Mr. Orby Shipley tells us very simply, that up to the time of his conversion he held and taught a certain number of doctrines as Divine truths—almost all the Catholic doctrines which are not positively forbidden to a loyal Anglican—but that he found out that he had no other ground for his faith and teaching than his own private judgment. That is, we suppose, it appeared to him, making the best of his opportunities and studies, that what he taught were the doctrines of the Catholic Church in the sense in which he then recognized any such authority. For instance, let us suppose him to have been challenged as to his belief in or teaching of the Real Presence—a doctrine which the Highest Anglicans can only assert to be tolerated in the Establishment, as its denial is also tolerated—we may suppose that Mr. Orby Shipley, like others of the same school, would have said that they found the doctrine in question in Scripture, in the Fathers, and that, as far as they are able

to ascertain, it was the teaching of the Church now and from the beginning, especially of what Anglicans are fond of calling the "Undivided" Church before the separation of East and West—a phrase which, by implication, denies formally that the present Church is One and Undivided, and thus implicitly contradicts the Creed which Anglicans recite as well as Catholics. Now these conclusions as to the doctrine of the Real Presence cannot be really called anything but exercises of private judgment on the part of such Anglicans as those of whom we speak, for they are perfectly ready to acknowledge that other people take different views of the meaning of Scripture, the Fathers, and the "Undivided" Church, and that the meaning of these authorities is a matter of reason and argument. When, then, Mr. Shipley says that he held this and other doctrines on his own private judgment, he states the simple truth about those convictions of his of which he speaks. On the other hand, if a simple Catholic child were to be asked whether our Lord is present or not in the Blessed Sacrament, he would answer in the affirmative, and if he were asked how he knew his statement to be true, he would answer that the Church taught it him, and he would give the same reason for his faith in the Trinity of Persons in the One Godhead. When Mr. Shipley passed from the position in which he had formerly held certain Catholic doctrines on the grounds of which we have spoken, into the fold of the Catholic Church, he put himself on a level with the child above mentioned, and he held these doctrines on the faith of a living authority, sent by God, and not on the fallible security of his own reasonings or investigations.

§ 2.—*The "Times" on Faith.*

The writer in the *Times* sees in all this nothing but a ludicrous dethronement of private judgment or reason in one shape for the purpose of substituting for it the same authority in another shape, and we need hardly point out that this line of criticism simply ignores altogether the character of faith. Of course we cannot tell whether this gentleman frequents any place of public worship at all, or whether in the denomination to which he may belong, the recital of the Apostles' Creed forms any part of the public service. Nor can we tell whether the recital of the Creed, or any profession of faith, or what Catholics call an "Act of Faith," forms any part of this writer's private devotions. All that can be asserted is, that if this gentleman believes anything at all, in the Christian sense of the word belief or faith, he ought not to be so hard upon Mr. Shipley's very simple statement as to the grounds of his conversion to Catholicism. It is quite absurd to suppose that even men of that high intellectual culture which may be conceived to be requisite in the writers in the *Times*, can have reasoned out for themselves the doctrines of the Ever Blessed Trinity, the Incarnation, and the rest, which are recounted in the Creed, or that when they say "I believe," they are so utterly ignorant of the elements of theology as to mean that they know the truth of the articles which follow by reason,



or by scientific research, or by the result of their own investigations of Scripture. They ought to know that faith is that kind of knowledge and certainty which rests upon testimony, and that no man could ever have "faith" in anything at all which rested on himself. The writer in the *Times* speaks as if it were unreasonable to have any "faith" in any testimony whatever, and sees no distinction at all between the true office of reason, in leading us to the authority which we are to accept as our guide on matters far beyond our own powers, and the false office of reason, destructive of all faith, which refuses to accept anything on that authority after it has been discovered, except so far as it approves it itself. That is, the writer selected by the *Times* to criticize Mr. Orby Shipley has simply no idea of faith at all, as an intellectual act or process distinct from the ordinary processes of reasoning. That is, to take a familiar instance from the Gospel history, if the *Times* writer had been present when our Lord made the paralytic man take up his bed and walk, he might not have objected to the reasoning which concluded that a Man Who could do that ought to be received as a Teacher sent from God, but, when he was asked, on the strength of this reasoning, to believe what he could not see, that He had power on earth to forgive sins, he would either have said that it was altogether unreasonable and unnatural to accept such a claim, or, that if anybody did accept it, he could only do it by the same process of reasoning as that by which he first came to conclude that our Lord was a Divinely appointed Teacher.

### § 3.—The "*Spectator*" on Faith.

The writer in the *Spectator* is of a very different mental calibre from the writer in the *Times*. We feel that we are dealing with a man who acknowledges himself to be mortal, and does not claim that his own "swagger and bounce" are to exempt him from the laws of fair reasoning and criticism. The *Spectator* quizzes freely the oracle which has declared that the resignation of private judgment can never be the logical result of the exercise of private judgment. This writer can understand the reasonableness, that is, of some sort of faith. If a man finds that Mr. Freeman and Mr. Stubbs are worthy of being installed as authorities on matters relating to certain parts of English history, it is not unreasonable to trust them as to points relating to the same subject matter which we have not ourselves examined. This is the simple principle of "human faith," on which we are all acting every day of our lives in a thousand different circumstances, and of which the credulity with which the statements of the *Times* and its correspondents are received by the greater mass of Englishmen is an astonishing example. So far the *Spectator* is more reasonable than the *Times*, as might only have been expected. But if the *Spectator* acknowledges the principle of faith in human authority as most reasonable, and if it defends Mr. Orby Shipley from the criticisms with which the *Times* has assailed the use of his private judgment or reason, by which he has found out at last the authority on which alone he can safely and consistently believe the

doctrines to which he was before drawn, as he says, by a Catholic instinct, we cannot add that the writer in the *Spectator* has at all grasped the truth as to that particular kind of faith which is the condition of salvation in the Christian dispensation, and which must be practically and continually exercised by those who recite the Creed in the Christian sense, and conform their lives thereto. We do not see in the article of the *Spectator* any recognition of the difference between Divine and human faith at all. The writer criticises Mr. Shipley for having first been led to think, on his own authority, that the doctrines taught by the Catholic Church were apparently true, and then for having given in his adhesion to the authority which affirms these doctrines—taking no notice of the declaration made by that gentleman as to the insufficiency of the grounds on which he had before held these doctrines to furnish the basis of a true and solid *faith*. The *Spectator* seems to see no use or gain in this. It is precisely to his discovery of the insufficiency of his former grounds for holding these doctrines that Mr. Shipley attributes his decision. That being the case, the “deeply rooted Protestantism,” of which the *Spectator* accuses him is certainly a misconception on the part of this clever writer. He seems to understand the convert to Catholicism as only accepting “the authority of the Roman Church *because* his own mind had previously led him to all the conclusions she endorses,” whereas the convert may very fairly argue from his historical researches, or even his Catholic instincts, in the right sense of the terms, that the Church which teaches certain doctrines with authority is the One True Church—in the existence and rights of which he has been all his life declaring his belief in the Creed—without in the very slightest degree resting his assent as of faith to the teaching of that Church, when he has found it, on any process of his own mind as to doctrines whatsoever. If the bystanders who witnessed the miracle to which we have just referred, were led by what they witnessed with their eyes to put faith in our Lord as a Divine Teacher, the ground of their assent to whatever He might lay down as to the forgiveness of sins would be His *word as such*, not the miracle which they had seen, which had no connection at all, except a figurative connection, with the forgiveness of sins. The miracle made them believe in His Mission and Authority, and these made them believe all that He taught. Of course a convert might be led in any way to the door of the Catholic Church, because the conviction that she is the One Divinely appointed teacher of the human race may be brought home to minds by a hundred different processes. Mr. Shipley’s Catholic instincts must have been very mainly instrumental in his conversion, on account of the very powerful negative argument which they might engender *against* the Catholicity of any false and imperfect form of Christianity, such as that of the Anglican Establishment. In this way, “Catholic Instincts” have been and are daily most powerful aids to the discovery of the true Church. We see this in the effect produced in some minds by the Gorham Judgment, in others by the Denison Judgment, or the Purchas

Judgment, and the like. Here "Catholic instincts," and knowledge of antiquity or Catholic doctrine, come in to prove negatively the utter absence of Catholicism, or of the principle of authority itself, in the Establishment, and thus to free souls from the yoke of an imaginary duty to what is shown to be an usurping authority. But Mr. Shipley's statement, if it means anything, must mean that it was just because he desired to be taught, and not to choose for himself, without any reference to particular doctrines at all, that he found it insufficient and contrary to the requirement of the Christian covenant to hold these truths as he did before, and that he sought out the only authority on which he could hold them not as from himself, but as from God. It appears to us that a man who holds all, or nearly all Catholic truths as matters of his own judgment, witnesses even more than others do, in submitting to the Church, to the truth that nothing but faith can save, and that faith cannot be unless there be submission to an authority teaching in the name of God.

But it is most curious to find this able and, as it seems, serious and thoughtful, writer falling into the most palpable and flagrant self-contradiction in his argument, a contradiction which he certainly could not be guilty of, on any subject-matter in which he was not a stranger. He quietly tells us that it may seem very reasonable that human intelligence should be better fitted to find out what guide to follow, especially in a matter like religion, than to find the true way without a guide. But, he says, this is a matter so important that it cannot be decided on any *à priori* grounds at all. Very well ; then we suppose the best thing would be to find out the actual facts as to revelation, and take them and all that they involve, whether they are what we might have expected or not. Or rather, as we do not approach the subject of Christianity altogether as strangers, but have been calling ourselves Christians all our lives, perhaps it might be an easy way out of the difficulty just to revive our recollections of the Creed, and in particular, to make a short meditation on its two first words. That might be quite enough to settle the question about some guide or other, and then the only remaining difficulty would be to find out which is the true guide, quite apart from all *a priori* considerations. But our friend in the *Spectator* here meets us with a charming and ingenuous inconsistency, and says he should like to ask a question or two of the guide who presents himself, and we gather from the conclusion of his article, that he is inclined to agree with Mr. Shipley that there is only one possible external guide—the Catholic Church. For he ends, by saying, after objecting to her claims, that "we are thrown back on that cautious, individual groping of the intellect, the conscience, and the affections, in matters of religion, which, painful as it is, seems yet to have been the lot of prophets and Apostles in the past ages of the Church, and of saints and fathers and theologians later on." As to this, we should like very much to hear what the prophets and Apostles and saints and theologians have to say about the matter.

And now, on what grounds does this writer reject the claims of the Catholic Church? His main reason seems to be that the Church is not decisive and quick enough in her decisions to satisfy him. Instead of anticipating the chief characteristic difficulties of each age, and being not unprepared for them, the Church, according to him, does not know her own mind before the world falls into perplexity, she allows different schools, which hold almost diametrically opposite views on every difficulty, and delays her judgment till the world at large has been discussing a difficulty for a century or so, and the like. "The presumption, then," he concludes, "in favour of a final guide in matters of religious conviction fails on investigation, because in most important and disputed points—and this for centuries together—the guide to whom we are recommended withholds her judgment, and allows different schools within her precincts to pronounce quite opposite judgments." There are many things here which are misconceptions and exaggerations—and it is simply untrue that on any point of the faith which is necessary for salvation, the Church withholds her judgment for centuries, and allows different judgments. Heresies are condemned as they arise, but the truths which they deny are not formally taught by the Church for the first time when their contradictions are condemned. Again, it is very strange indeed to find an English Protestant writer apparently blaming the Church for her cautiousness in condemning as few errors as possible, and as deliberately as possible. He seems to us to make no distinction between the dogmatic teaching of articles of faith necessary to salvation, and declarations on points of controversy which may arise from time to time. But our quarrel with this writer is not as to his mistaken views of the facts of the case, but as to his extraordinary blindness to the patent fact as to his own argument, which is exactly of that kind which he begins by excluding. If even there was an *a priori* objection to the Catholic Church as the Divine guide of men as to what is to be believed, certainly his objection is an *a priori* objection and nothing more. For one man who would complain of the tardiness of the Church in explaining her doctrines, say of Eternal Punishment or of the Inspiration of Scripture, there would be a dozen who would declare that the time had not yet come for any public decision on the matter: and the writer must be quite aware of the fact that some men whom he would not be the last to revere among Catholic authorities thought that the time had not come for the Vatican Definition as to Infallibility, and the Definition of the Immaculate Conception. Let the writer in the *Spectator* go and put himself at the feet of the Catholic Church, and we venture to tell him with the most absolute certainty that he will not find himself in any agony or perplexity at all as to what to believe and what not to believe. And we add, that until he makes up his mind to receive his Creed at the hands of a Divinely appointed teacher, he will never "believe" anything at all in the full, true, and reasonable sense of the word. He

may think a great many things are true, as Mr. Shipley did—but that is not faith.

§ 4.—*Dr. Littledale on Mr. Orby Shipley.*

We may now pass on to Mr. Shipley's clerical critics, Dr. Littledale and Mr. Carter, and see whether we can find in them an idea of faith more clear and more lucid than in the writers in the *Times* and the *Spectator*. Dr. Littledale, who is one of the 'swashbucklers' of controversy, and is not remarkable for the amenity of his language, seems to be much in the same boat with the author of the *Times* article. He says most unfairly, of Mr. Shipley's statement that "the right principle of faith and practice in religion is authority, and that it is of less moment what one believes and does than why one accepts and practises"—that it amounts to "the painful admission, that faith and morals—that is doctrinal and ethical truth—are quite unimportant in comparison with the duty of *abdicated conscience*" (the italics are ours) "as now taught by the Roman Church." Here we have, we are sorry to say, not for the first time by any means in Dr. Littledale's writings, an intemperate statement which can only be excused from being calumnious on account of the gross ignorance in which it is made, for such is the statement that the Catholic Church teaches the duty of "abdicated conscience," or that Mr. Shipley or any other of her children believes and acts as he does under her rule except in the fullest and clearest obedience to his own conscience. The insertion of the word conscience amounts to a flagrant misrepresentation of Mr. Shipley's position, who might have been said to have "abdicated" his own private judgment—but even that only in the sense that he is not content with it as a voucher for what he is to believe as a matter of faith, thinking it both more reasonable and more dutiful to God to receive revelation from the appointed authority as speaking in His name. But, as to his ideas of faith, Dr. Littledale, as we have said, is about on a level with the *Times*. So, at least, we must understand him, unless he means to agree with Mr. Orby Shipley. That gentleman has said that he exercised his private judgment for the last time, and submitted to the Catholic Church. Dr. Littledale remarks that Mr. Shipley "quite fails to perceive that he has merely moved private judgment one step backward, but that it is still the sole tribunal by which he tests the fact whether any doctrine or person is clothed with the authority to which he must bow." This language is not fair, because the Catholic Church is not a doctrine or a person, but a Divinely instituted authority, in the existence and prerogatives which all Christians profess to believe as a matter of faith, and there can be no harm at all in using reason, not as the sole tribunal by which the claims of this Body are tested, but as a means to ascertain where that Body is, the notes and marks of which are set forth, not by any *a priori* reasoning, but on Divine authority in the Christian Creeds. In this sense, Dr. Littledale's charge against Mr. Shipley only amounts to this, that he has used his reason for the purpose for which God meant it to

be used, in arriving at the truth in matters of religion. But Dr. Little-dale is too clever a man to make a charge which amounts to an encomium. He must therefore mean that the use of reason or of private judgment in finding out the guide of truth, makes all that that guide teaches us to rest on reason or private judgment only, and this is exactly the doctrine of the *Times*, and amounts to a denial of the very idea of faith.

§ 5.—*Mr. Carter on the Rule of Faith.*

We wish to speak with all respect and kindness of a man like Mr. Carter of Clewer, who has also entered the arena of controversy in consequence of Mr. Shipley's letter. But we cannot say that we can gather from his statements any certainty that he has grasped the Catholic idea of faith with greater clearness than the other writers on whom we have been commenting. He happened, in his letter on Mr. Shipley, to mention what is called the Vincentian Canon—a much abused statement—the rule *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. This brought him into collision with a "Perplexed Inquirer," whose chief difficulty as to this famous dictum lay in the word *omnes*, and on this point Mr. Carter has replied, without, as we think, clearing up the difficulty raised by his opponent. We would gladly say a few words as to this before the close of this paper, but we must speak of Mr. Carter as commenting on Mr. Shipley. Mr. Carter is very anxious to disclaim the imputation of holding what he conceives the Catholic doctrine on his own private judgment. "It were a grievous mistake to suppose that the High Church School in England rests its faith on what is ordinarily understood as private judgment. Its very *rationale*, its *raison d'être*, is its historical continuity [where was it four centuries ago?]: its whole groundwork and its clue through the troubled conflicts of every passing age is its appeal to history: its power against Rome, its resistance, especially, to Rome's modern decisions, is what, indeed, Rome counts heresy, but what we count the witness of the Eternal Spirit of God, the testimony of ages, the *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*."

These are fine words, but to a theologian they are worth no more as an explanation of a doctrine of faith as distinct from and contrasted with private judgment, than the very similar language which the simple and professed Protestant would use as to the testimony of Holy Scripture, which is undoubtedly "the witness of the Eternal Spirit of God," and which has the advantage over Mr. Carter's imagined rule of faith, that it is contained at least in a single volume. We have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Carter would turn round on the Protestant and tell him that he could not interpret the Bible for himself without resting his position "on private judgment," and we entirely fail to see how there is less reliance on private judgment in interpreting antiquity for ourselves than in interpreting the Bible for ourselves. And it is just as impossible to find a true theological basis of faith in the one case as

in the other. Moreover, Mr. Carter himself admits that his principle is not worth much for modern controversies, just the controversies, one would be inclined to think, for which modern men needed the Divine guide. "No doubt," he says, "this great principle is weakened since the division of the Church, incapacitated, as it thus is, from speaking with one voice. But the principle does not, therefore, altogether fail us. There is a deposit of faith sufficient for salvation, held alike by the Greek, the Roman, and the Anglican Communions, the silent and outwardly separated *omnes* of Catholic Christendom." Now Mr. Carter, whenever he recites the Nicene Creed, declares that he believes as a matter of faith the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son, and also the Unity of the Church. Where is the "consensus" of his "omnes" of Catholic Christendom as to this doctrine about the Holy Ghost, and as to the doctrine that the Unity of the Church is an invisible unity, and a unity which admits of such intense opposition as to the rule of faith itself and a great number of vital doctrines, as exists between the English Establishment and both the Western and Eastern Churches? The Divine rule of faith cannot vary in different times and places. But, according to Mr. Carter, at this moment English, Greek, and Roman Christians must begin by rejecting, each the teaching of his own living Church as that rule, must go on to judge what it is that these three silent and separated "omnes" agree in teaching, and then, in defiance of each of the three, he must take that as his rule of faith. No process can be imagined more arbitrary, more entirely without living authority—even of the silent and separated "omnes" themselves—more absolutely based on private judgment, or, as we venture to tell Mr. Carter, more disrespectful to the Eternal Spirit, Who is to abide with the Church for ever, and Who is thus either reduced to silence, or made to speak ambiguously or contradictorily.

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## II.—FATHER SECCHI.

*Revue des Questions Scientifiques*, Octobre, 1878, Louvain.

ALL Catholics are interested in the good success of the Scientific Association of Brussels, instituted three years ago and bearing the device: *Nulla unquam inter fidem et rationem vera dissensio esse potest*. In the enunciation of this primary principle, it was contended not only that there is, and can be, no discrepancy between the facts of experimental knowledge and the truths of revelation, but that it is a serious error to suppose that the spirit of Catholic faith is in any way at variance with the spirit of genuine scientific inquiry. The *Revue des Questions Scientifiques* of October last, after remarking of the late Father Secchi, that his twofold life of priest and astronomer, with its hearty devotion to the duties of both, was a practical illustration of the great

principle put forth by the before-mentioned Association, goes on to dwell at some length upon the grateful story of his scientific labours. A short abstract may be not unacceptable to our readers; especially as it was in England that Father Secchi found his true scientific vocation, when in the Stonyhurst Observatory he first surrendered himself to the fascination of astronomy.

Angelo Secchi was born at the little town of Reggio, half-way between Parma and Modena, in the year 1818, and at the age of fifteen went to the Jesuit novitiate. He had distinguished himself very highly in his juvenile studies, but it was then supposed that his mind was formed for literary excellence. After the two years of noviceship, during which, as is well known, all secular studies are laid aside, he was sent to the Roman College to continue his classical course; and when he had spent the allotted time over his Latin, Greek, and Italian authors, he went through the full course of philosophy, in which then as now physical science found its place. He surrendered himself with Italian ardour to his new studies, and seemed to feel from the first that he had parted from literature for life. His success was so marked that whilst he was yet himself a learner he was made Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the College of Nobles. At the end of his course of philosophy he was sent to the Roman College to form one of the ordinary staff of masters, but it was soon apparent that he could be more usefully employed, and after one year of teaching in a class of Grammar, he was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in the College of Loreto, in which post he remained four years. He returned to Rome for his theology, which was rudely interrupted in the third year by external causes.

In February of the year 1847 a notice was posted by some Roman roughs on the chief door of the Gesù, "This house to let," and on the 28th of March the Jesuits were expelled. The prophetic placard scarcely met with the honour which its truthfulness deserved, for Mgr. Merode, who was passing at the time, tore it down and trod it into the mud, calling the men who had put it up a pack of cowards. His remarks were received in obsequious silence.

Angelo Secchi went to England and finished his theology at Stonyhurst. An observatory, intended solely for home use, had been erected there in the year 1838, and at the time of Father Secchi's arrival, Father Alfred Weld was actively engaged in a series of solar observations. Father Secchi recognized his future work, and so at the same moment did his Superiors. Immediately after his ordination, which took place at Stonyhurst, he was despatched to Georgetown in the United States to help Father Curley in the management of the observatory which had been established there in the College of the Society of Jesus in the year 1843 by Fathers Jenkins and Stonestreet, and, though now eclipsed by its greater neighbour in Washington, was then doing good service, and possessed excellent instruments provided at great cost. Father Curley had already welcomed Father Sestini from the Roman College, and



was still expecting the "Comet-hunter," Father de Vico. Both these Fathers had been expelled from Rome at the same time as Father Secchi. Father de Vico died in London at the close of the year 1848.

In the following year the Jesuit Fathers were permitted to return to the Roman College, and Father Secchi was at once recalled to be the successor of Father de Vico, in the Chair of Astronomy of the Gregorian College and the direction of the Observatory. Perhaps, if the Revolution had left him peacefully lecturing at Loreto, he might have lived and died in ignorance of the higher capabilities and the true propensity of his own genius.

The Observatory of the Roman College was founded in the middle of the sixteenth century. There Clavius in 1572 observed the new star in Cassiopea; there Scheiner put together the first observations of the solar spots; there Father de Gottignies observed the spots on Jupiter and the comets of 1664, 1665, and 1668; there Borgondi, Asclepi, Maire, Boscovich, J. Calandrelli worked. In one of the rooms now joined to the Kircher Museum may yet be seen the meridian traced by Boscovich in 1751, the date of his measurement of an arc of nearly two degrees between Rome and Rimini along the Appian Way.

Still the observatory was not happily placed, as successive astronomers felt with sorrow. It was Boscovich who first struck out the sagacious idea of mounting it upon the dome of the Church of St. Ignatius, which forms part of the noble building known as the Roman College. The Suppression of the Society killed his project. The next in office, J. Calandrelli, who succeeded to the chair of astronomy in 1773, had every desire to carry out the scheme of Boscovich, but his courage or his perseverance failed, and he subsided into the construction of a square tower at one corner of the College front. This was the observatory of the Roman College when, in 1849, Father Secchi entered upon office. It was most painfully apparent to him, from the first moment, that the square tower of Calandrelli was quite inadequate to the necessities of an observatory, for which already the labours of his immediate predecessors, Father de Vico and his two assistants, Fathers Sestini and Victor della Rovere, had earned some celebrity. The most indispensable instruments could not be properly worked in limits so narrow and upon a foundation so unsteady. The conviction came home to all concerned that active measures of improvement were imperatively called for. The only question was, what to do. Boscovich's abandoned project recurred to mind. Father Secchi studied it in detail, and drew up his designs, which, with a rough estimate of the expense, he submitted to Father Roothaan, then General of the Society of Jesus. The plan was warmly approved. Fathers Paul Rosa, Pierling, and Beckx generously seconded Father Secchi's efforts, and Pius the Ninth gave a thousand crowns to help the enterprise.

In the original plan of the Church of St. Ignatius, it had been intended to crown the edifice with a lofty cupola. The death of the

founder, Cardinal Ludovici, prevented the completion of the design, but not until four huge prisms of pillar work had been erected to receive the superstructure. These supports, formed to carry an enormous weight, and yet standing idle, seemed specially contrived to be that imperturbable foundation which Father Secchi so much desired for the observatory. Upon one of the four he built the room which was to contain Ertel's meridian circle, for which Father Roothaan had given the order in 1841; on another he mounted Merz's 9-inch equatorial, which he had himself ordered in Munich after his return to Europe; to the third he transported the older equatorial of Cauchoix, presented by Father Fortis, General of the Society of Jesus, to Father Dumouchel in 1825; and on the fourth he found place for the collection of magnetical instruments. A circular corridor connected these four chambers. All was finished in October, 1853, the rooms were in working order and the telescopes in their place, and Pius the Ninth solemnly inaugurated the new observatory.

We may notice in passing that it was just in the height and heat of these laborious building operations that Father Secchi placed the coping-stone on another edifice. On the 2nd of February, 1852, he made his solemn profession in religion. Father Secchi had never faltered in his loyalty, or repented the choice made in his early youth, when he first consecrated himself to the service of Jesus Christ by the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. He was not a less diligent observer of the laws of nature because he was a priest, and he was not a less exemplary priest because he was also an astronomer. One such example would be enough to discredit the oft-asserted incompatibility of the spirit of free inquiry in natural science and the spirit of docile acceptance of revealed truth.

When the observatory had been established on its new basis, and fitted for the most sublime uses, Father Secchi had in the next place to consider in what direction he could most profitably apply the power which had thus been placed at his disposal. He was not a man to work at haphazard, turning his attention to any object of interest which might chance to present itself. There must be method in any course which he adopted. He soon came to the conclusion that some of the most praiseworthy investigations of a national observatory were unsuited to the precarious character of his appointment. He had only two assistants, a Father and a lay-brother, and both he himself and Father Ferrari had to give a portion of their time to the Gregorian University. Observations, of which the whole value depends upon minute registration, continued with unflinching fidelity for a considerable period, had to be put aside, because it was impossible to feel any security that they would not be interrupted. He resolved to follow in Father de Vico's footsteps, and devote his time and resources to physical astronomy, which, as he understood the term, was not restricted to the contemplation of planets and comets, but extended its scrutiny to double stars, stellar groups, nebulae, and the like.

Saturn's wonderful belt first occupied his thoughts. He found it divided into three concentric rings, only two having been known till then, and he proved it to be elliptical and eccentric instead of circular, as even Bessel, Encke, Galle, Lassell, and Struve had supposed, arriving by reason of their error in this respect at very various measurements. Mars, Venus, and Jupiter were the objects of prolonged study. Father Secchi's drawings of the moon were especially admired. He was the first to apply photography to celestial bodies, and the first also to study the comets by the properties of polarised light. He proved that their luminosity is partly intrinsic and partly reflected. After some successful observing of comets and nebulae, he gave himself almost entirely to the observation of solar phenomena, and the greatest achievements belong to his later studies in this department. As early as the year 1851 he had convinced himself that the heat of the sun decreases from centre to circumference, and is unequally distributed, being more intense in its northern hemisphere. From the former of these conclusions, it follows that the sun is surrounded by a dense absorbent atmosphere. Arago declared that the discovery was of primary importance.

Father Secchi's estimate of the heat of the sun's surface did not find ready acceptance. The enormously varying results are easily accounted for when we know that astronomers do not agree about some first principles of the calculation. The common opinion assigned about 5,000 degrees; but Father Secchi passed at once to 5,000,000! and said that Waterton's estimate of 10,000,000 degrees was by no means an absurd conjecture. However, he did not wish, he said, to speak at all peremptorily in the matter. It was a mere matter of opinion, and he held his own views only till they were shown to be incorrect.

The spots on the disc of the sun could not fail to engage his attention. From 1858 the old equatorial was consecrated to this special service, and projected images were obtained and traced out every day, forming a valuable series. Whilst he was thus slowly accumulating the data for judging about the mysterious 'spots,' he did not neglect the still more mysterious 'protuberances.' These wonderful fire-clouds had been first remarked by Arago, Airy, and Struve in the eclipse of the 8th of July, 1842. In 1851, Airy, Carrington, Dawes, and Talbot were able to make more exact observations. Father Secchi and M. de la Rue from different posts observed the total eclipse of 1860, and obtained photographic pictures, giving both the aureola or 'crown,' and the roseate flames or 'protuberances.'

This was enough to establish the objective reality of the protuberances, for it was very certain that ocular illusions could not decompose nitrate of silver to produce a picture. Some of these protuberances rose from the sun to a height of ten times the diameter of the earth, and one was altogether detached, floating above the sun like a cloud in the air. What are they? In the eclipse of 1868, which Father Secchi was unable to observe, it was found by means of the spectroscope that the chief component of the 'protuberances'

was hydrogen, and M. Janssen at Gunttoor made the lucky discovery that it was not necessary to wait for an eclipse to bring the spectroscope to bear upon them. The very day that this discovery was announced in Europe, Father Secchi obtained by the spectroscope the indication of hydrogen, and from that time no observatory could dispense with the spectroscope. Father Secchi now putting together his knowledge of solar spots and solar excrescences, tried to explain both at once by a comprehensive theory. Something analogous to the eruption of a volcano takes place on the surface of the sun, and vast masses of incandescent gas go rolling upwards to so great a height that imagination can scarcely follow them. They are large at the base, and continue to expand as they rise, then having reposed awhile in that higher region after the manner of our terrestrial clouds, and having somewhat cooled down from their first intensity of heat, they float very slowly back to whence they came. It is Father Secchi's idea that these fiery clouds seen sideways on the edge of the disc are 'protuberances,' and seen full upon the face of the sun are 'spots,' and Father Van Tricht, from whom we take our account, suggests that a difference of effect very similar in kind, though not in degree, would be found in the observations of an eruption of Vesuvius made respectively by a spectator in Naples and an aeronaut perched high in the upper air above the mountain. To the latter the volume of fire capped with smoke would be nothing more than a ragged black object on the lighter background of the circumjacent land and sea. The theory was fiercely attacked, and this is no place for saying more than that Father Secchi, by his daily spectroscopic observations of the sun, persevered in till his death, had a better right than some of his opponents to form an opinion on the subject.

In 1863 he began his series of observations of other suns outside our own. The result of his labours was, to be brief, that he determined the spectrum of 4,000 stars before he was forced by ill-health to desist. It was he who devised the classification of stars into four groups, Rutherford having previously remarked that different colours were observable in the stars.

Physical astronomy, which Father Secchi had chosen as his own especial work, was not so exclusively pursued that no time at all could be found for other useful applications of theoretical knowledge. He was deputed by the Pontifical Government in 1854 to repeat Bosovich's measurement on the Appian Way, as the eastern end of the arc had been lost. After this he was preparing to carry out the triangulation of the Pontifical States. These labours were cut short by the troubles of the times, but it was afterwards declared by competent judges that there was no need to go over the same ground again, and that the work might safely begin where Father Secchi left it. He was also commissioned to direct the establishment of lighthouses on the coast, and the irrigation and water supply of the country round Rome.

Magnetic and meteorological observations and interminable writing of reports, dissertations, and larger treatises filled up the interstices of

his time. The meteorograph is so indissolubly associated with his name that it has rather injured than improved his reputation. Many people know Father Secchi better as the inventor of a contrivance, which was immediately superseded by a more perfect contrivance, than as the original genius to whom all who have any acquaintance with the progress of recent discovery can testify that modern science owes no doubtful debt.

In the course of the year 1877 Father Secchi felt the first attack of the malady which was so soon to prove fatal. For some time it wore the appearance of general prostration, which his unremitted labours readily explained. In August he was ordered to forego his ordinary work, and restrict himself to some kind of general supervision. Towards the end of November he received a visit from an old friend, Father Francis Denza de Montcalieri, and as they sat conversing a telegram was put into the hands of the invalid with intelligence of the death of Littrow the astronomer. "My turn next," said Father Secchi. He was not afraid to die, but he wished to make more solemn preparation. From that moment he quietly set aside all the solicitations of earthly science, that he might reserve his thoughts for God and eternity, and prepare himself with undivided care to answer the call which comes but once, and to submit to the great examination in which failure or success is irreversible. The physicians advised change of air, and sent their patient to Fiesole; but even the pure air and delightful scenery of that fair hill effected no improvement, and at the end of a month he returned to the Roman College. Then, and not till then, the true nature of his sickness discovered itself, and it was known that no hope remained. Early in January he was ordered to keep to his bed, and on the 26th of February, 1878, surrounded by his brothers in religion and his friends, after receiving the last sacraments and the blessing of the Holy Father, he calmly passed away to receive the reward of good work done for God. Of his fifty-nine years of life he had spent forty-four in the Society of Jesus. To form a just estimate of his talent and energy it would be right to consider not only what he did, but how he did it. Not the least part of his merit is that he was able to effect so much with so little money at his disposal and so small a staff.

## II.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

I. *Vie et Souvenirs de Madame de Cossé Brissac.* Par le R. P. Louis Paquelin.  
Paris : Palmé, 1876.

MINUTE details of life and conversation, which would be wearisome in an ordinary biography, are deeply interesting when they are the unfolding of one of the most beautiful works of God, the education of a chosen soul. Madame de Cossé Brissac was naturally self-willed, and under other treatment might have developed into a vain and imperious woman; but the future "prioress and foundress of the monastery of Benedictine Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament at Craon" had received from God, along with her strong character, that blessing of incalculable value—a sensible mother.

Both her parents were of very noble birth, and her male ancestors, paternal and maternal, serving the King loyally for many generations, were the envied possessors of much military glory. Her own life fell upon troubled times, for she was born in Paris almost upon the eve of the Great Revolution, and the fourscore years through which her pilgrimage extended saw many stirring scenes and mighty changes never, in France at least, to be forgotten. When the storm burst, her father by his connection with the Court was at once in the greatest danger. He attached himself to the service of Louis the Eighteenth, whom he accompanied in all his earlier wanderings, while the Countess by his desire sought temporary refuge with her little ones in Germany. It was the oft-told tale of *émigré* life. The Countess had many companions in the grievousness of her affliction, but, even in the noble band of her exiled countrywomen, comparatively few attained to her deep heroism of Christian resignation.

She escaped in disguise from Paris at the close of 1791 with the three children, her eldest daughter, Camille, eight years old, Délie, our heroine, four years old, and Arthus, just able to say, "Papa," and to cause great embarrassment by making an indiscreet use of his power of speech. Her husband had arranged an interview on the frontier, at which it was necessary in the presence of revolutionary spies to suppress all signs of intimacy. The children had been told that their father's life depended upon their not speaking to him, but the admonition was lost upon Arthus. Madame Cossé thanked God and our Lady when she had the talkative children safe across the border. For six years she lived at Munster in extreme, but contented poverty, finding a kind friend in the admirable Princess Galitzin. The eldest child felt the change bitterly, but Délie was too young to take it much to heart. She was a particularly naughty child, addicted to petty larceny of fruit and sugar, and ever ready to conceal her crimes at the expense of truth.

When these unpromising traits of her infancy had disappeared, there yet remained a curious indocility of character, as if the girl had made up her mind to resist her mother's efforts for her improvement. She displayed a kind of self-complacent indolence, which seemed to imply that in her own opinion she could distance all rivalry if she only chose to exert her powers. In spite of this intractable spirit, perhaps almost by reason of it, she was inaccessible to more serious evil; but, according to the Jansenistic notions so prevalent at the time, her perfectly innocent giddiness was considered reason enough for delaying her first Communion till she was fourteen years old. Then at last the Countess was rewarded for all her labours. It had taken years of patient tuition to sow the seed of higher virtue, and many times the good mother had almost yielded to despair, but her efforts had not been thrown away. Our Lord came to His servant's help, and Délie, the *enfant terrible*, the graceless little rebel, was transformed by that one great act of religion into a model of goodness. From that time she understood how much she owed to the gentle, but strong hand which had been leading her, and to the day of her death she spoke with veneration of her virtuous mother.

Maman ne nous élevait pas, comme on élève les enfants d'aujourd'hui, auxquels on laisse tout dire et tout faire, et dont on développe l'amour-propre en les écoutant trop et en les admirant.

The Countess de Cossé was more anxious to secure the true and eternal welfare of her children than to gratify their sensual appetite, and she knew the importance of early training in habits of self-denial. The life of poverty, which she accepted from the hand of God for herself and her children, formed an excellent school of virtue.

At the beginning of the year 1798 M. de Cossé wrote to his wife to come to him in Russia, where Louis the Eighteenth was holding a royal court in miniature.

When the illustrious orphan girl of the Temple, Madame Royale, daughter of Louis the Sixteenth, after spending three years at the Austrian Court, came in 1799 to rejoin the King at Mittau, on occasion of her marriage with the Duke d'Angoulême, son of the Count of Artois, Louis the Eighteenth desired that the Countess de Cossé, with her two daughters, should assist at the ceremony, which was to take place quietly in the palace on the 10th of June. The arrangements were exceedingly simple. No jewels or diamonds were worn even by the bride. She appeared in a muslin dress and a jessamine wreath adorned her head.

The Emperor Paul was much impressed by the noble bearing of the Count de Cossé in his reverse of fortune, and assigned him a handsome pension. But Paul was the most capricious of men. A few months later, under the irritation caused by the disasters of Suwarroff, he withdrew his bounty, and ordered all the French *émigrés*, royalty included, to depart his dominions within twenty-four hours, choosing mid-winter to increase the outrage. Louis the Eighteenth was obliged to seek refuge in England, nor could he take the Count de Cossé with him.

Under this cruel blow the courage of the Count gave way; but his noble-hearted wife never lost for a moment her faith in the Divine protection, though the sight of her husband in his deep dejection was a new burthen hard to bear. The jolting of the rough cart on which they travelled tried the nerves of the poor gentleman, and he dismounted, the two girls following his example. The cart went one way and they went another. Darkness came on, and shivering in the cold of a Russian winter they tried without success to gain shelter for the night in a cottage. Fortunately the peasants would not hear of it, but directed them to an inn at no very great distance. The anxious Countess was already there. In due time they arrived at Munster, with three francs remaining. Princess Galitzin introduced them to Count Stolberg, and though he was not very wealthy he insisted on their immediate acceptance of six thousand francs, making the offering with all the delicacy "of a grand seigneur and a fervent Christian." He was well paid back in holy prayers. The first Communion, which was the turning point in Délie's life, was made in Munster on the feast of the Name of Mary, the 13th of September, 1801. Two years later, the Count de Cossé died a very holy death. The hand of God had fallen upon him only in mercy. To him, as to so many souls, tribulation had been the most precious gift from the treasury of grace. He died in the arms of the saintly Abbé Coince, an *émigré* priest, who at that time was labouring zealously in Munster. A little later he received a vocation to the Society of Jesus, and went to make his noviceship at Riga in 1805. There the De Cossé family found him in 1807, when they sought once more in Russia under Alexander the hospitality which Paul had so unceremoniously interrupted. About this time the Countess received the joyful news that the Craon estate had been rescued from the wreck of her property, and was held by her cousin M. d'Armaillé in trust for her. He wrote to invite her to resume possession. She had everything in readiness to start, when word was brought that before crossing the frontier it would be necessary to make a declaration that she was not the wife of an *émigré*. She might have argued that since her husband's death the words would be true in a literal sense, but she could not form her lips to an equivocation. "Better a thousand times," she said, "exile and death than to commit a sin."

Délie, who the very first time she met Père Coince in Munster, had felt a mysterious attraction to him, put herself under his guidance in Riga and accepted with undaunted courage his lesson of self-conquest. She was well acquainted at the age of eighteen with disciplines and hair-shirts, but it was chiefly in humble works of mercy that her confessor taught her the science of the saints.

When at last in the year 1815 Madame de Cossé was free both in law and in conscience to return to France, Père Coince gave her and her daughters an affectionate introduction to Père de Clorivière, the Jesuit Provincial in Paris, thinking that his own work in the formation of their sanctity was at an end. But five years later the Society of Jesus



was expelled from Russia, and by a special overruling of Providence the good Father met once more the dear spiritual children to whom he was as St. Jerome to St. Paula and her daughters.

We have dwelt at greater length upon the early portion of the *Vie et Souvenirs*, because it contains a lesson so much needed now. Parents who bring up their children with extreme delicacy, scarcely permitting them to know the name of Christian mortification, who give them all they ask for, and let them do all they want to do, carefully removing from their path everything that has the nature of pain or annoyance, are not kind, but cruel; and they will answer for their cruelty to One Whose designs of love they have frustrated. They might have trained their children to be saints, and they have made them vicious and selfish.

Délie de Cossé Brissac, whose first thoughts of religious life had turned to Carmel, was gently led by the hand of God to the novitiate of the Benedictines of the Perpetual Adoration in Rouen. She began her probation in 1815, received the religious habit in 1816, taking the name of Sr. Mary of St. Aloysius, and made her profession in 1817. Soon after she was appointed Novice Mistress, and in 1826 she was elected Mother Prioress. Her first act was to write to Père Coincé at Laval to ask his advice for the government of her community.

In the following year the Countess de Cossé died, and the young Count Arthus reluctantly sold the Chateau de Craon. Mother Mary of St. Aloysius, with his help, bought the old Dominican convent in Craon, and by desire of the Bishop of Mans led thither a colony from Rouen in 1829. There were many severe trials from within and from without which it is not our purpose to enumerate. One by one the friends of her youth were taken away, first Père Coincé, then Camille, then Arthus, and still Délie lived on to labour for God and lead souls to perfection. At last the happy summons came. She closed a holy life by a most holy death in the year 1868. Many wise counsels and profound reflections which fell from her lips are remembered by her children in religion.

2. *Narrative of a Voyage to the Polar Sea during 1875—6.* By Captain Sir G. S. Nares. London, 1878.

The history of Arctic discovery is one long narrative of patient heroism. In some of the recent explorations the desire to rescue brave men from a dreadful imprisonment, or to clear up the mystery of their fate, was the primary object proposed; but in the expedition which left Portsmouth in May, 1875, under the command of Sir George Nares, the older geographical purpose was resumed. Such an enterprize of self-sacrificing devotion to an idea is a protest against the gross utilitarianism and the pettiness of the time. No one now thinks that a north-west passage offers any advantages to commerce, or that the actual arrival at the North Pole will clear up many difficult problems

otherwise unapproachable. If Captain Markham's party had been made of iron or bronze instead of flesh and blood, if they had retained sufficient health and strength to drag their sledges just four hundred miles further over hummocky ice-fields, they would have had the satisfaction of standing upon zero instead of turning back at  $83^{\circ} 20' 26''$  N., and, speaking practically, that would have been nearly all. To men who like to see results in hard cash or in distinctly profitable increase of knowledge, it seems a foolish thing to spend money upon the transportation of Cleopatra's Needle, or to fit out an expensive expedition "the scope and primary object of which should be to attain the highest northern latitude, and, if possible, to reach the North Pole;" and to such critics there is quite as much of irritation as of disappointment in the thought that at the end of eighteen months of toil and hardship in a dangerous service the commander should have no triumph more tangible to offer to his impoverished countrymen than that a sledge party had forced its way a certain distance over rough ice, and, having reached a destination which can only be described as a mathematical point on the earth's surface, had struggled back again.

It is easy to prophesy after the event, but we may have too much of sordid calculation beforehand. Captain Sir George Nares and his gallant men have done their work well, and the work itself was worth doing.

We have now the authentic account of the expedition drawn up by the commander, and are able to follow day by day the adventurous course up Smith Sound, Kennedy Channel, and Robeson Channel. The sailing orders were closely adhered to. They had been prepared with extreme care and forethought from the lessons painfully acquired in previous visits to high latitudes. Whilst there was no disposition on the part of the Government to underrate the inevitable perils of the voyage, all the precautions were prescribed which experience could suggest for reducing the risk in all things which might fall under the control of human prudence and energy. Of the two ships which made up the expedition one was not to go beyond the  $82^{\text{nd}}$  parallel, and the interval of separation between the two was not to exceed two hundred miles. The stations were to be so chosen that the crew of the more advanced vessel could fall back upon the less advanced, and that both might effect their escape to a relief ship to be sent after them two summers later if they had not returned before that time.

Both shores in the vicinity of Capes Isabella and Alexander should be examined in order to select a suitable position for the *dépôt* or relief ship which will, in the event of the expedition remaining in the Arctic regions, be despatched in 1877; but as such a position cannot be absolutely determined on beforehand, and it is necessary to decide where information will be found by any ship which may be subsequently sent out from England, Lyttelton Island, in the opinion of competent authorities, meets all the requirements of a fixed point of rendezvous. Here a conspicuous cairn should be erected; one record placed in the cairn, another laid beside it on the north side, and a third buried twenty feet due north of it.

Further on we read :

In the summer of 1877, a relief or depôt ship will be despatched to Smith's Sound, and she will be directed, in the first instance to repair to Lyttelton Island, and then to follow such instructions as you may have deposited in the cairn there.

All haste was to be made to get as far north as possible, always with due observance of the limits laid down, before the winter set in and stopped all further progress.

"At 4 p.m. of May the 29th, 1875, H. M. ships *Alert* and *Discovery* cast off from the dockyard wharf, Portsmouth, and proceeded to sea." On the 29th of June they were passing Cape Desolation at the entrance of Davis Strait. The East Greenland drift ice is carried by the current round Cape Farewell. It is of a notably different type from the ice-floes which travel down Baffin's Bay; for it has had less jostling on its way from the Palæocrystic Ocean and retains its smooth top till it finally melts away at some little distance to the north in Davis Strait. Captain Nares received a hearty welcome at Disco from Herr Inspektor Krarup Smith, the Governor of North Greenland. About fifty Eskimo dogs were taken on board with a native to drive them. They appear to require a good deal of driving. When left to themselves they all pull in different directions, and they know at once whether the charioteer understands his work. In case he does not they drag him over ice-hills and through pools of water with ingenious perversity. These dogs are full of character. Each team has an acknowledged king, who has won his proud position by fighting his way up. At Proven Hans Heindrich, the Greenlander, who had been with Dr. Kane in 1853, with Dr. Hayes in 1860, and with Captain Hall in 1871, was easily induced to join the expedition. On the 28th of July they reached, on the eastern coast at the entrance of Smith Sound, Cape Alexander, "a noble headland presenting a sea face of probably 1,400 feet."

At this time there was no moving ice in sight. The drift ice from the east had gone to pieces in Baffin's Bay and the northern ice had not begun to break loose. As a northerly wind impeded progress the ships were anchored for one day, and an expedition made in a whale boat to the predetermined locality of Lyttelton Island. A cairn was erected and a record duly deposited, stating that their purpose was to steer straight across to the western coast, and that if the relief ship did not find despatches on the island, by reason of its being inaccessible to a sledge party, they must be sought for on Cape Isabella, and naming at the same time various places in their route at which it was proposed to leave in writing the particulars of their movements and intentions. Etah, on the Greenland coast, close to Lyttelton Island, is an Eskimo settlement, by which we are to understand a group of four huts, for human beings in these latitudes are counted not by millions but by scores. The population must have been comparatively numerous at an earlier date. Along the shore are the remains of a good many habitations, and the sites are marked by "enormous quantities" of bones, of reindeer,

wolves, seals, foxes, hares, and little auks. The marrow bones had been split open and the skulls of the deer had been fractured for the extraction of the brain. Hartstene Bay, a few miles south of Etah, is pronounced to be the best winter-station on the north Greenland coast. It is protected by bold promontories at some little distance to the north, which throw off the Polar current to the opposite side of the sound, and it is itself washed by a warm current working up from the south. Even in winter large water spaces are kept open by the rapid tides in the narrow channel. The milder climate resulting from these combined circumstances has its natural effect in the comparative abundance of animal and vegetable life. The absence of floating ice was of short duration. From the heights above Etah some sportsmen of the expedition had seen suspicious symptoms farther to the north, and on the following day, the 29th of July, as the ships crossed to the western shore they met the advanced guard of their great enemy, in the shape of some loose masses drifting down channel twenty miles from land. Before another day had passed the *Alert* and the *Discovery* were separated by five or six miles of heavy pack-ice, through which the *Alert* forced her way without much difficulty, for as yet the squeezing power was not formidable.

The ice through which we had passed consisted principally of old heavy floes, ten to twelve feet in thickness and a hundred yards to a quarter of a mile in diameter. Intermixed with these were others of one-season ice, so rotten and honeycombed as to show that they had not recently been subjected to heavy pressure. Scattered amongst the pack-ice were several icebergs, nearly all of which were flat-topped; very few of them had altered their line of flotation since they first separated from their parent glaciers.

Next day the ice-stream had doubled in width, and the floating mass was more compact. Captain Nares prepared for battle. For three weeks more the two ships kept together, working their way with infinite exertion from one headland to another, waiting under shelter behind a fringe of stranded icebergs till a favourable moment came with a change of tide or wind, and then breaking from cover and working forward as the circumstances permitted, occasionally finding a few miles of open water, crashing by sheer force through the weaker ice and watching with steam up to take immediate advantage of any little channel that might chance to open out on the flank of floes too large or too tough for an attack in front. By "weaker" ice is meant ice not exceeding four feet in thickness and in a soft state: "thicker or harder ice had to be left alone." The breaking through was not done by simply pushing forward at haphazard. It was necessary to measure their strength and then use it to the best advantage. The vessel having been backed to a convenient distance charged into the ice at full speed, penetrating about twenty feet before the force of the blow was expended.

And this is the mode of locomotion in "the navigable season." Captain Nares is justified in saying that it is fortunate for the health of the commander of an Arctic expedition that the "navigable season" lasts only from three to six weeks.

Winter quarters were found for the *Discovery* in lat.  $81^{\circ} 45'$  in a well-protected harbour behind Bellot Island, on the north side of Lady Franklin Sound, in a neighbourhood well supplied with musk-oxen and small game, and the *Alert*, according to the sailing orders, prepared to go on her way alone. "It was impossible for two ships' companies to have worked together for a common end more harmoniously than those of the *Alert* and *Discovery*, and one and all regretted that duty rendered our separation necessary." Two or three days of the very precious time at the close of the "navigable season" were lost before the *Alert* could effect her escape from Lady Franklin Sound. It was no longer possible to force a passage through the ice, for it was now that very solid "Polar pack," in dealing with which there is only one safe course to adopt. Captain Buddington's advice "to get out of it as soon as possible" is endorsed by Captain Nares, after more experience than was pleasant of its "nipping" propensities. A great deal in Arctic navigation depends upon wind and tide and state of atmosphere. When the *Alert* was trying to get away from the harbour which was to be the winter quarters of the companion vessel, first there was no possible passage; then, when the wind had formed a channel, a dense fog prevented the start; and, when the fog cleared away, the tide had gone down, and it was necessary to wait three hours with "the tantalizing prospect" of open water close in front of them. Many times it was a hard race to get through some outlet before the ice closed in. On one occasion some delay was caused by the rudder being badly balanced, and if the adjustment had occupied only five minutes longer than it did the ship would have been caught in the "pack" for a two days' gale. As it was, the gale, instead of being a fresh danger, opened out a broad safe passage for some distance. Hope ran high. They had reached the latitude of  $82^{\circ} 24'$  N. beyond the farthest point attained by any ship, and with a strong wind blowing off the shore they felt sure of not being stopped by the ice as long as the coast line ran north, so that they might hope to arrive at President's Land, supposed to be in latitude  $84^{\circ} 20'$  N. A grievous disappointment waited them. The land trended off to the north-west, and they were hemmed in by the ice just below Cape Sheridan on the open shore of a great frozen sea. They did not know this at first, but before they had renounced all idea of advancing the ice closed in behind them, and advance and retreat were alike impossible. They had supposed till then that Robeson Channel was only a connecting strait between two land-locked basins, but gradually the truth dawned upon them that they had reached the Polar Sea. It was not the place they would have chosen for winter quarters, but they had now no alternative.

Near Cape Sheridan the heavy Polar ice becomes stranded at a distance of one hundred to two hundred yards from the shore, forming a border of unconnected masses of ice from twenty to upwards of sixty feet in height lying aground in from eight to twelve fathoms of water.

Off an open coast, with no more protection than that afforded by such

pieces of ice, the *Alert* was fated to pass the winter. Most providentially during the eleven months she was thus exposed we never once experienced a gale blowing towards the shore.

The *Alert* was held ice-bound on Floeberg Beach from the 1st of September, 1875, to the 31st of July, 1876. The work was nearly done and the suffering but beginning. We may almost say that where the geographical interest of the narrative closes, the personal interest first begins to be felt. Voluntary close confinement for eleven months amid mist and snow, through the long night of the far north, on that desolate coast hemmed in between the frozen land and the frozen sea, is an experience of life to which men without some greatness of soul would not condemn themselves. England is not in her dotage as long as she can command the willing service of men, who with sickness superadded to all the discomforts of an Arctic winter go cheerily through their accepted task. A ship's crew sent on such an errand ought to be carefully selected, to the last man on board, and in point of fact great discrimination was employed in manning the *Alert* and *Discovery*. Sir George Nares gives his testimony to the spirit of union, the hearty goodwill, the deep sense of duty, which were never absent. It is occasions such as these which bring out the best feelings of the true-born Briton.

The sun dipped below the north horizon on the 4th of September, and took his final departure on the 11th of October, re-appearing in the south on the 28th of February. His long desired uprising was kept as a holiday.

On the 3rd of April, 1876, two exploring parties under Commander Markham and Lieutenant Aldrich left the ship taking with them seven sledges, four to be retained for the journey, three to be sent back after a few days, and two boats. The force consisted of fifty-three officers and men, and the provisioning was for seventy days. The two divisions were to march in company as far as Cape Joseph Henry, where a dépôt of provisions had been established in the interim, and from that point Captain Markham was to push due north across the ice, and Lieutenant Aldrich was to follow the coast to the west. It was Captain Markham's mission to reach the highest latitude attainable in the time, as measured by the supply of food, and to endeavour to ascertain the practicability of penetrating as far as the North Pole. Following a wolf's track, they marched away slowly but resolutely, keeping to the coast-line till they reached the parting place. It was only when Captain Markham's party fairly faced for the north that the troubles commenced in grim earnest. For two days, Holy Saturday and Easter Sunday, they were compelled to lie under cover to protect themselves from the cutting wind and the blinding drift, and it was only by tremendous efforts that they kept up their spirits in a state of things so dismal. "We unanimously came to the conclusion that it was the most wretched and miserable Easter Sunday that any one of us had ever passed. Forty-eight hours in a bag, in a gale of wind off Cape Joseph Henry, with a temperature 67°

below freezing point is not a delightful way of passing the time—sleep was almost out of the question.” On the 16th of April the northward march began in earnest, but already at that early stage of the excursion two of the men were unable to walk.

On the 19th of April the larger of the two boats was abandoned, because it could not be expected to be sufficiently useful to repay the great additional labour of transporting it across the rough ice. Lieutenant Parr had early in the march formed a little gang of road-makers, and they toiled indefatigably at their task. To this date belongs the remark: “The men are an uncanny lot to look at—very dirty, faces and especially noses scarified and disfigured, lips sore and tips of the fingers senseless from frost-bite—yet they are all cheerful and happy enough.”<sup>1</sup>

By the 7th of May five men were completely disabled and required to be carried, while four more were suffering from partial blindness. The slow progress told upon the provisions, and it was evident that the end of the journey must be soon. Still it was difficult to resolve to go back. “It is a bitter ending to all our aspirations.” They struggled forward till the 10th of May, then a halt of two days was ordered for the sake of the invalids, and then the return.

“At noon (on the 12th) we obtained a good altitude, and proclaimed our latitude to be  $83^{\circ} 20' 26''$  N., exactly  $399\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the North Pole.” Sir John Parry in 1827 in his famous boat journey from Spitzbergen had reached lat.  $82^{\circ} 45'$ .

“The return journey was even more toilsome, for the number of invalids continued to increase. A few extracts from Captain Markham’s diary are enough to convince the incredulous.

June the 1st. . . Travelling altogether very heavy. Snow in places up to our waists, and very wet between the hummocks, our foot-gear being literally soaking. Distance made good two miles.

At this period two miles constituted a good days’ march. More frequently we find the progress scored at a mile and a half, or less.

June the 2nd. A sad list of sick this morning. Rawlings and Simpson completely done up, and utterly incapable of further work. It is marvellous how they have kept on so long. Lawrence is also attacked in his arms as well as his legs. We are now reduced to only six men, and they anything but healthy or strong, and two officers. Five men are carried on the sledges and four can just manage to crawl after.

On the 5th of June they reached the land again. It became manifest that they could not all get back to the ship alive unless succour were procured. Lieutenant Parr, who alone retained sufficient strength for such an enterprize, “nobly volunteered” to take the solitary walk, or climb, of twenty-seven miles “over floes covered with deep snow, and girt by heavy hummocks.”

On the evening of the 8th of June [says Sir George Nares] Lieutenant Parr made his appearance on board the *Alert*. As he crossed the quarter-deck, silently nodding to the one or two who chanced to meet him, his grave

<sup>1</sup> P. 364.

and weary expression was unmistakeable, and in a very few moments the certainty that some sore calamity had occurred had spread throughout the ship. . . . I then received the distressing intelligence that nearly the whole of Commander Markham's men were attacked with scurvy and in want of immediate assistance.

At the end of twenty miles Parr rested long enough to make himself a cup of tea, and he reached the ship in twenty-four hours. Before midnight two strong relief parties were on their way, with Captain Nares himself at their head. Lieutenant May and Dr. Moss, wearing snow-shoes and with a dog-sledge carrying medical stores, pushed on in front, and were with Captain Markham's party in fifty hours from Parr's departure. In that interval one of the number, George Porter, had died. The speedy succour roused the drooping spirits of the invalids. Captain Markham himself, with two men, Radmore and Jolliffe, "dragged to the very last." The "good humour and dutiful submission" of all the men and "their manful and determined struggle" were beyond all praise. They were made of the same stuff as Sir John Franklin's men, of whom the Eskimo said to Sir Leopold McClintock that "they fell down and died as they walked along."

The crew of the *Discovery* meantime had passed "a happy and comfortable winter," according to intelligence brought back by Mr. Egerton and Lieutenant Rawson the very next day after the departure of the northern and western sledge parties under Markham and Aldrich. They had started on the 20th of March, after a previous unsuccessful attempt, bearing orders to Captain Stephenson to explore Lady Franklin Sound and the northern coast of Greenland.

Among the precautions for passing the winter "comfortably" may be mentioned the process of "housing in" the ship and building snow-huts. A theatre was contrived, and ground was marked out, "the lady's mile," for regular exercise.

It is impossible not to be struck by the deep sense of religious feeling manifested by officers and men, forming, as it does, so marked and so delightful a contrast to what seems to be accepted as the "heroic" temper in France and other countries.

The two ships entered Portsmouth Harbour together on the 2nd of November, 1876.

Appended to Captain Nares' narrative are notes ethnological, zoological, botanical, and geological, edited by Mr. Feilden, the naturalist of the expedition.

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3. *Life of the Venerable Elizabeth Canori Mora.* Translated from the Italian, with a preface by Lady Herbert. Washbourne, 1878.

Elizabeth Canori Mora, the subject of this memoir, like her younger rival, Anna Maria Taigi, seems to have been specially raised up in this matter-of-fact century to show to those who are willing to see that the invisible world is as near to us now as ever it was to our forefathers in



the faith, that the action of angels and devils in the midst of the Christian people is as vigorous and continual as in the days of the Egyptian hermits. The incidents which are related in this book possess as yet, according to the declaration of Urban the Eighth, only the credibility which attaches to human testimony. They are of such surpassing wonder that it is natural to desire for them all possible confirmation. Yet there is nothing inherently improbable in them, and as soon as the Church, directly or indirectly, adds her sanction, Catholics will have no difficulty in accepting the whole history as it is here given. There are many parts of it which would grievously exercise the faculty of faith in Protestant readers, and we are prepared to find that some persons, who accept without an effort the most astounding "facts" of spiritualistic séances, will not be willing to believe that a Catholic lady can have such visions and contests with devils as are recorded in this history, except on the hypothesis of her being insane or epileptic. Madame Canori Mora's actions and sufferings were closely scrutinized, and she was at one time believed by her brother to be really out of her mind, and even her confessor advised her to submit to medical treatment, but she outlived by some years these injurious suspicions.

The surgeon came with his lancets, but she begged him to wait until the following day, and to do nothing hastily in a matter where there was no real danger. The doctor, astonished to hear a supposed mad person speak with so much serenity, wisdom, and good sense, willingly granted her prayer. The next day, to the general surprise, she arose quite cured; and God thus made it known that He was the author of the strange scenes which had occurred.

It must be confessed that there was some ostensible excuse for the harsh judgment which had been hastily formed, for she had actually imprisoned a legion of devils, to their extreme confusion, in a small box containing seeds, and when, by Divine command, she emptied the contents into the fire, a loud detonation roused the household, and the doctor was sent for very naturally, but also very unnecessarily. This was in 1821, and her wonderful achievement was the fitting conclusion of a fearful conflict of more than three weeks' duration with the infernal spirits. They had been permitted to torture her visibly and sensibly, but only to their own complete discomfiture and her increase of merit.

Immediately after this terrible encounter she was sent by our Lord to warn Pius the Seventh of the false counsels of some hypocritical friends.

She herself related to her confessor what took place on this occasion (one of the most memorable of her life) in the following manner: "Our Lord at once vouchsafed a favourable answer to my poor prayers. He immediately gave such an impulse to my spirit that in an instant I felt I could penetrate into the Quirinal Palace. There I was permitted to speak in full freedom to the Holy Father, and to tell him all that the spirit of our Lord had dictated to me. I gave him all the reasons necessary to prove that he ought not to leave Rome. He instantly acted upon what my poor mind had made known to him. Notwithstanding all that his counsellors

could say to him, and in spite of his own previous convictions, although the carriage which was to take him away was already prepared, he left the Council, saying that 'instead of starting he would go and lie down and rest.' The Austrians were charged with the duty of repressing the rebellion in Naples, and this was the end of a revolution which had seemed likely to overturn everything."

Madame Mora's domestic relations were, for a saintly woman, curious in the highest degree. Her husband was a man of dissolute life, and her daughters had so little profited by the lessons of their mother that they on the very first temptation planned an elopement with two officers and clandestine marriage. Their folly was frustrated for their mother's sake. Our Lord revealed to her their intentions in time to enable her to prevent the accomplishment of the childish sinful scheme.

Even her unworthy husband was conquered in the end. He had spoken to some ladies in terms of ridicule of his wife's piety. She said, "Laugh as much as you please, but after my death you will say Mass, and, what is more, you will hear confessions." The event verified her words, for after her departure he truly repented of his evil ways, became a Franciscan Father, and after eleven years of most austere penance died happily in the year 1845, ascribing his contrition to the prayers of his holy wife. Her death took place on the 5th of February, 1825, and was followed by many miraculous cures and other supernatural occurrences.

Six years before her death she had sought by our Lord's express command, and had at once obtained the habit of the Tertiaries of the Order of the Barefooted Trinitarians.

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4. *Little Dorinda: who won and who lost her?* By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A.  
London: Burns and Oates.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's new story is, it is needless to say, a clever bit of composition, but it is scarcely as pleasant reading as we could have wished. Never for a moment are we permitted to forget that *Little Dorinda* is a character in a book, and not a real person. The story is both too sketchy and too artificial. The sketchiness may be set down to the necessity of compressing an eventful life into the limits of a Christmas Annual, but the unreality is a radical defect. With this drawback, there is much to commend, and it is no small commendation to say that *Little Dorinda*, defects and all, deserves perusal, for that can be said of only very few out of very many modern works of fiction. Dorinda is a thoughtless but innocent girl, very prone by nature to flirtation, and yet strange to say really affectionate, making and breaking promises with alarming facility, and for all that honest and resolute. The character is artfully developed, and the quick change from gay to grave is certainly a true touch of nature, and one which points its own moral.

5. *Principles of the Faith in Relation to Sin.* Topics for thought in times of Retreat. Eleven addresses delivered during a retreat of three days to persons living in the world. With an Introduction on the neglect of Dogmatic Theology in the Church of England. By Orby Shipley, M.A. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co., 1879.

We have said so much about Mr. Orby Shipley elsewhere, that we may take the liberty of passing over lightly this important volume, the contents of which are necessarily multifarious. The "Introduction on the Neglect of Dogmatic Theology in the Church of England" touches a defect which is almost inevitable in the present circumstances of the religious community to which Mr. Shipley refers. Dogmatic Theology would certainly very soon knock the Establishment to pieces. The Postscript, written after the author's submission to the Catholic Church, is interesting on other grounds. The addresses are not exactly of the kind, as Mr. Shipley will probably soon see, to which Catholics are accustomed in time of retreat, but they are thoughtful and well written.

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6. *The Prisoners of the King.* Thoughts on the Catholic Doctrine of Purgatory. By H. J. Coleridge. Burns and Oates, 1878.  
 7. *The Public Life of our Lord.* Vol. iv. The Sermon on the Mount (*concluded*). By the same. Burns and Oates, 1878.  
 8. *The Sermon on the Mount.* In three volumes. By the same. Burns and Oates, 1879.  
 9. *The Manna of the Soul.* By Paul Segneri. Vols. i. and ii. January—June. Burns and Oates, 1879.

The last work in this short list is a part of the translation of the famous book of Father Segneri, which has been for some time in hand. It is not exactly a book of meditation in the general sense of the name, but it will be found very useful, even for purposes of meditation, while persons who are not accustomed to the mental strain which that process requires, will find it a very suggestive and practical work indeed for their daily reading. The other two volumes of the work are to be ready at the beginning of the half-year to which they belong.

The other works named above cannot be criticized here at any length. *The Prisoners of the King* is an attempt to set forth the chief practical questions connected with the great doctrine of Purgatory in a series of chapters which take as their text, as it were, the successive miracles of our Lord. It was found that many of these questions had not been treated of in the popular works on Purgatory, which were written before the time of Benedict the Thirteenth, whose sermons on the subject embrace a number of points of great importance. The fourth volume of *The Public Life of our Lord*, which Father Coleridge was prevented by illness from finishing last year, completes the commentary on the Sermon on the Mount, the three volumes on which are also published separately from the series on the *Public Life*, for the convenience of a certain class of readers.

10. *History of the Middle Ages.* Adapted from the French of Rev. P. F. Gazeau, S.J., Catholic Publication Society, New York, 1878.

A series of little histories for younger students, published by Messrs. Longmans, came under review in our columns a short time since, with which we had only one fault to find. Protestant historians, however sincere—nay, because they are sincere—cannot in the very nature of things deal justly with the Catholic Church, for if they formed a right estimate of her claims they could not remain outside her fold. We lamented that our Catholic schools had no text-books of history equal in literary merit to the series of which we spoke, and not disfigured by antipathy to the Church. That which we desiderated seems likely to come to us from America. With joy we notice the signs of a great Catholic educational movement in that land of much promise. Among the signs are the class-books, good in every way, of which we have already noticed some, and of which we hope to record many bright examples yet. *The History of the Middle Ages* is we trust only one of a multitude prepared. It is a pity that we should be forced, in using American books, to warn our children against the false spelling of such words as *javour*, *marvellous*, and the like.

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11. *The Inner Life of the Rev. Père Lacordaire, O.P.* From the French of Rev. Père Chocarne, O.P. London: Washbourne, 1878.

This is a second edition, unaltered, of a book already well known. If anything could make Father Lacordaire's memory more dear to Catholics in England it would be such traits as Father Aylward notices in his interesting preface. The great soul of Lacordaire was deeply smitten with the love of liberty, but his absolute honesty carried him safely through the breakers which wrecked poor De La Mennais. Oxford, in 1852, made a profound impression upon his mind and heart. Father Aylward says:—

Had there been a Catholic Oxford in his days, no voice would have had greater power of fascination than his over such minds amongst whom he felt as an alien and one unknown. For his peculiar gift from God seems to have been to bring his very soul to play on all the higher and purer feelings of educated young men; that soul "which," as Montalembert says, "like Almighty God Himself, loved souls above all things."

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12. *God in His Works: A Series of Reading Books for the Children of the Church.* By the Sisters of Mercy of the Kinsale Community. Dublin: John Mullany, 1878.

The good Sisters wish to help their little pupils to improve at the same time in the knowledge of their religion and the art of reading. The idea is a very ancient one; the application of it in a series of "reader" books is novel and of good promise. A preface is perhaps somewhat thrown away upon the little people. What is there in print would come better in an oral form. Perhaps also the vocabulary at the end includes too many very easy words. These are matters of taste and experience.

13. *Stories of the Saints.* Fifth Series. By M. F. S. Washbourne, 1878.

It is not always that we can congratulate either an author or his readers upon the selection of an interminable subject, but we hope that successive volumes of *Stories of the Saints* will appear very frequently for some time to come, and be only limited in number by the sad fact that even those who are doing very useful work have at the best but few years in which to do it. The present series contains the names of many of our own Saxon Saints. St. Edith of Wilton was upbraided by St. Ethelwold for dressing, as nuns in those days sometimes did, in brighter colours than are permitted now, and she made the memorable answer that God did not care about her dress, because He knew that her whole heart had long been His. Young ladies may safely imitate her example in respect of gay attire if they can from their hearts say what she said. The list of names of saints in the table of contents of this volume ought to prove irresistible. Saints are men and women of whom Catholics like to know more than the names.

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14. *René Descartes*: His Life and Meditations. A new translation of the "Meditationes," with Introduction, Memoir, and Commentary, by Richard Lowndes. London: 1878.

The Meditations of Descartes are worth translating again, for the only translations which have hitherto appeared, one in 1680, by William Molyneux, and another in 1853, published anonymously in Edinburgh, are both very scarce. The Introduction prefixed to the present translation gives a short sketch of the history of philosophy, ancient and modern. The memoir of Descartes is very interesting, but we should have been glad to have more details about his last illness and death.

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15. *Passing Away*: being the account of the last illness of my adopted child. Burns and Oates, 1878.

This little book is a tribute of admiring love to the memory of a most angelic girl, and it will be deeply interesting "to the many and dear friends of Dora." It is only fair to add that the narrative lingers long upon very minute details, which derive all their eventfulness from the solicitude of watchful friendship, and are somewhat thrown away upon an ordinary reader not privileged to know, except in print, the gentle girl, whose failing health and happy death find their record here.

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16. *A History of the United States of America.* For the use of schools. By John R. G. Hassard. New York Catholic Publication Society. 1878.

Although this is a school book, it has nothing forbidding in its appearance. The frequent portraits of distinguished men are useful as well as ornamental, and may be considered quite a happy device for assisting the memory of the youthful student. The history begins with Columbus and ends with the Electoral Commission of 1877.

17. *Life of Father Benvenuto Bambozzi, O.M.C.* By the Rev. Father Nicholas Treggiari, O.M.C., D.D. Translated from the Italian, with an appendix on the Holy House of Loreto, by a lay-tertiary of St. Francis. London: R. Washbourne, 1879.

A great number of miraculous cures, if we may trust eye-witnesses, were wrought both before and after death by this worthy son of St. Francis; but the characteristic lesson of his life is the sanctity of doing ordinary actions with extreme perfection. His example is, if we may be permitted to say such a thing, almost the example of his great patron, St. Joseph à Cupertino, brought within the reach of imitation. Like him, he had not naturally great talents, but like him he had a treasure beyond all intellectual endowments, the "out and out" will by which saints are saints. He worked hard, he courted humiliation, and he subdued every movement of anger with a *Viva Maria*. "Do this," we might say even to our own weak selves, "and thou shalt live." To be active in good works, to bear and forbear—this is consummate sanctity, and who shall say it is beyond his power?

Father Benvenuto is one of the latest of the saints, for his happy death took place on the 4th of March, 1875. He was born in 1809, of poor parents, at Osimo, was received to the novitiate of the Minors Conventual in 1832, and made Master of Novices in 1844. One little incident will show his character. In the discharge of his duty as Vicar of the Holy Office, a burthen which was laid on his shoulders when he was Superior of the Convent of Santa Vittoria di Fratte Rosee, he had administered a severe reprimand to a public blasphemer. The man caught him a few days afterwards on his way to visit the sick, and beat him severely, then ran away and hid himself. Father Benvenuto, though badly injured, dragged himself forward, begged pardon for being late, and breathed not a syllable to any one about his mishap. The poor sinful wretch could not understand how it was possible to maltreat an Inquisitor and not hear more about it; but no one came to look for him; and when at last he emerged from his hiding-place, no one treated him in any way differently from before. The truth was clear to him, and he felt a wholesome shame. Yielding to the impulse of grace, he begged Father Benvenuto's pardon and made his peace with God.

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18. *The Elements of Intellectual Philosophy.* By Rev. J. de Concilio. New York: Sadleir.

Intellectual as well as Moral Philosophy will to a certain extent endure more popular treatment than is usually bestowed upon it. We cordially agree with the learned author of this useful treatise that it is not desirable to make a difficult subject more difficult, and a dry study less inviting, by presenting it to the young inquirer in a dead language; but we think it is also true, that no charms of style, except the first and chiefest, the *lucidus ordo*, will make either a metaphysical argument or a

mathematical law, pleasant reading to young men who do not love the thought for the sake of the thinking. Wherever it is possible without sacrifice of significance to use a homely word it is reasonable to do so, and an elementary treatise should not be encumbered with Greek derivatives, but if any one after reading *The Elements of Intellectual Philosophy* desires to take a deeper plunge he will find that long words are in the present state of our language a necessary evil. Ordinary English is scarcely more adapted, than Cicero's Latin was, to convey all the subtle shades of definition.

Our author's method is well adapted to his present purpose, and he has shown good taste and judgment in reducing principle to practice. The arrangement of his matter is clear, his explanations are simple, and his declared preference for Anglo-Saxon words, is not allowed to interfere to the injury of the meaning.

As long as the advocates of a more popular style in works of philosophy keep within these limits their views will be found practically useful; but that which is desirable in elementary treatises seems to us, if desirable, neither possible nor very important in the deeper depths of ontology.

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19. *A Housewife's Opinions.* By Augusta Webster. Macmillan, 1879.

Although we willingly admit that there is no literary "impertinence" in collecting into a book a series of little colloquial essays contributed week by week to the *Examiner*, yet newspapers are newspapers, books are books, and the epistolary style is not more removed from the dignity of history than the "fast" writing intended to receive the light attention of a passing glance from serious composition meant to be read a second time. There is in these particular gossipings a fair amount of thought, but the language admirably adapted by a certain flippant fluency to the circumstances of the first appearance does not meet so well the requirements of the second. The essays are of very unequal value, ranging from the somewhat childish "Saint Opportune" to the well-reasoned dissertation on "Domestic Service." It is no fault of the writer that the shortness of each paper, rendered necessary by the purpose for which it was in the first instance prepared, makes it almost impossible to deal profoundly with any subject, even if it had been thought desirable to do so. The book is sensible but much too diffuse.

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20. *Horic Sacra seu Sacerdos Sanctificatus.* Auctore Georgio J. Gowing, D.D., P.P. Burns et Oates, Londini.

We have in this little book a compendium of Latin prayers for the use of clerics, and particularly of priests. But besides being a *Libellus Precum* it contains a series of meditations, followed by reflections on the

attributes of God. Then acts of preparation for confession and for saying Mass, devotions to the Blessed Sacrament, and a method of preparing for death, make up the rest of the volume, with the exception of a concluding section, which concerns the virtues and duties of the priestly character and office. The works made use of by the compiler seem such as are thoroughly known and approved, and in their present shape form an exceedingly useful *vade mecum*, while the miscellaneous instructions under the last heading manifest both prudence and experience.

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21. *The Life of Sister Jeanne Bénigne Gojos*, Lay-sister of the Visitation of Holy Mary. By Mother Marie Geltrude Provane de Leyni. London: Burns and Oates, 1878.

This Life is published from a manuscript found thirty years ago in the library of the Convent of the Visitation at Turin, in the handwriting of Mother Provane de Leyni, arranged and ready for printing when circumstances should permit. The Preface tells in simple language, "suited to a daughter of the Visitation," the beautiful story of how the book came into existence. It was written during the life of the holy sister whose virtues it recounts, and we see at once that it was, in the author's eyes, a sacred action and a solemn duty. Sister Bénigne had been ordered by our Lord to keep written notes of all the supernatural favours which she received, and in due time she was ordered by her Superior, under strict obedience, to confide all her secrets to Mother de Leyni, who was similarly commanded to record them. One of the first secrets communicated to the Mother thus charged with authorship, was an assurance from our Lord that the task was of His imposing. Mother de Leyni prepared herself for it during the whole of Advent, and then poor Sister Bénigne was compelled to make the self-revelation. Such a book seems almost outside the sphere of literary criticism. It is written with admirable simplicity.

Jeanne Gojos was born in the year 1615, at a little village in the diocese of Geneva. Her parents were both of good condition, and were much given to the practice of works of mercy. Jeanne's first words were, "I want to be a saint." She received by her grandfather's care a better education than her sisters, and her head was a little turned by the attentions of which she was in consequence the object, so that she was ashamed to walk in the public processions with girls less well dressed than herself. Her vanity at this period could not have been very extravagant, for she was a universal favourite; but it sufficed to make her forget for a little time her resolution to be a saint. The mischief went no further, and the loss of fervour was not of long duration. On the thirteenth anniversary of the death of St. Francis de Sales, she entered the Convent of the Visitation at Annecy as a postulant, and from that day seemed dead to the world and self. St. Jane Frances de Chantal was not slow to discover what a treasure God had sent to them



in this child of grace. Sister Bénigne spent a long life in religion, ever faithful to her early promise, and died in 1692, at the age of seventy-seven.

The book is divided into three parts, of which the first describes Sister Bénigne's active life, the second her contemplative life or "interior state," the third the special graces which she received at various times, and which she herself used to call "fragments of the rich gifts of God."

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22. *Cathedra Petri*: the Titles and Prerogatives of St. Peter and of his See and Successors, as described by the early Fathers, ecclesiastical writers, and Councils of the Church. By Charles F. B. Allnatt. Second Edition, revised and much enlarged. London: Burns and Oates, 1879.

Very few of those who speak in bitter terms about the "Papal usurpation," have given serious attention to patristic evidence. It is hard to find time in the pressure of parochial duties to sit down and go patiently through the amount of reading which a personal acquaintance with the writings of the Fathers presupposes. Since, however, it is impossible to prevent young Anglican clergymen from pretending to be as learned as they are zealous, it is right and proper to put within the reach of those whom their careless assertions mislead, the *ipsissima verba*, in which the Fathers *say* the exact opposite to that which they are often declared to mean. This cannot be done with satisfaction where many different subjects are brought forward in succession; but where, as in the compilation before us, a few cardinal and cognate questions are selected for illustration, the work can be done, as it has been done, well and thoroughly and very usefully. The omission of accents in the quotations from the Fathers of the Eastern Church is, in our judgment, a serious defect; because, reasonably or not, it does as a matter of fact offend the eye of a scholar, much as *Fonetik Nuz* is, and long let us hope may be, displeasing to readers of English.

## *Some Thoughts on International Morality.*

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IT is one of the most striking characteristics of the ordinary literature of the day, and especially of our newspapers and reviews, that the standard of the moral judgments most commonly to be found in it is a Pagan rather than a Christian standard. The natural virtues, as set forth in the best heathen moralists, are respected and admired, and any marked deviation from them is condemned ; but of the specially and distinctively Christian virtues we hear little ; they are not rejected, but are for the most part passed over in silence, as matters with which the ordinary run of men have little or no practical concern.

It is of course a grievous loss that in the current literature of a nation a standard of morality should be adopted, which is not the highest one attainable ; but with respect to private morality it may perhaps be said that this is for the most part the whole extent of the evil. The natural virtues are as much virtues to Christians as to other men, and in so far as any man practises them he is deserving of praise. A Catholic would, no doubt, have much to say upon this point, both as to the motive from which virtue is practised, and as to the higher degree to which even natural virtues are exalted under the Christian dispensation ; this is not, however, the question with which we are dealing now, and we therefore pass it by, and turn at once to the topic which we propose now to discuss, the results of adopting a Pagan, instead of a Christian, morality in regard to political questions. A very slight consideration of this subject will show us that Pagan and Christian ideas are here not distinct, but divergent. To the Pagan his own state, whether it was the city of the Greek with its narrow territorial limits, or the vast Empire of the Roman, ever extending its boundaries at the cost of others, was the highest aim of his earthly aspirations, often the only real object of his worship, and whatever tended to the exaltation of that state was not only justifiable, but just ; all men outside a

narrow circle were to him barbarians, who had no rights entitled to his consideration, and no claims whatever upon his justice ; his whole political morality was summed up in the cry of Cato: *Delenda est Carthago*—Carthage is the rival of Rome, therefore let Carthage be destroyed.

Now it cannot be denied that this idea has strong attractions for different descriptions of persons. It has great and obvious attractions for ambitious sovereigns or ministers, for it is easy in accordance with it to justify any aggression, and to defend any attack upon the rights of a weaker neighbour. It is only necessary to assert that the influence of a great empire ought to be paramount over the smaller states on its borders, or that a frontier requires improvement, and a resort to arms becomes legitimate, and any resistance on the part of a threatened people is regarded as obstinacy and insolence. This idea is also very attractive to the vulgar and rowdy elements, which exist in every country ; all those, who estimate the greatness of a nation by the size of its territory and the numbers of its population, are naturally delighted with it ; while those, who are accustomed to measure all questions by a low moral standard, imagine that they are taking rather an elevated view of public affairs, when they find themselves advocating an extension of the influence or the power of their country without any consideration of the morality of the means by which it is proposed to obtain it. But it would be both an inadequate and an unfair estimate of the motives, which often induce men to accept this theory, if we were to suppose that its supporters were to be found only among persons belonging to one or other of the two classes just referred to. There will always be men of a far higher character, who under certain circumstances and at certain times will be tempted to make the theory, which we are considering, their own. Few persons probably have taken an active part in public affairs for any considerable time, who, if they have not steadily taken the teachings of Christian morality as their guide on every political subject, have not felt the attraction of a doctrine, which gave them so comparatively simple a rule for guidance, as that, under which any course may be adopted with a clear conscience, which is held to be likely to increase the external greatness of their country. Many of the most complicated and perplexing questions in politics may thus be solved in a moment, and the statesman may enter upon the most unprovoked war

without a pang, and pursue the most tortuous diplomacy without a blush under the sheltering protection of this idea. But this is not all; there are many, alas, how many in these days, who have no real faith in things unseen, who either do not believe in God at all, or believe in Him so faintly and doubtfully as to leave earthly realities as the only practical realities to them. To such men to make a god of the state is to raise themselves to a higher level and to lift them out of the slough of mere individual selfishness, in which they might otherwise be plunged, and therefore when in political life they do deeds themselves, or support deeds in others, from the like of which they would shrink in private life, they often seem to themselves to be pursuing objects so high and unselfish as to justify the means used for their attainment; their standard of morality is not given them from above, but received by them from below, and they not unfrequently believe that if they violate in the supposed interest of their country moral rules, which they respect for themselves, they make an acceptable sacrifice on the altar of patriotism.

And yet more, if personal ambition, if the desire to possess authority and influence, are inducements so powerful with men of high intellect and great force of will as often to drown the voice of conscience and prompt them even to political crimes, how much more likely is it that such men will yield to the temptation to forget the claims of strict morality, when they can persuade themselves that they are animated by no selfish motive, but are actuated solely by a desire to promote the greatness of their country! To love our country with a passionate devotion is so high and noble a virtue, that the devil juggles with her name just as he does with that of wife or child, and it is often the greatest and in many respects the noblest men, whom he tempts the most successfully by brilliant visions of national glory into forgetfulness of that justice which alone really "exalteth a nation."

Such, then, are some of the reasons which give attraction to the Pagan view of political morality, and which seem to have a wide-spread influence at the present time. We have seen within the last thirty years a succession of rulers and statesmen, who have made this view the guide of their conduct. Of these Prince Bismarck is the ablest, as the Emperor Napoleon the Third was probably the most absolutely unaffected by moral considerations. To such men the end ever

justifies the means ; if they can satisfy the world that their end is a right one, they never seem even to suspect that it is necessary to defend the means which they use to attain it ; and to them increase of territory, security for their own country and insecurity for their neighbours, "natural" frontiers, national consolidation—any of these, or of a thousand other excuses, are sufficient to outweigh the ordinary considerations of justice and the rights of weaker rivals. It is not unfrequently greatly to the interest of men of this type, which for want of a better name it is the fashion to call the Imperial type, to take up this theory. Able, as they may be and often undoubtedly are, in the contests of diplomacy or in war, they frequently display that sort of incapacity for internal government, which seems to characterize Prince Bismarck, and it is therefore very natural that they should desire to turn aside the attention of their countrymen from their internal affairs to the pursuit of vast schemes of external aggrandizement.

But the doctrine which we are criticizing is not confined to rulers and statesmen such as these. It is widely prevalent among the people of most European countries, it is preached in the Press, defended by political essayists, and often assumed to be undeniable. For a long time we heard little of it in England, except to be condemned ; it is essentially of foreign growth, and took no root at first in our soil, but of late a change has occurred in this respect, and it is now considered enough, in too many quarters, to say that such and such measures are required to increase the influence of a country, or to give additional security against possible future dangers, in order to cause all doubts or questionings as to their justice or morality to be ridiculed as the follies of weak-minded and contemptible persons. Let us take a few examples of the sort of thing we mean. The independence of a small republic is guaranteed by a European Congress, but its freedom is obnoxious to its powerful neighbours, and it is annexed without a scruple. The circumstances of a particular moment are such as to enable a Government to repudiate an irksome engagement solemnly entered into—to hesitate to seize the fleeting opportunity would be a weakness unworthy of a bold and spirited statesman, and the deed is done. The frontier of a State is supposed to be capable of improvement, military men are found to say, often probably very truly, that in a scientific point of view, it would be better to secure a different

line ; but the territory of a neighbour comes in inconveniently, and, therefore, to pause in consideration for his rights, and from a respect for his independence, is treated as an imbecility, if not a treason, unworthy of a lover of his country. These things are sometimes said openly ; but the more common course is to pass by altogether all considerations of right and wrong, to assert the State necessity, and then assume that no more can be said. Many no doubt will be found to approve of this method of reasoning in the case of their own country, who would be very much astonished if they were called upon to accept it with equal readiness in other cases. Let us take an instance. There is probably no territorial boundary which is so utterly inconsistent with the requirements of a scientific frontier as that which gives the Trentino to Austria, and places one of the most important keys of Italy in her hands. But how many of those who talk glibly of the theories of military science when their own national interests are supposed to be concerned, would be ready to applaud the "Italia Irredenta" Societies in applying them to the seizure of the upper valley of the Adige ; but what is a good argument for one nation is a good argument for another, and if men decline to apply to their neighbours' case the principle upon which they act in their own, there is strong ground for suspecting that the principle is wrong.

But however well such theories were suited to Pagan nations and Pagan politicians, they can never constitute the political ideal of Catholics, or of Christians of any kind. The Latin proverb runs, *Salus populi suprema lex*, but though the saying may be accepted if it is taken only to mean that when the safety of the nation comes into conflict with the interest of the individual the latter must give way, its truth in an absolute sense cannot be admitted by any Christian, because for him there can be but one supreme law, the Law of God. To obey His Law, to do His will, is the one end of man, whether of man as an individual, or of nations of men collectively ; and all lower ends, all earthly advantages, influence, power, wealth, though in their proper places they may be lawful objects of pursuit, are each and all of them strictly subordinate and not supreme. The Christian ideal of civil Government must surely be the promotion of the highest well-being of the people, but even this great end is not to be pursued without regard to the claims of others, and a Christian nation ought

ever to be distinguished by its scrupulous respect for the rights of its neighbours, and its just consideration of their interests. It is the fashion now-a-days with many persons, either openly or by insinuation, to denounce those who govern their political conduct by such principles as these as unpatriotic. Such a charge deserves no lengthened refutation; it is a coarse calumny, which is sufficiently answered by pointing out that the true patriot does not regard his country as a tawdry mistress to be supplied at any cost, and by any means, with gaudy jewels, but as a dear wife, whose untarnished reputation is more precious than life itself, for whom he would joyfully make every sacrifice but that of duty, but to whom he would ever say, slightly altering the words of the cavalier poet to his lady love,

I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not *justice* more.

For the Christian's patriotism is wider than the Pagan's; he rejoices to see his country great, and powerful, and respected, and he would spend himself in all ways to make her so; but above all things he desires that she should be famous in the world for her love of justice, and for her strict good faith. And how can one who believes in God's providential government of the world desire anything else for his country? Can he doubt that national sins bring down national judgments? They may come sooner, or they may come later; they may be patent to all men, as the lightning flashing across the sky, or they may be hard to trace by our imperfect vision; but they are sure. The misdeeds of Warren Hastings may seem to go unpunished for near a century; but an Indian mutiny comes at last to avenge them, and others like them, with an awful severity. Or, on the other hand, the retribution may follow swiftly on the offence; three short years sufficed for the purpose in the case of the first Afghan War, of which Sir John Kaye writes in his eloquent history<sup>1</sup>—

In the pages of a heathen writer, over such a story as this would be cast the shadow of a tremendous Nemesis. The Christian historian uses other words, but the same prevailing idea runs, like a great river, through his narrative; and the reader recognizes the one great truth, that the wisdom of our statesman is but foolishness, and the might of our armies is but weakness, when the curse of God is sitting heavily upon an unholy cause.

<sup>1</sup> Kaye's *War in Afghanistan*, vol. ii. p. 390.

To put, then, considerations of right before considerations of policy, to consider what is due to others as well as what is due to ourselves, is not the folly that it seems to many; it is that higher wisdom which has learnt that which in truth is the first of political lessons, that material force is of all the powers that move the world the weakest in the long run, and that the solid foundations of enduring prosperity can be laid in justice alone.

But there is a subtler, if not a sounder form, which is sometimes given to the doctrine, which we are discussing, and which it will now be right to consider. It is said that a great nation, possessed of wide-spread dominions and ruling over many subject races will inevitably fall from her high position in the world, as soon as she ceases to extend the sphere of her influence. The idea may be plausible; but a close examination of it will show that it is as unsound politically as it is morally. We are dealing here chiefly with moral considerations, but we may perhaps be permitted for a moment to allude to one or two of the political objections to which this doctrine is liable.

In the first place many persons will be found to doubt whether large nations are the happiest, or enjoy the most wide-spread general well-being; that there are points in which smaller nations have the advantage over larger ones will scarcely be contested, and that the real happiness of a people increases with every increase of its territory is unquestionably untrue. Indeed, all history teaches us that the overgrowth of an empire is the almost inevitable precursor of its fall. More nations have died of plethora than of atrophy, and it is as possible to overtax the powers and energies of a great people as it is those of a great man. In this, as in all things in human life, the truest wisdom is to look only to the path of duty, it is a happy and undoubted truth that

Not once or twice in our fair island story  
The path of duty was the way to glory,

but in these cases our aim was to do our duty, and the glory which followed was the reward which God gave to us over and above. This surely is the true English ideal to be cherished by us as a noble principle bequeathed for our guidance by our great forerunners, from Alfred, our model King, to Wellington, our model soldier, and not to be cast aside for any showy dream of material glory of the Napoleonic type. Neither is it safe to suppose that we can nourish such a spirit in regard to



our external conduct and that it will bear no fruit at home. The *coup d'état* lies very close to the *raison d'état* and more than once in history have nations bartered away their freedom for military renown. If a people is willing to encourage its rulers to disregard law and right in their dealings with other nations, they must not be surprised if those rulers begin to extend the practice to internal affairs. A strict respect for law and constitutional obligations, a desire to consult the nation on its own business even at the risk of delay and opposition, is seldom found in statesmen of the Bismarck stamp, the lovers of a "grand policy" are impatient of control, and, if they cannot bear down their opponents with the cynical frankness of the Prussian Chancellor, are apt to take refuge, first in concealment and then in lawlessness from criticism, which they find troublesome; once relieve them from the wholesome restraints of moderation and considerateness in their external dealings, and they will be pretty sure to treat their own countrymen before long as they have been encouraged to treat the foreigner. The miserable spectacle of the German "National Liberals" in the hands of Prince Bismarck is a warning for all time.

Let us look now at the moral aspects of the matter. What aggression is there which this theory would not justify? What better defence could those desire whose object it has been to convert Rome from the spiritual Capital of the World into the temporal Capital of a single Kingdom? If Prince Bismarck covets Holland, or France should desire to annex Belgium, here is a choice argument ready to their hands. Really, those who employ such reasoning should remember that it can be used by others as well as by themselves, and should look a little beyond the exigencies of the moment before they commit themselves to doctrines, against the application of which by others they would be the first to cry out. But it is not only because they may furnish dangerous weapons to other countries that these notions are to be condemned; their prevalence has a directly demoralizing effect upon any nation in which they are rife; they tend to weaken the sense of right and wrong, and we may be very sure that if that be done in regard to political matters, the mischief will spread to other matters also, and will tend to engender a low and vulgar tone of thought, deeply injurious to the national character. Chauvinism is a fungus of rapid growth, spreading its poison far and wide.

If this view of the theories which have now a certain prevalence among us be true, surely Catholics, above all other men, ought to reject and resist them. Nothing can be clearer than that it is greatly to their interest to do so ; they have everything to lose and nothing to gain by aggression ; they have in these days no commanding influence with the Governments of the world ; their only hope of preserving freedom for the Church, and a just regard for her independence, lies in the maintenance of a strong general love of justice and a scrupulous respect for the rights of others. The recent history of Germany warns us that the same overweening spirit, which attacked weak Denmark and did its best to crush prostrate France, is ready at a moment's notice to oppress the Catholic Church ; the revival of Pagan views of the position and claims of the State is at the present time her greatest political danger. It would, however, be contrary to the spirit of the whole of the preceding argument if we were to rest our appeal to Catholics in favour of the views which we have been setting forth upon the ground of interest alone ; our claim is a far higher one—it is the claim of duty. The ultimate standard of judgment for a Catholic, in politics as in all other affairs of human life, must always be a moral standard ; for him at all events there surely cannot be two moralities, one for private and one for public affairs. God's law is the same for all, for the Sovereign or the Statesman as for the humblest dweller in the land ; and that law, which prescribes scrupulous justice between man and man, prescribes it no less between nation and nation. Those to whom this is an elementary truth, will naturally give special evidence in their conduct on political questions of their being ever guided by it, and will be remarkable among other men for the high moral tone of their judgments on such matters. They will show that they detest any theory by which men persuade themselves that they may do evil that good may come, and they will repudiate with indignation the notion that for any material end whatever it can ever be lawful or wise to disregard the claims of others, or to trample upon their rights. Catholics in this, as in other countries, differ, and ever will differ, upon many a political question, but they will always recognize that all such questions, so far as they involve moral considerations, must be brought to the test of the one moral law which God has given to man ; and judging by that law, they will on every occasion ask themselves first, not whether any course of policy

will extend our territory, or enlarge our influence, or add to that "prestige" of which we hear so often now-a-days, but for which the English language provides no word, but whether it is founded on justice, is regardful of the rights of others, and will increase that reputation for good faith which is at once the firmest security for our power, and the best preservative of our greatness.

RIPON.

## *A Long Day in Norway.*

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### CHAPTER IV.

#### IN LAPLAND.

*Wednesday, July 17.*—So we have reached the North Cape in eight days from Bergen, including our frequent calls at stations and one whole day at Thronhjøm : and here we are in latitude  $71^{\circ} 13'$  N. and longitude  $25^{\circ} 50'$ .

Before we turn back, let us pause a moment to consider our position thus accurately defined, and what these terms imply. Our *latitude* shows that we are nearly twenty degrees north of London, that is to say, twenty degrees nearer the North Pole, and so more than half way from London to that undiscovered point. But what is more remarkable in its phenomena is our *longitude*. First, as it affects our time. We have moved rapidly eastward in our northern voyage. At Bergen we were five degrees east of Greenwich, at Thronhjøm ten, near the Lofóden Islands fifteen, at Tromsøe twenty, and at the North Cape nearly twenty-six. Now, as every five degrees eastward makes a difference of twenty minutes in the local time, our clock had to undergo many corrections that made great confusion in our orderly habits, which of course had to be regulated by clock-work. We were voyaging to meet the sun, and so in these last three days we have gained twenty minutes a day, and have added nearly one hour to our time.

Indeed, in these extreme northern regions it is much easier and shorter work to gain time in this way, by sailing east, than it would be nearer home, and for this simple reason : the degrees of longitude grow shorter as the traveller increases his latitude, and yet fifteen degrees make a difference of one hour, be those degrees long or short. The great circle which sweeps around the Equator is divided into three hundred and sixty degrees, and so is each one of the lesser circles parallel to the Equator, which of course diminish in circumference as they

approach the Poles, until the ultimate circle at either Pole is contracted into a mere point. Thus it is that a degree in longitude grows shorter as each circle of longitude grows less, and so it comes to pass that here, at the North Cape, a degree is but twenty-two miles, while at the Equator it is more than four times as great. So were we now resolved upon a voyage round the world, we might turn off in the *Jonas Lie*, rounding the North Cape, strike eastwards, and travelling less than double the number of miles that this our Norwegian tour covers, might find ourselves once more at the same point, but coming in upon it from the west, having completed the whole circle in a voyage of about eight thousand miles.

And did we make the attempt, we might be surprised to find how very far north we indeed are. Iceland would be found south of us, and Greenland itself but half ahead; the great passages which have grown so familiar to us by records of Polar expeditions, Bhering's and Davis' Straits, would be crossed in their northern extremities; Baffin's Bay would be but a portion of our direct route, while Boothia Felix and the magnetic North Pole itself would be as it were a station in our way, not one degree further north.

So our voyage would be interrupted by land, and sledges would have to take the place of the good ship at certain points, as they would have to do here in Norway at certain seasons; but directly measured, the distance round the world in this latitude would be as short as we have said: and this gives us an idea, perhaps as clear as any that we can form, of the position and the characteristics of this strange North Cape.

And now the time has come for us to begin to retrace our steps. We take one farewell look at the great Cape we came so far to see, and we gaze, it may be with longing eyes, upon the vast expanse of ocean which is spread before us, and towards that undiscovered land which veils itself in eternal ice and snow, and still defies all efforts of stout hearts and scientific skill to penetrate its mysteries. The watching and fishing have brought us prolonged sleep, and when we rise—on

*Thursday, July 18*—we find the ship at a station in a cosy harbour, loading itself with stock-fish. We have already mentioned the simple process of drying which the poles and lines at the Lofóden suggested, and here we have around us boatloads of the dried cod-fish, which are being tossed on board and stowed away in the hold, as light and bulky and so as undesirable

a cargo as could well be imagined for a ship which may have to rough it in the broad Vest Fjord, and which needs much weight to steady it in those wild waters. The cod, when tied in pairs and hung up to dry, shrink to less than half their size and to much less than half their weight. Then they are piled up in stacks or heaped in warehouses until the *Jonas Lie*, as now, calls for them. We take four thousand on board, and stow them carefully away. We are told that they are carried to Italy or Spain, and sold at the rate of twopence a pound. They require to be soaked for two days to soften them, for now they are so hard and rough that the Laplanders who bring them on board have to wear stout gloves to protect their hands from cuts. When soaked they swell out again to their original size, and so reduce their original price one half; and being unsalted, the purchaser gets fish and not salt for his money.

But if the stock-fish does not bring salt, it fetches it: that is to say, salt for the herring trade is purchased in Italy and Spain in exchange for the fish. So these southern countries export salt and import fish, and Norway does the reverse, and exports fish and imports salt.

But, say we, why not extract salt from the Arctic Ocean, and get your salt where you get your fish? The reply is, that the waters of the Arctic Ocean are not salt enough to repay evaporation, and thus reciprocity is encouraged. The weather grows cold, showery, and gloomy, but brightens up as we once more arrive at Hammerfest.

And now we take a longer stroll than on our first visit. We know enough of this *Ultima Thule* to hurry through its fishy streets and breathe as little as possible of its rancid air. A broad up-climbing road leads us into the bright and pleasant country, and very refreshing it is alike to mind and body after the confinement of shipboard. Soon we come on a pretty little lake, with a charming villa residence in the midst of a bright garden. The lake is fed by a noisy stream which the overhanging snowy mountains bountifully provide. Down it comes tumbling in bold and graceful leaps, which win us on from point to point until we have explored seven good falls and cascades innumerable. But, alas! thoughts of supper draw us homewards, which is of course shipwards, with more than usually good appetites; for, to tell the truth, a rough sea had spoilt, if not the dinner, at least our appreciation of it, and so we hasten on board at half-past seven only to find the desired meal postponed

until half-past nine! But there is some consolation in store. We are now steaming westwards, and so the clock has to be put on, and not back as of late; and taking the local time of Hammerfest, we find the two hours of waiting reduced to one.

The ship seems to smell just now worse than Hammerfest itself. We had before symptoms of the climax which has now been reached; but we comfort ourselves with the knowledge that when things have come to the worst they will mend. And if the stale fish which is the cause of this will not and cannot themselves grow fresh and pleasant, they are at any rate taking their departure, and making that departure felt. But in justice to all concerned, we are bound to say that the state of affairs is as exceptional as it is unpleasant.

It seems that "once upon a time" a load of herrings was shipped at Hammerfest for Christiania which, on its arrival, was pronounced to be unfit for the usual market; so it was returned, and we were the unfortunate bearers of this unsavoury load. We had not time to discharge it on our first visit, and so we carried it to the North Cape, not, as might be supposed, to throw it overboard and give it to the fishes, as London does with its sewage at Barking. No such waste was contemplated: it is brought back to Hammerfest to be sold for another market, where the stale fish, having gone an extra voyage, like East India Madeira, would be more highly esteemed for its increased pungency; and there, sure enough, are the customers waiting for them: two Russian frigates are in harbour, expecting this foul smelling freight, or, as they consider, this dainty cargo. We laughed incredulously when, on asking what could be done with such things, we were answered, "Sell them, of course, to the Russians:" but truth is stranger than fiction, and so we content ourselves with making a note of it. Any how, we get rid of our annoyance, and let us hope the Russians profit by it also. It seems to be a recognized principle in Norway that anything will do for a Russian; that a foul thing, like one of these herrings, sandwiched between his black bread is a relish for him, nothing less rank tickling his palate. The subject from a politico-economical point of view might be interesting to follow out, but it could not be made a pleasant one.

At midnight we steam again out of Hammerfest, but there are clouds in the sky, and as we cannot see the midnight sun, we go grumbling to bed about one o'clock in the morning. Sleep is broken by the pitching, tossing, and rolling of the vessel,

which is now light as a cork and as playful on the waters, and so it comes to pass that we absolutely regret the departure of our old companions the Russian herrings, which at least steadied us when as now in the rough open sea. About seven o'clock we get once more under shelter, and get up also in a pleasant bay, and grow accordantly bright and cheerful in the brisk morning air. We are taking in stock-fish, and when that is done, which happens just about breakfast-time, out we go again into the open, and tumble about as of old. The bell rings in vain ; only four take their places at the table, where the plates and dishes are stowed away in small high-sided compartments, and into which one has to make a dive to secure anything that may be ventured upon. Prudent people delay until the protecting mountains once more shut us in, and we can breakfast without danger of nursing the hot dishes in our laps or driving the forks—or for some of us the knives—down our throats in the sudden lurches.

The day is again showery and cold ; but with intervals of sunshine which brightens up the green foreground into brilliant contrast with the filmy vapours that hang about the glaciers and black volcanic mountains, clothing them with a mystic beauty which enhances not a little their natural grandeur. Some of these glaciers are very fine. One we have just now passed, which occupies the centre of an outbending curve that skirts at once our way and the broad Lungen Fjord which branches from it, is wonderful in its serrated surface and deep innumerable crevices. From a distance it looks as though its lines were traced by a needle point, so thick do they lie together, and yet so distinct are they in their contortions. Again we are anxious for a bright midnight, and again we are disappointed. The clouds cover the sky, the air is cold and raw, freezing but not bracing, and we cast anchor at Tromsøe for the night. Some go ashore to purchase reindeer skins, Lap-boots, and such like ; but all are in bed in good time, for there is nothing to keep one up, and much is hoped for to-morrow.

*Saturday, July 20.*—The morning is bright, though with mists high up the mountains. Tromsøe looks cheerful from the deck ; the sea in which we lie at anchor is so shut in on all sides by lofty mountains, that it has all the characteristics of a lake. On one side lies Tromsøe ; on the other the valley we are about to explore, in which the Laplanders are encamped, while each end of the salt lake is closed by a lofty range of snowy moun-



tains so clustered that in each case the highest of the group stands sentinel just where the waters lave its base. Beautiful as the effect is in nature, it would be judged too artificial if seen in a picture; for nature deals more boldly with groupings than artists can venture to do, and contents herself with simple features which will not satisfy in the efforts of the painter. And while we look around we are not a little puzzled to determine on which side is the mainland, until we remember the name of the city, and that *œ* is the Norse for island, and so conclude that Tromsøe, the island of Trom, is not on the mainland. And thus we understand why, when we embark in the small boats, we make for the shore opposite Tromsøe, and land at the entrance of a glen, the Tromsdal, up which the Laps we met here before told us they were encamped. Strictly speaking we should call the glen Tromsdalen, which means 'the Glen of Trom: *s* being the sign of the possessive case, and *en* the definite article which is added to the end of the word. And now that we have aired our little knowledge of Norse, we will jump ashore and begin our first expedition in Lapland.

Yes, we are in Lapland: somewhat it must be confessed to our own surprise, for we had vague notions that that country was somewhere in Russia, and always buried in snow and traversed only in sledges. And so we had concluded that the Laps we were about to visit were only some wanderers who had been brought into these parts to be exhibited, as Chinese or Red Indians might be collected together in London. But it is not so; these Laplanders belong to Norway, as others do to Russia; Lapland spreading into both kingdoms: and though our friends are migratory, like all their race, they have their summer quarters here and their winter dwellings elsewhere, just like fashionable people at home with their town and country houses.

Seen from our vessel, Tromsdalen is picturesque, wooded, and grassy in its depths, and of course duly shut in by the black, volcanic mountains which form the constant background to our daily pictures. The rain of last night must have made the grass wet and unpleasant, and so we in our wisdom equip ourselves for the Lapland expedition in waterproof coats and leggings, and arm ourselves with stout umbrellas which may do duty for alpenstocks, which are here unknown. But as soon as we touch the shore we find an excellent gravel path before us: a royal road it seems, made for King Oscar on his recent visit;

and so our preparations for "roughing it" are needless, and would seemingly be as much required in a well-kept park at home. So we advance to the camp, which we were told is "just in shore"—but this means, we find, a walk of an hour and a half.

But the promising gravel walk fails before long in its performance. Up and down and round about is our way, for King Oscar's path proves to be much out of order, and frequent swamps have rendered it worse than useless; for it beguiles us from the drier upland into quagmires, over which the ladies, not to say the gentlemen, of our party find the navigation intricate and dangerous enough for boots and shoes. However, in due time we see the smoke of the camp-fires, and high above, on the mountain-side, the reindeer are trooping down in a noble herd under the driving and shouting of Laps old and young. Their route is towards the deer pen or fold, which is a large circular inclosure formed of poles and palings, with a wide opening, into which about two hundred are entering when we arrive, under the leadership of the monarch of the herd. Gaunt, ragged creatures are they, and seen to least advantage just now when they are shedding their fur. Very inferior do they seem in form, colour, and condition to our English deer. And as they move about restlessly in their pen, they utter a grunting noise and rattle and crack their joints in a manner that would lead a mere listener to question whether they were a herd of swine or a huge bundle of breaking fagots. Their antlers are fine, and have the peculiarity of two branches projecting forwards at right angles to and just at the roots of the upper ones. An active young Lap near us—for we are all together, tourists, Laps, and reindeer, in the inclosure—lassoes a young fawn, pulls it in, or rather we should say holds it still while he works himself in, hand over hand, up the rope; whereupon another child seizes the animal's hind legs, and between them the two boys manage, with much struggling on all sides, to throw down the fawn and cut a piece out of one of its ears. This is no act of wanton cruelty, but a sort of branding by which the ownership of the animal is marked.

Leaving the fold, we turn towards the human habitations. These consist of two or three residences, and a kind of half-roofed out-house in which things not in use are stored. This last is simply an erection of branches of trees with a covering thrown loosely over it. But the dwellings are much more substantial. These are not tents, but huts, built in circular form

of poles and turf, of very substantial construction, which probably last for years, as the Laps return to the same glen every summer. The entrance is not very low nor small; we stoop, but do not crawl in. The roof rises from the walls to the centre, in which is a hole for the smoke to work its way out, which it does leisurely enough when it gets tired of lingering about the walls. The fire is in the middle of the hut, and when we enter we find an old Lap crone cooking something; nothing diabolical or mystical, but good honest coffee, which diffuses a fragrant and not unnecessary perfume throughout the dimly lighted chamber. A prettier, if not more picturesque, group than the ancient crone and her surroundings, consists of a young mother with a baby in her lap and a small child nestling behind her and peeping out half timid and half coquettish at the strangers. One would expect that with the children she would have her hands full; but no, she is twisting reindeer sinews into a kind of thread with her hands and teeth. Baby is clean and friendly, looking out of its large bright eyes and responding with a cheerful crow to a pat on the cheek; the other child pretends to be shy, but we soon make friends with the offer of a sweetmeat. The floor is thickly strewn with rushes and small branches of fir—like Queen Elizabeth's chamber of state, and perhaps as clean—any how, the hut is neither stifling nor filthy, as guide-books had led us to expect it would be: and certainly dirtier cabins are to be found elsewhere. The days of barter have passed and gone. And so people who had brought glass beads and tinsel ornaments to give for furs were disappointed. The Laps are sharp traders, and require a fair price for their reindeer skins, boots, and carved spoons. These latter are primitive enough; indeed, they might pass for prehistoric productions, and be used to prove all kinds of things about the antiquity of man. They are of wood or reindeer bone, having handles rudely decorated with little semi-circular knobs on each side. The bowl itself has a rudimental reindeer scratched upon it. We saw exactly similar ones of great antiquity in the Museum at Christiania, so that herein at least there has been no development. There are about a dozen men and women in the camp, with no lack of boys and girls, and all are armed for trade and "eager for the fray." Their costume is very picturesque, and well contrasted in colours. The favourite Norwegian red is of course predominant. Their caps are really grand—at least those of the men—some-what like stage crowns, and stuffed out to large dimensions with

eider down. In the midst of these primitive people, and their wild surroundings, who should suddenly turn up but a photographer! So we called in the aid of science, and grouped all together, not omitting a venerable reindeer, for a picture which is to follow us home and recall to memory this strange old-world scene.

After many purchases, duly legalized by a shake of the hand—which is the Norwegian method of expressing satisfaction—we set out on our way home to the *Jonas Lie*. Very pleasant is this walk back out of Tromsdalen; for now the *fjord* opens before us and forms the sparkling background of many a well wooded picture in this narrow mountain glen. As we draw nearer the shore the sunshine brightens up the snowy mountains and brings out beautifully the tints both of rock and verdure. When we lie down upon the heights at the mouth of the glen, where it opens out and suddenly drops down to the water, the lake-like form of the *fjord* is complete. The lower (but not low) heights slope down on both banks until they die out beneath the bold cross ranges which rise where they sink lowest, until these mid-distances attain their highest sweep, while, shut in between and beneath, the placid waters glitter and dimple in the greenest beauty.

We return on board about three o'clock, in excellent order for dinner, after the unusual walk of many miles in Lapland. Before we steam away from Tromsøe we have to take farewell of two of our fellow-travellers, the distinguished Professor and a young Russian officer, who leave us for an expedition of a far different character from the easy one we are now concluding. Two frigates, the *Vega* and the *Lena*, destined for this voyage, lie beside us, and we wish them success in their scientific work which our friend the Professor is to record.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "The *Gothenburg Handels Tidning* (of October 16th, 1878) contains a telegram from Irkutsk, addressed to Mr. Oscar Dickson by Professor Nordenskjöld, announcing that he had reached the mouth of the *Lena* on August 27th, after having passed Cape Chelyuskin, without meeting with any noteworthy obstacle from ice, and that the voyage would be continued toward Behring's Straits with the highest hopes of success. News has also arrived that the *Lena*, a small steamer which accompanied the *Vega*, has ascended the river of the same name, having arrived at the town of Yakutsk on September 22nd" (*Nature*, October 24th, 1878). Letters have since been received from Professor Nordenskjöld, giving more details of his scientific investigations. However, we hear that "there is scarcely any hope now that the voyage will be completed before next summer;" but with such distinguished men on board, we may be sure the delay will be turned to good scientific account. The latest news is that intelligence has been received that Nordenskjöld is wintering forty miles north of Cape East in Behring's Straits.

The night brings on the usual fever about the midnight sun ; and though mists are abundant and our way lies for hours amid narrow *fjords* and lofty ice-clad mountains, we still "hope against hope." Masses of grey vapour roll low down in the north—which it must be remembered is for the sun both our east and west—but about eleven o'clock a break in the clouds shows us the sun in all its splendour, and then about midnight, and shortly before, the sky brightens up, fleecy clouds overhead palpitate with colour, and the brightness of day grows still more bright. There is a wide passage which evidently leads into the open sea, but our coasting duties send us into a small cove, where we ship many barrels of cod-liver oil. All hands work with a will : Soloman, our most renowned seaman, displays more than his usual tremendous energy ; and in half an hour we steam off—our kind captain varying his route by going outside instead of inside a large island, just to give us a chance ; but now it is some time past midnight, and the sun is once more rising, marking out his whereabouts by golden beams of light, himself unseen. So revelling in the brightness for a brief period, we retire to rest as usual in the small bright hours of morning.

*Sunday, July 21.*—Morning is hazy, with occasional showers. The captain says it will be fine, and the captain is, as usual, right. A fresh breeze springs up and affords us a new object of interest, which is not to be despised by people who are growing somewhat wearied of the monotony of a sea life. During the night—which of course means when we were asleep in the morning—four fishing-boats were taken aboard, and another, for which room could not conveniently be found, was taken in tow. This last for a long while affords us a painfully exciting spectacle. The sea grows choppy under the fresh breeze, and our steamer drags the seemingly frail boat violently through the waters, which threaten to overwhelm it. How wonderfully does this light, high-prowed, low-sided boat cut the waves and keep itself dry amid the heaving and splashing water. The men belonging to the boats we have taken on board keep an anxious and yet a proud eye upon their companions who man the struggling craft, and from time to time advise them in the use of the rudder. Once our pace is too fast for them, and they signal to us to slacken speed ; and not before it is needed is the signal given : but all goes well, and our fears pass into admiration. While we lie in a cove and take in cargo, we two, while the Protestant service is going on, take advantage of a vacant

hour, and go ashore in a diminutive, crazy, water-logged boat, which is rowed by one of the fishermen who had gone through the dangers and difficulties of the recent towing. A fine specimen is he of a Norwegian sailor: hardy, fair-haired, and open-browed, with muscle and play of limb which make the rickety little thing dash rapidly to the shore. We chronicle the name of the station, Koestnes, as it was our own in right of being the only passengers effecting a landing there.

It has the usual simple features of such a place. A quiet little cove, with a fish storehouse overhanging the water, a pretty red and white dwelling-house of wood in its little garden, and telegraph poles bringing the wire down to the shore, plunging it into the water to rise once more on the other shore, and thus connecting these out-lying stations with distant civilization. Here, however, there is no telegraph station, as there are very frequently, to enable us to send a message home from some comparatively unknown point in these out-lying arctic regions. Pleasant is it to stretch our limbs on the sandy shore, to climb its glacier-worn, rounded rocks, to pick up shells which, ordinary looking enough, have yet an interest in being from the Arctic Ocean, and to look around from the height we have gained upon the black and snowy mountains which tower in every variety of form on all sides; and then to look down upon our good ship which lies beneath us, sunning itself in the now tranquil waters.

And now we have once more to leave the mainland and make for the Lofóden Islands; and we feel somewhat nervous about the weather, for a fresh breeze again springs up, which however conveniently drops by dinner time. The evening comes on with rain and wind, and as the broad waters of the Vest Fjord have to be crossed and re-crossed, the prospect is bad enough. However, we are all abed before the tossing begins; but when at last it comes, the pitching and rolling are at times frightful; but no one in the saloon is sick, and so we manage to get through it well enough, with the only inconvenience of having to wrap tight in the red blankets, hold on to the curtain rail or to the berth-shelf, while books are flying about and clothes disporting themselves on the floor, as though we were in the dark chamber of the Davenport Brothers.

*Monday, July 22.*—Weather is still unsettled, the deck is sloppy with the cold showers, and people grumble, and are growing tired of one another and of the good ship itself.

We arrive at Bodoe about noon. It is a large place for this part of the world, and takes rank with Hammerfest and Tromsøe. Of course it is an island, as its final *oe* implies, and lies just inside the Salten Fjord. We were in bed and asleep when we called here on our outward voyage, and so we look upon it with some little interest, but not with enough to induce us to land, and await there, as some of the passengers do, the return of the *Jonas Lie* from a voyage up this celebrated *fjord*.

There is a long straggling street, with one or two shops and an hotel; and we who remain on board, watch the more adventurous, who land in a heavy rain and wander disconsolately on the cold shore or effect an entrance into a shop. The object in landing was to dine somewhere else, and escape the monotonous meal in our saloon if only for once. We envied them but little at the time, and still less in the end. So we remain on board, and steam some miles up the *fjord* to a fishing-station, where we discharge our five boats and their crews—for the fifth boat had to be taken aboard during the crossing to the Lofóden, while the storm raged last night. The position of this fishing-station is very picturesque. We wind our way “in and out and round about,” until at length we cast anchor close under a fine headland, whose sides are worn by storms and tempests into seeming paths and deep caverns. A peculiar feature which enhances much the colour effect, is the bright green coating of turf which covers every ledge to be found in the dark brown rock, picking out each feature of the cliffs with green lines, winding and curving in all directions. And down the headland thus exquisitely painted, and amid its abundant foliage, dash cascades innumerable; not one here and there, but everywhere a mass of broken and moving waters: a living veil which graces, but does not conceal, the beauty underneath. On the other sides of this almost circular bay, upon which we look when the good ship, swinging on its anchor, suddenly turns our back upon the headland, the scene is striking. The foreground is formed by low, rounded hills with much level ground, cultivated and built upon; behind are higher crests of barren white rocks, while nearly in continuous sweep our old familiar friends, the black, snowy, rugged mountains, close in the background.

In the midst of the bay lie barren rocks, just clear of the waters, and these are crowded with birds and their nests, sea-gulls and eider ducks. The birds here are very numerous just now, for the herring fishing is going on, and it is feeding-time all

day long with them. They are noisy too in their own queer way, mewing like cats, which seems in accord with the heavy, cold showers and the grim, grey clouds which at times obscure the finest part of this romantic spot. Our crew are hard at work, as indeed they almost always are; for they are lightermen and porters as well as sailors, and think nothing of toiling night and day when work of any kind has to be done, and doing all with a zeal and a goodwill which are most commendable. Just now they are loading us with barrels of cod-liver oil and of herrings, which latter are shipped almost as soon as caught. While we are here a haul is announced of three thousand barrel loads of herrings in a single net. But what a net it is! It took half an hour to lift an empty one on board a few days ago, when it was merely passed from a boat alongside.

We are so busy here that we do not start for Bodoë until eleven, when we are comfortably in bed. We pick up our friends about two o'clock in the morning, who had been expecting us for five hours. So we hug ourselves and our blankets in the warm saloon, and picture to ourselves the prolonged misery of those who have thus been kept waiting for hours with nothing to amuse them. We have some more tossing during the night: but we have now grown accustomed to be

Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

*Tuesday, July 23.*—Morning is bright and sunny, with a fresh and favourable breeze. Our visitors to Bodoë tell us that while we were up the Salten Fjord, the *Michael Krohn*, one of the companion ships of our *Jonas Lie*, came into the harbour with its screw broken, and two days behind time. The tourists on board expect to get up as high as Tromsø, but have little hope of reaching the North Cape; so we rejoice in our greater success. Some weeks later, however, we learn from persons who were aboard that they reached the North Cape, in fine weather, saw the midnight sun, and picniced on the top of the Cape itself. So they beat us in the end, at which of course we duly grieve.

The weather grows colder, with occasional showers, as we pass the Hestmandsøe (Horseman's Island), and try once more to recognize the figure of a horseman swimming his horse through the waves, whence the island derives its name. We write this in the saloon during a shower, but hasten again on deck to take our last view of the Arctic Ocean and the glorious



scenery which accumulates its varied attractions just at this point, as though it would leave in our minds an abiding impression, and so bring its chief features into view to bid us a last farewell. Indeed, such scenes as we have day after day passed through and lingered amongst here, can never fade from our minds. They grow into the memory, and paint their own pictures there ; pictures of which we have seen the like nowhere else, and in colours which none but an arctic summer can furnish. Coast scenery, wild beyond expression, glaciers of enormous extent, mountains heaped on mountains in the maddest confusion, and all lighted up with colours which Turner alone could understand, and which even his bold pencil failed to realize. Who could forget such scenes as these, which none but those who have seen them can believe to exist ? Ten days ago we crossed the Arctic Circle in brightest sunshine and calmest waters, and now we recross it in gloom and rain ; so have we seen these mysterious regions under much variety of light and colour. It is well to do so ; for scenery like this will bear any change, and comes out with new and peculiar characteristics under each kind of weather. The grandeur of outline is ever there ; but details owe much of their effect to the light and conditions of atmosphere under which they are seen. A bright sun and glowing sky will light up mountains and glaciers with an intensity of colour which reflects and seems to rival their own, and the mind rests satisfied with the thought that all there has been revealed ; but see the same group again under mist and rain, when there is wind enough to give motion to these, and new beauties will come out, sterner and fiercer it may well be, but none the less beautiful on that account. If the former wins and attracts, the latter awes and subdues : in both alike the mighty power of nature is recognized, and the full heart learns humbly and thankfully to

Look through nature up to nature's God.

And so we bid adieu to the Arctic Regions, and crossing the mystic circle, enter the North Sea by steaming south : so very north have been our recent wanderings. Showers again. After dinner we turn aside out of our direct route into a *fjord* abounding in islands, stations, and fishing-boats. It is a lively scene, into which a telegram has brought our captain, for there are barrels of herrings to be picked up, and as we shall be some hours taking in the freight, we go ashore to while away the time

and stretch our legs. We land in a pretty bay, with a few good houses and several large fish-warehouses decorating the shore, and sundry large nets occupying no small portion of the water. Behind stretches a range of lofty hills, backed as usual by the grand dark mountains. At once we start for a climb, and the entrance to a cave high up the face of the nearest hill gives an object and direction to our pleasant toil. The cave is deep, and the downward climb into it abrupt enough, but it has little of interest to offer us, and so our exercise is, like virtue, its own reward. However, when we get out again to its mouth, the wide view around is very striking: so down we throw ourselves upon the greeny grass—what pleasure is this to those who have been condemned so long to walk the plank—and look out upon the picture, so beautiful and varied, before us. From this high point we overlook the *fjord* in which the *Jonas Lie* lies, and then as in a map, but with life and colour which no map can even suggest, we gaze on *fjord* beyond *fjord*, or what at least seems to be such; or perchance there are islands great and small, islands of every shape and form, islands apparently innumerable, scattered in a wide and almost boundless bay. Over these the eye roves and never wearies of a scene so full of variety and beauty. At last it rests content upon our own little bay beneath our feet, and the life which is so busy there. There, in the centre of the curved shore and just a meadow or two inland, stands the chief residence, a wooden house of large dimensions, painted all over a bright red, save the window-frames and the corners of the house itself, and these are picked out in white. At one extremity of the bay stands the great store-house, on the very edge of a rock, indeed overhanging it, so that while it partly rests upon it, the fore part is sustained by piles in the waters. Lofty is the building, which rises into two stories, and lofty also are its doors, like those of river wharves on the Thames, but, unlike them, painted in the brightest colours and decorated with the red national flag, as every station must be. For we signal our approach by hoisting ours, and the local flag replies and tells us if the traders are up and waiting. If no flag rises, we go on; and the sluggards lose their trade, and perhaps their food, and so pay dearly for their ill-timed sleep. But there is no sleeping in the busy scene before us. Evidently this is an important station, and combines in one most of the characteristics which are found severally elsewhere. There is the garden round the house, the field with

the crop of barley, and the broader meadow land, with its grass so light as almost to be invisible to a careless walker, and quite undistinguishable from our commanding position ; there also is the little cow, or perhaps two, and certainly three of those charming ponies which win at first sight the love of every person, and of course some dogs and cats. All these animals are of the gentlest and most friendly disposition : the ponies run after us to be patted and petted, the dogs bark in so roguish a manner and with such fun in their eyes that you hardly need the wag of the tail to tell you that they want to be patted too ; and the cats themselves cease in this pleasant land to be demure and suspicious, and absolutely come bounding towards you with the dogs and ponies to have their share in the general welcoming. But of course we do not see all this from our mountain cave ; but when we descend, what we say takes place.

The bustle of the place, however, is about the large storehouse ; and to see this in detail we hasten down with what speed we may from our standpoint. Indeed, the descent, like the upward climb, is not easy : for the lower heights here are not ordinary hills, but gigantic fragments of rocks evidently thrown down by some convulsion of nature from the mountains behind ; so that the climb is not only up a steep slope, but up and down again over young mountains tossed anyhow in wild confusion : indeed, it is much like glacier climbing, with deep and wide crevices which have to be circumnavigated or boldly faced and scaled.

The crowd around the store is carrying out the various stages of the whole process of the herring trade. Close to the shore, and spreading far and wide over the bay, is the great herring net, its outline marked by corks and its capacious bosom filled with herrings beyond number. It is too large to be drawn ashore, and so its contents are fished out with smaller nets or in gigantic ladles. It is itself a kind of storehouse for the living fish. When brought ashore in boats, the herrings are heaped in piles and carried in barrels to the chief executioner, who takes each fish separately in hand, cuts its throat, and throws it bleeding into one of three barrels that surround him, not indiscriminately, but according to its size—large, larger, largest ; for the small ones are ignominiously cast aside for less noble uses. Then when a barrel is full, another person carries it off, fills it to overflowing with brine, the water salted with Italian and Spanish salt, when the cooper closes the lid, examines the hoops, and

brands the cask. It is then ready for the *Jonas Lie*, and takes its place in a goodly throng on the platform in front of the store to be carried on board and exported from Christiania to the lands whence the salt came, and to which it thus returns, like a successful emigrant, with a herring in place of a nugget, as the reward of its travels.

We spend plenty of time on shore, and yet have much more to spare. Indeed we hardly know when we leave this station, for on

*Wednesday, July 24*—when we get up we are still loading, and much discussion arises as to where we are, and whether or no we have done more than swing on our anchor: for there we see the same main features of the land, but somehow the mountains have re-arranged themselves. At last we conclude that there are several stations round about this mountain group, and that we are progressing without advancing on our way. And so people began to grumble at this delay; for some have rashly made plans—we are all making land plans now—which necessitate catching certain steamers; as though in a voyage of three thousand miles a coasting trading-vessel could keep its time better than an express train at home.

The weather has grown fine again. The day is bright and sunny, but the breeze is bracing, if not cold; and while we pace about, we find no little skill needed to work our way among the barrels and crates which cumber the deck. A beautiful afternoon is succeeded by a corresponding evening and night. Sunset is about ten o'clock, and the cloudless sky palpitates with warm light. We bask in this night sunshine, and when midnight comes the sky seems fuller of light than at sunset. Some remain up, and are rewarded by a beautiful sunrise about two in the morning. The old bright days and nights we met at the Arctic Circle have come back again, as though they had missed us when we came away, and followed us with their warmth and brightness.

*Thursday, July 25*.—Bright and warm again: indeed, too warm in the sun. The sea is calm even in the open. About noon there is a little motion.

Again we turn into the Thronhjems Fjord, and reach the old capital at midnight. We cannot touch the pier, and have to send some who are leaving us, ashore in boats. Here is our first breaking up, and now our minds are turned to other things, and our own voyage being so near its end, we busy ourselves

with devising routes for our land tour, comparing notes and examining maps and guide-books.

*Friday, July 26*—finds us thus occupied. We are too busy to go ashore while we lie in harbour at Christiansand, where we leave some more of our travelling companions, and in the evening we turn inland and leave the North Sea, to end our voyage at Molde.

It is a glorious finale to our long expedition on board the *Jonas Lie*, for the sail up the Molde Fjord is perhaps one of the most striking we have had during our long coasting voyage, and forms a fitting link, connecting the past with the future; for there before us rises that glorious range of *fjelds* which we have hitherto gazed upon from a distance, but into which we are now to penetrate. We turn our backs upon the ocean we are leaving, and look with wondering and admiring eyes upon the grand scene we are approaching.

Molde lies at the upper end of the *fjord*, and round it in a grand amphitheatre, and closing it as it were in its giant arms, sweep the wildest and most stupendous portions of the Lang and Dovre Fjelden. It is indeed an amphitheatre, in detail as in grand outline, for the vast, snowy mountains rise tier above tier, range beyond range, until the eye grows dazzled and the mind perplexed in the attempt to separate the vast confusion into groups and to distinguish one renowned height from another.

The long mountain range which stretches from north to south through Norway—from the Vest Fjord down to Stavenger—nearly in a straight line, breaks up near Molde into a grand curve, which gives its peculiar charm to the view, and makes Molde and the *fjord* which leads up to it the very centre point of this more than Alpine region. And thus it is that we have chosen it for our starting-point for inland expeditions, and as the closing scene of our coasting voyage.

And here we take farewell of those we leave on board, and with mutual good wishes, and many pleasant memories, quit the *Jonas Lie*, which has for so many days been our home, not forgetting to thank, in duly signed address, our gallant captain and his officers for unflagging attention and unfailing good nature, which did so much to make pleasant the voyage we have now completed.

HENRY BEDFORD.

## *The Heaven of Christianity.*

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"THE whole set of positive thoughts compels us to believe that it is an infinite apathy to which your Heaven would consign us, without objects, without relations, without change, without growth, without action, an absolute nothingness, a *nirvāna* of impotence—this is not life ; it is not consciousness, it is not happiness—" thus Mr. Frederic Harrison, in an essay on "The Soul and Future Life," contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* of July, 1877. Mr. Harrison's essay has evoked abundant criticism both hostile and friendly ; it is not my present purpose to add to the censure or the praise. I am sincerely of opinion that it is a very remarkable contribution to our current learned literature. I know of no treatise in which the shallowest of all views on the gravest of all questions has been better set forth. For sake of the posterity which shall be privileged to perpetuate Mr. Harrison's spiritual activity, I could wish his essay a more assured immortality than the articles of a monthly review can usually hope for. For future and better times, it might serve as the characteristic monument of a very strange condition of English thought ; might, perhaps, be conveniently used as a starting-point whence to gauge the progress of the national mind in that day when all the wise men of England shall be philosophers.

I have not quoted Mr. Harrison's words that with them I might here fix the lists of a theological controversy. Between Mr. Harrison and those who are not positivists no controversy is possible. "Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts : nothing else will ever be of any service to them . . . In this life we want nothing but Facts, sir ; nothing but Facts !" This vigorous epitome of Mr. Gradgrind's philosophy summarizes Mr. Harrison's also. "We occupy ourselves with this spiritual life," he writes, "as an ultimate fact, and consistently with the whole of our philosophy we decline to assign a cause at all."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, June 1877, p. 632.

Worse still for the purposes of controversy—Mr. Harrison's notion of a fact is not ours. He refuses to recognise as facts, and therefore, as possible objects of thought, the hard and fast laws of existence that underlie all things that are—gigantic facts eluding the grasp of sense, accessible only to the vision of reason, but, for all that, quite as palpable as the rougher phenomena of colour and sound. He is prepared to admit as a fact an objective order to whose reality sense will testify, but the order whose existence only reason will vouch for he peremptorily excludes from the region of fact. I will not, then, dispute with Mr. Harrison. He has drawn a picture of the heaven of what he deems an exploded theology. For the "vapid figment," the "vacuous eternity" of Christianity he has substituted the substantial glories of the positivist elysium; he has found in the "sense of posthumous participation in the life of our fellows" the adequate reward of human virtue, an effective stimulus to noble action, the ultimate basis as well as the final crown of religion and morality. Before this ennobling faith, he would have the selfish belief in an eternity of personal bliss give way. He flatters himself that the propagation of the new gospel would be an easy task, easier, he is assured, "than that of teaching Greeks and Romans, Syrians and Moors to look forward to a future life of ceaseless psalmody in an immaterial heaven."<sup>2</sup>

I reproduce Mr. Harrison's caricature of the Christian Heaven, merely that I may set side by side with it a true picture of the Eternal Future to which we, the children of faith, look forward. The contrast may serve to make brighter that Paradise of our hope which shines upon our lives eclipsing the brightness of present joy and encouraging us to be self-denying, lighting up the gloom of present sorrow and strengthening us to endure. It will startle some of those who have had the advantage of studying Mr. Harrison's pages that in doing the work I have set myself I should claim to be the exponent of a venerable tradition. They will remember his assurance that "theologians and the vast sober mass of serious men and women who want simply to live rightly . . . know that before the advancing line of positive thought they are fighting a forlorn hope . . . that their own account of the soul, of the spiritual life, of Providence, of Heaven, is daily shifting, is growing more vague, more inconsistent, more various. They hurry wildly

<sup>2</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, July 1877, p. 838.

from one untenable position to another like a routed and disorganized army."<sup>3</sup> It has been observed that when a tiny steamer, with much puffing and circumstance, paddles its frothy way from the shore, thoughtless persons on board become possessed by the fancy that the rock-built pier, the staid city, and the big solid earth have set themselves in unseemly motion, and are flying from the little craft. Is there room for the suggestion that the mass of mankind is really standing still in its beliefs; that this advance of positive thought, and this hurried falling back of the old lines of faith are but subjective appearances, the effect of psychological causes akin to those at work in the moving vessel? I put forward the hypothesis with diffidence. As an orthodox disciple of the positive school Mr. Harrison has, doubtless, been at the pains to verify by careful observation his very comprehensive statements.

Unfortunately, he has not found it necessary to inform us what sphere he chose for his researches into the mental condition of "theologians and the vast sober mass of serious men and women who want simply to live rightly." Only one fragment of his experience has he thought fit to record. "In a religious discussion years ago," he questioned "one of the Broad Church, a disciple of one of its eminent founders" as to his faith in the Third Person of the Trinity. It was hardly a surprise to be told that the disciple of the Broad Church showed unmistakable haziness in his view of the Trinity of personal relations which constitute subsistence in God. But there was matter for wonder in the further assurance that "since those days," in which Mr. Harrison catechized disciples of the Broad Church, "the process of disintegration and vaporization of belief has gone on rapidly, and now very religious minds, and men who think themselves to be religious, are ready to apply this 'sort of a something' to all the verities in turn." The argument of Oberon's fondling is not unknown to Mr. Harrison, he has used it with effect against the Scherāsmīns of the immaterial school:

Schwätzt noch so hoch gelehrt  
Man weiss doch nichts als was man selbst erfährt.

In what region of facts did he pursue his inquiries, after he had passed beyond the field of Broad Church theology? The question has peculiar interest for those whose own consciousness

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 833.



does not register the ebbing and flowing of popular beliefs, for those whose task is to fathom the truths they hold, not to build up theories which may contradict them. These people are puzzled to guess in what direction he can have pushed his later investigations. Outside the Broad Church, encompassing it on every side, but sharply distinguished from it, there exists a religious organization numbering well nigh two hundred million individuals which seems to have escaped Mr. Harrison's notice. Presumably, it would have offered him matter of study of an order altogether new to his experience. For it contains a large number of theologians, and a still larger number of serious men and women who want to live rightly, all of whom are profoundly unalarmed by the advancing line of positive thought, all of whom give an account of the soul, of the spiritual life, of Providence and of Heaven, which has been current in their communion for eighteen centuries. It is much to be regretted that he was not led to study the articles of so conservative a creed.

With the traditional Heaven of this unyielding faith I have now to do. The literature of this faith shall guide me in what I write. I shall select from its treasures, old and new. I shall borrow thoughts from those who, when the faith was young, defended it against the restless subtle philosophers of Alexandria, as well as from those who, now in its mature age, are its champions against the phlegmatic schools of English unbelief. In this way I hope to right again that picture of Heaven which Mr. Harrison has set awry, and at the same time, to add one proof more that the sin of doctrinal inconstancy cannot be charged upon the Church of Christ.

As far as may be I shall avoid the language of metaphor. Mortal eye has not seen nor mortal ear heard the glory which God has in store for His elect. But there have been those to whom, while yet in the flesh, it was given to see something of this glory, and there have been those to whom genius has been instead of a revelation of Paradise. Human speech in its mere human sense, could not be a vehicle for the thoughts of these men, if they would speak to others what their own minds had realized. A language of highly-strained and mystic metaphor alone could serve their purpose. But why should they presume to employ language of this kind, unintelligible to positive, practical minds? Why should the Florentine poet describe the

Eagle of Paradise, if he will thus lead prosaic men to fancy his Sixth Heaven a celestial aviary? Why should the inspired Seer of Patmos speak of the rapturous songs of the Blessed, if thereby matter-of-fact interpreters, like Mr. Harrison, will understand him to regard Eternal Life as a prolonged Methodist Service? Surely Dante and St. John were not blind to these eventualities. That they declined, notwithstanding, to speak the language of positivism is an indiscretion for which we cannot be held to offer an apology. It is enough that we strive not to offend as they have done. I will not, then, speak of the City walled with jasper, through whose streets of gold flows the river that waters the Tree of Life; nor of the marriage-feast at which the wine of the elect gladdens the faithful servant admitted to the joy of his Lord; nor of the battlemented citadels wherein celestial warders keep watch against the legions of the lost; nor of the centre

Ove s'appunta ogni ubi ed ogni quando

round which, in circles of flame, the orders of angelic life revolve for everlasting. These images of higher things are out of place in an age of facts. Theologians are dumb, if asked whether the Tree of Life is endogenous or exogenous. Which of them could determine the equation of the curve described by the hierarchy of Dominations? As Mr. Harrison happily puts it, we cannot state these things "in terms of our present knowledge." It were better, therefore, not to speak of them at all—to put poetry and passion aside.

Christianity teaches that our present existence is a state of trial, that is to say, a condition wherein our perfection, individual and social, is of our own making. In legislating for this state, it aims at perfecting society; but it aims at this end mainly through the individual. It imposes on each man the solemn duty of perfecting, before all else, his own nature; necessarily he will then exert on the mass of society a bettering influence, to which space and time do not set limits. It thus secures to him the fulness of that reward of well doing which is found in a "sense of posthumous participation in the life of our fellows." But it promises him much more besides. The vague present sense of an impersonal future something does not fill up the measure in which it deals out reward to virtue. It gives a good measure, heaped up and flowing over. Personal self perfection, which is often the equivalent of personal pain,

it enforces as a duty ; palpable personal happiness it offers as a reward. Not a selfish happiness ; for it is offered without stint to all ; the fulness of one does not make the dearth of another, nay, each one increases his own bliss by leading others to share in it.

Heaven, Paradise, the Kingdom of God, the House of the Father are names which stand for this reward. To the Christian mind these terms signify rather a condition of the soul than a place of retribution. The revelation vouchsafed us does not enable us to determine, with certainty, the local habitation of our future happiness. It may be that we shall find it in "quiet seats above the thunder," in some far off orb now lost in the azure depths of space. Or it may be that this earth will, as St. Peter and St. John seem to intimate, be refitted for our indwelling. Or it may be that we shall be freed from the existing laws of three-fold extension, that our geometrical as well as our physical relations to the world of matter will undergo a change. It may also be that no one of these possibilities will be realized. The older theology, which sought to fill out the details of revelation from the physics of Aristotle and the astronomy of Ptolemy, made the uttermost heaven the scene of this posthumous bliss. To reach it, man "leaves behind him the region of the air ; traversing the middle space in which lie the courses of the wandering stars, he crosses the bounds of the ethereal regions, and gains at length the fixed world which is accessible to the mind alone."<sup>4</sup> But these surmises have been discarded with the system on which they were based. The influences of the planets have long ago ceased to affect the birth and death of things terrestrial ; angels' hands no longer guide the revolving spheres ; the *primum mobile* is no more known to science. The Empyrean too—tideless ocean of light—is gone with the rest. Gone, that is, from its place among scientific theories. But not wholly destroyed. There is a sense in which it may be said to have outlived the fall of Egyptian and mediæval astronomy, a sense in which it was a substantive reality in the days when the effects of opium were attributed to a *virtus dormitiva*,<sup>5</sup> as it is, in these happier times, when they are attributed to the narcotic action of C<sub>34</sub> H<sub>19</sub> NO<sub>6</sub>, and thinkers like Mr. Harrison take the change for a progress in philosophy :

<sup>4</sup> Gregorius Nyssen. in *Hexameron*. Migne, *Patrol. Græc.* t. xlv. p. 122.

<sup>5</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, June 1877, p. 629.

Ciel ch' è pura luce,  
Luce intellettuale piena d'amore,  
Amor di vero ben pien di letizia,  
Letizia che trascende ogni dolore.

In this sense the Empyrean changes not; in this sense it is now, as it has always been; the goal of Christian hope, the Heaven of Revelation.

In a conscious being, pleasure is the unimpeded action of a conscious faculty. The wisest of the Greeks defined it thus;<sup>6</sup> the requirements of their theology have not forced his Christian followers to quarrel with his definition. Happiness is the harmonized action of all the faculties of a conscious being; to quote again from Aristotle, it is "the congenial energizing of the soul" — *ψυχῆς ἐνέργεια κατ' ἀρετήν*.<sup>7</sup> It is the vigorous, healthy action of the whole system of conscious faculties, the unchecked play of the energies of the soul. But, that the action of each faculty may be free, and so be pleasurable, no one faculty must hinder another, none must appropriate more than its due share of the total sum of vital energy. A condition of existence in which the exercise of sense hinders the exercise of reason is not a state of happiness. It leaves the best of man's faculties torpid, energizes only a small fraction of his entire nature. This may be pleasure, but it is not happiness. The brutish ecstasies of the drunkard absorb the forces of a whole human nature; but who would call his delirium happiness? Absorbing enjoyment, of which intellectual action does not make the chief element, is not human happiness at all. Specifically, it is the consummation of a nature lower than man's. The pleasure of the glutton over his dainties, and of swine over their mess of offal differ in degree not in kind. Such pleasures sate the highest capacities of the brute, and make him happy; they appease only the lowest appetite of the man and are not happiness for him. For this reason, they are spoken of slightly as the lower or animal pleasures; for this reason, unrestrained indulgence in them moves all men to instinctive contempt. What is true of the pleasures of the palate is true of every form of pleasure which lies below the sphere of intellect. We cannot make man happy with a happiness specifically human, if we do not make intellectual activity the dominant factor of his bliss: to continue my last quotation from Aristotle, "if the virtues of the soul are many, the highest

<sup>6</sup> *Ethic. Nic.* lib. vii. cap. xiii.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* lib. i. cap. vii.

must guide the exercise of its energy"—*εἰ δὲ πλείους αἱ ἀρεταί, κατὰ τὴν ἀρίστην καὶ τελειοτάτην.*

Into the pithy epigrams I have quoted, the Greek philosopher seems to have gathered the best that is given to human reason to say, on the vexed question of the *summum bonum*. The Christian Church has seen nothing to modify in this theory. She has accepted it thankfully, as she has accepted so much more from the same source; it has helped to throw light on the doctrines she had learned from a greater Master than Aristotle. Like many other theories taught in the Lyceum, this one was found to fit in with the truths of faith, and for this it has been made to live with a new and enduring life in the theology of the Church. Among her Doctors there has been one, in intellect much akin to Aristotle, and by him the revelation of man's destiny after death has been well explained in terms of Aristotelian philosophy.<sup>8</sup>

In common with the rude theologies of barbaric and savage nations, the Christian teaching makes eternal action the reward of virtue practised in time. But the Christian Heaven is the more human, the more philosophical. It is not a pleasant garden where converse with the good and wise makes existence blissful; not a hunting-ground where we shall career over celestial plains in eager chase for ever; not an enchanted palace where alternate combats and revellings make the joy of warrior spirits; not an abode of sensuous delight where the fire of passion never wanes. In other states of civilization men have made out of these things material for the happiness of an eternity. They were grievously in error, no doubt; but their error is significant. Instinctively they identified happiness with a form of conscious vigorous action. They could not conceive the bliss of torpor, any more than we can. A paralyzed or withered limb was not to them an instrument of enjoyment any more than it is to us. That Heaven of psalm-singing impotence, which Mr. Frederic Harrison declines to enter, would have been a prison to them, as it would be a prison to us.

Crude fancies, indeed, those Happy Hunting-grounds and Walhallas! Yet there is in them a measure of philosophy which we look for in vain among the highly finished absurdities of advanced positivism. The creators of these fantastic paradises made man's highest reward after death consist in an intensified

<sup>8</sup> St. Thomas, *Summa*, 1a. 2æ. q. 3. a. 2—5.

form of what they held to be his best activity in life. In this, the worshippers of Odin and Manitou were at one with the children of faith. They had grasped the truth, which has slipped through the fingers of more pretentious philosophers, that consummate happiness is only to be found in consummate action. Their mistake was that they did not rightly apprehend the order of their own faculties, that they did not place first that faculty which nature has made supreme in man. Had the conditions of their existence been other than they were; had their intellectual energies been duly called into play; had they known the potencies of their own mind, the vastness of its range, how much more it can grasp of the objective world than the puny forces of sense, the heaven of their theology would have been another. They would have given to this faculty the chief part in the activity by which man is made supremely happy, and would have assigned to the others subordinate functions in the economy of bliss.

But in a rude age, as in a voluptuous age, the idea of a Heaven that is primarily intellectual finds little favour. It is only when men have cultivated the faculty of taste that they can enjoy the masterpieces of art; it is only when they have developed their intellectual powers that they can appreciate intellectual pleasures. A Patagonian or a fashionable London profligate is little attracted by a paradise in which intense thought is the absorbing occupation of the Blessed. Yet the man's nature which is common to both can be happy only in a paradise of this kind. There are many, even of those who have missed the gift of faith, to whom this is by no means a hard saying. They are those who have worked their way slowly and painfully to one or other of the advanced outposts of human knowledge. They are not, we must suppose, mere sappers and miners in the army of science, at work in a trench, pushing forward, it is true, the lines of man's knowledge, but unable to see beyond the pit in which they are delving. They survey the whole of the ground conquered by human reason, and feel, too, the pride and pleasure of success; but they measure justly the extent of the conquest, and still look wistfully towards the vast regions that lie beyond, untrodden and impenetrable. They can boast, with the Athenian, that they are wise enough to know their own ignorance. What, after all, have they achieved, beyond certain utilitarian gains? They have determined the laws of local motion, tracking them through

their intricate manifestations in light and sound ; but can they define force—the worker of these wonders—better than could Thales or Democritus ? They have ascertained the conditions of chemical action ; what do they know of the why and wherefore of chemical affinity ? They have counted the members of vegetable and animal organisms, are acquainted with all their functions, have observed the successive stages of their growth ; but what is it that hides itself in these wondrous mechanisms, fashioning them and working in them ? Yes, what lies beneath it all, beneath the ever-moving surface of things that are ? What are they, and what is that unseen something which passes into and quickens them, passes from them, and leaves them inert as before ? We do not know, we cannot grasp these things as they are. We know just enough to puzzle ourselves with questions we cannot hope to solve. Like other ages, ours has its quack philosophers, ready to satisfy every intellectual want, who importune our ears with the trumpeting of their cheap mental wares. But the man who, by years of weary thought, has come to measure the range of human knowledge, to understand what it is and what it is not, puts aside these wordy nostrums with a smile. He feels that notwithstanding all our progress, we are still on the outer surface of the ocean of being, that the depths, wherein motion and life have their source, lie dark and impenetrable as they have ever lain. For this man, a Heaven which is not intellectual is not Heaven at all. He ambitions no future but that in which his cramped and thwarted mind shall exercise its powers unchecked, where the veil shall be lifted and he shall read the secrets of the universe, where nature, and in nature, God shall come closer to him, filling to the full both sense and understanding. This is the Heaven of the philosopher. This Heaven he would covet for himself, and this Heaven he would assign to his fellows. An immortality of this kind would make man happy with a natural happiness. This lot, in all likelihood, awaits beyond earth the souls whom death overtook while they were yet strangers to the influences which make the higher sanctity of life. In this state, perhaps, shall those be made happy who died unregenerated, without time to practise personal virtue, or to contract personal sin.

In itself, this is by no means a gloomy paradise. But, whatever its brightness, the hope of the Christian is bidden to rise above it. For him there is something brighter and

better still. He must look for something more than a mere pushing back of the present boundaries of knowledge, an enlarging of the present sphere of thought ; for something better than a new sense of God's presence in His works, a keener feeling of His nearness, and a closer view of His veiled perfections. Who shall say it without awe ? To him it is promised that this world—this universe—nature, shall one day cease to stand between him and God ; that he shall go into the very presence of Him in Whom all things live, move, and have their being ; that his faculties, quickened by a new, unknown energy, shall grasp that Supreme Essence itself, Whose imaged excellence makes lovable the good and fair on earth.

Thus described, Heaven would seem to be but a paradise of philosophers, an immortality which makes no provision for mere illiterate bliss. I will not deny that it might be made more popularly attractive by dwelling more on its subordinate pleasures. These are more within the general experience and appeal more powerfully to the general imagination. But I am not now inviting a popular verdict on the Christian faith in Heaven. I have, I trust, a becoming respect for the rights of the people, but I dissent from the notion that questions of science can be decided by a plebiscite. For the present, then, I shall describe Heaven by its highest joys. As to the unlearned poor we need not be solicitous. For them it is much, very much, to know that in the Kingdom of God all tears shall be wiped from their eyes ; that there death shall not be any more, nor sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain. Resting on this assurance they can hopefully await the end. When it comes, their present ignorance will not be found to have marred their capacity for Heaven's highest pleasures. The ploughman knows nothing of the secretions of the stomach cells, yet he digests his dinner better than the skilled physiologist. Thus, too, shall it be in the judgment to come. The blind and the halt, the ignorant and the feeble of mind shall come from the east and the west, and sit down in the Kingdom of God, and perhaps appreciate its purest joys better than theologians and philosophers because they shall possess them more abundantly.

In this life, however, only a long exercise of laborious thought, or a large influx of supernatural light will enable us to grasp the full significance of God's promises for eternity. For Pythagoras, or Plato, or Aristotle, they would have had a meaning which they have not now for the mass of those who believe



in them with unwavering trust. But they were not preached at Crotona nor at Athens, till the intellectual glory of these cities had passed. More than this : they were not announced in their fulness to the disciples of the pre-Christian revelation. To Solomon it was given to know that "when the dust returns to the earth, as it was, the spirit shall return to God who gave it." But even Solomon to whom the Lord "had given a wise and understanding heart," did not "see the end of the wise man, nor understand what the Lord hath designed for him." Isaias understood that "the just shall enter into peace, and shall rest in their place of sleep;" but he, who knew so much of the temporal future, has left us no better revelation than this of the eternal. The Patriarchs met death firmly in the hope that it would unite them to their fathers in some place of rest ; that they should be "gathered to their people,"—in what abode they knew not. "To-morrow," said the shade of Samuel to the conscience-tortured king, "thou and thy sons shall be with me." Vague as this was the summons which the angel of death carried to the mass of those who believed under the older Covenant. Not even for him whom the Lord knew face to face, whose like did not arise after him among the prophets of Israel, was the dark veil lifted. He went up into Mount Nebo and from the peak of Pisgah beheld the land which he was not to enter because of his trespass against God, by the waters of the wilderness. His eye was not dimmed by his century and a quarter of life. Its glance swept the land of Gilead and Ephraim, and the land of Juda unto the utmost sea. But into that other region on whose bourne he was standing he saw not. It had been said to him that he was "to sleep with his fathers." With this knowledge of the future at hand, he died upon the mountain in the land of Moab.

But, at length, a time came when it was safe distinctly to reveal to the living the fate of the dead. There was no room for hero-worship or ancestor-worship, when God had taken human form, and men, without idolatry, could pay adoration to a being of their own mould. Moreover, Christ came to announce a new gospel to the world. He fixed the standard of personal holiness much higher in the new dispensation than it had stood in the old, while at the same time he multiplied the supernatural aids to virtue. With these changes in the economy of salvation, came the need of a more explicit revelation of man's destiny after death. Accordingly, the Redeemer,

to use the words of St. Paul, brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. On this subject, Christ, in the days of His own preaching, held, for the most part, a language of simple, easy metaphor. His followers were mostly of the poorer sort, men of dull wits and horny hands. They would probably have appreciated the intellectual joys of Heaven no better than do our own philosophers. He did not puzzle them with revelations they could not understand. He was content to tell them that the "Just shall shine as the sun in the Kingdom of the Father; that they shall receive again, with hundredfold increase, the things sacrificed for God;" and the rest. In the same language He spoke His last farewell to those who had been given Him out of the world. They were distressed, kind souls, by the approach of that oft-foretold hour, in which this strange Master, Whom they loved, in their rough fashion, though they could not understand Him, should die. In His usual gentle, considerate way, Jesus put the horrors of His own coming death out of sight, and bade His downcast friends think only that He was going to prepare for them a home in the "House of many mansions." He spoke in metaphors still. But, His leave-taking ended, He turned to the Father Who is in Heaven, to plead for His cherished followers. Now, He spoke not any longer to men; the language of metaphor was put aside. Life eternal He asked for those who had been faithful to Him: "and this," He added, "is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent."

When the Redemption had been accomplished, and the Spirit promised by the Redeemer had come to quicken the nascent Church, the Apostles of the New Gospel went forth to spread the Kingdom of their Master. In the cities of the Levant, of Greece, and of Italy, to populations blinded by a debased philosophy, and blinded still more by lawless extravagance in sin, they preached the lofty morality of Christ and the pure Heaven which is its reward. In Corinth, close by the Temple of Aphrodite where human passion was worshipped with unnameable rites, St. Paul taught the neophytes of the faith that purity of life is a primary duty of man, and that the vision of God "face to face" shall reward through eternity the clean of heart. At a later period St. John held the same language to the Churches of the voluptuous cities that studded the opposite shore of the Ægean: "We know that when He

shall appear, we shall be like to Him, because we shall see Him as He is."

The blood of the first martyr flowed. The passing vision of God strengthened him for his sacrifice, and "he fell asleep in the Lord." Ignatius was brought from Antioch, to die in the Imperial Amphitheatre. He besought the Roman brethren not to offer prayer for his deliverance, his desire was to behold "the pure light." Hoping what he had hoped, the thousand martyrs, who confirmed his testimony, nerved themselves to meet the savage tortures under which they died. "What glory, what delight," writes Cyprian to the confessors of his African Church, "to be admitted to the vision of God, to enjoy the pleasure of life and light eternal in company with Christ our God!"<sup>9</sup>

In due time, the intellectual forces of the time began to range themselves on the side of Christianity, and the theological schools of the East and West arose. Each had its distinctive characteristics, but the graceful Platonism of the one, and the severe dogmatism of the other, alike led up to the spiritual Heaven of the New Revelation. The great Doctors who succeeded Clement and Tertullian—Basil and the Gregories, and Augustine, and Ambrose—developed more and more the wealth of hope hidden in Christ's promises. But they made no change in the Heaven of the earlier tradition. Under their hands the picture grows in distinctness and definiteness of detail; but its main lines are unchanged. Brief scraps of quotation are not a satisfactory method of argument; on this point, I will make but one extract—a passage from that volume wherein—

We read of the unseen  
Splendours of God's great town,  
In the unknown land.

"Therefore has the Apostle used the words just quoted: 'We see now through a glass darkly, but then we shall see face to face.' As the reward, then, of our faith, that Vision awaits us of which St. John the Apostle has said: 'When He shall appear, we shall be like to Him; because we shall see Him as He is.'"<sup>10</sup> Again and again, as the ages went by, the Pontiffs of the Church, and her great Councils reiterated these solemn truths. Benedict the Twelfth,<sup>11</sup> Gregory the Thirteenth, Urban the

<sup>9</sup> Ad Thibaritanos, *De Exhortatione Martyrii*. Migne, *Patrol. Lat.* tom. iv. p. 357.

<sup>10</sup> *De Civitate Dei*, lib. xxii. cap. xxix.

<sup>11</sup> Constitution *Benedictus Deus*.

Eighth, and Benedict the Fourteenth,<sup>12</sup> had occasion to reduce to dogmatic formulas her traditional teaching on this subject. For them, as for Ignatius and Augustine, Heaven is a region of 'pure light.' In the closing days of the Eastern Empire, the Fathers of the East and the West met, for the last time, in Council. There it was solemnly professed, as an article of their common faith that "the souls pure of sin are, after death, immediately received into Heaven, and contemplate, as He is, the Triune God."<sup>13</sup>

As was the teaching of the Church in ages past, so is it now. Titus Flavius Clemens taught the philosophers, whom his subtle eloquence charmed to the faith, that in the ecstatic vision of God the pure of heart are, at last, made perfect.<sup>14</sup> John Henry Newman, who would be the Clement of England, if England had an Alexandria, preaches the same Heaven as the reward of the same virtues.<sup>15</sup> The long line of theologians that link these two names together knows no Paradise but this. The few quotations I have made are proof sufficient of this assertion; any handbook of scholastic theology will satisfy those who wish for more. I will not insist further on this point. Despite the impressive assurances of Mr. Harrison, we may take it as certain, that in at least one great and venerable religious communion unvarying belief in an unvarying Heaven is a staple article of faith.

I pass on to examine what is implied in this belief. I have reason to fear that the part of my task on which I now enter will read like a chapter from *The Criticism of Pure Reason*, or the *Wissenschaftslehre*. If I knew a method of bringing abstract notions within easy reach of minds not given to abstract thought, I would use it here. But I know of no such method; and by highly abstract notions only can we get near to the reality of Heaven. I am forced to go on, burdened with the unpleasant feeling that I shall weary those who have consented to follow me thus far.

At first sight, it would seem an easy thing to fathom the scheme of bliss summed up in the words "man shall see God and be happy." All the while, the phrase is a cover to many mysteries. That we shall see God, does not mean that the

<sup>12</sup> See the profession of faith required from the Greeks by the three last Pontiffs.

<sup>13</sup> Decrees of the Council of Florence, *Decretum Unionis Græcorum*.

<sup>14</sup> Strom. lib. v. cap. xi.

<sup>15</sup> *Grammar of Assent*, p. 457.

Divine Being shall imprint a visual image of Itself on the retina, to be conveyed thence by nerve vibrations to the brain. God is spirit. The function of the eye is to represent the coloured surfaces of material bodies, and God is not a coloured surface. The eye cannot see God any more than it can see our own soul. The region of sense does not extend beyond the region of material motion; nay, there is every reason to think it is far from co-extensive with it. No sense can apprehend God. He may encompass us round about; His ministering spirits may flit, in legions, about us, but He and they alike are as far beyond the reach of our organs of flesh, as if they inhabited some distant star whose light shall never reach this planet.

More than this, the intellectual forces of our present state cannot bring us into immediate communion with God. As we now are, we commune with the immaterial world only through the world of matter. Our first contact with things objective is through that which is material in ourselves. Our intellect is roused to action, supplied with the objects of its activity, by the lower faculties of sense. The spirit world is not the natural field of our mind's action. Our language of mental science is proof of this. The terms which express our most refined processes of thought are borrowed from analogous organic functions. Concept, apprehension, intellect, idea, spirit; what are these but words taken from the terminology of sense, names which express much less intelligible phenomena in their new use, than they did in the old? Plato, Descartes, and Rosmini have claimed for our souls direct relations with the immaterial world. But the mystic theories of these philosophers do not find enduring favour with mankind. They are beautiful fictions, the fairy tales of metaphysics; Aristotle, shrewd methodical observer of things as they are—Positivist in the only sense in which the word signifies philosopher—will ever remain the approved exponent of human experience. The sphere of our intuition is the world of matter; consciousness apart, we know the immaterial only through its broken reflections in the world of sense.

Let us go a step further. Freed from the flesh, transferred to a state in which intellectual action is not conditioned by the impressions of environing material agents, the soul is still incapable of the vision of God. The reason of this lies in the nature of the intuitive act. Intuition is a form of conscious action. It is, therefore, elicited by and confined within the thinking subject. How it, nevertheless, comes to represent an

object without the field of consciousness is a mystery still unsolved. Many have been the devices of philosophy to bridge over this chasm. From the store-houses of scholastic lore we could bring forth learned mechanisms invented for the purpose. But the world is inclined to laugh at these old-fashioned contrivances—"Corporeo-spiritual go-betweens," to use the somewhat scornful phrase of Dean Mansel.<sup>16</sup> I have no wish to overrate the efficiency of these inventions. But it will not be too much to say that the *species impressa* and the *intellectus agens* are quite as useful for their purpose as the substitutes offered by later philosophy. Do they not explain as much as the *Categories* and the *Limitations of the Ego*? I do not desire to take from the fame of Kant or Fichte; to me they are not demigods or demons; but only laborious thinkers, who have lost themselves in the mystery they strove to unravel. Still, I am forced to believe they have left the fact of conscious intuition precisely where they found it. We know now, concerning it, just what was known before their labours began—that it is a subjective state induced by the self-adapting action of the thinking subject in obedience to influences received from an external object; which object it reproduces within itself. This is, in truth, a meagre definition. But it is enough for our present purpose.

Left to itself, no human soul, in any surroundings, can reproduce in its own being the positive traits of the Being of God. In the intuitive act, the soul's active state, a certain form of its vitality is the subjective equivalent of the object of intuition. The factors which produce this equivalent are, firstly, the innate energy of the soul; secondly, certain external influences which combine with it. If neither element—the innate or the adventitious—is of the same order of being as the object of intuition, it is impossible that this object shall be reproduced in its native traits. No effect can be of a higher order than the causes which produce it. No arrangement of molecular forces will produce life; no combination of sensitive forces will produce thought. In the same way no condition of a human soul, which is brought about by its own and kindred created forces, represents the specific traits of an object which is Divine. The being of the thinking agent, plus the sum of external force which cooperates in its act, measures the highest grade of objective being which any thinking faculty will exactly reproduce.

<sup>16</sup> *Essays and Reviews*, p. 9.

Objects above this level are not, necessarily, beyond its reach. But, if it apprehend them at all, it must express them in concepts which are primarily the equivalents of another order. For this reason, the faculties of a brute can have no true perception of the act of thought. For this reason, a man born blind cannot have a right notion of the sensation of sight. For the same reason, no spirit created, whatever its potencies, and whatever its susceptibility to the influence of environing agents, can, with these resources alone, achieve the vision of God. We cannot apprehend, as they objectively exist, perfections which do not belong to one or other of our factors of thought. If we will grasp things above this standard, we must drag them down to our own level. Between our mental picture of these higher objects and that formed by a mind of their own rank, there is the same difference that exists between the painter's picture of a bright landscape and a photographic negative of the same scene. On the canvas the high lights glitter in their native colours; on the glass plate they are marked by a blank. The photographer's picture is, no doubt, truthful, after its fashion, and the blanks are necessary to its truthfulness. But it cannot be said to represent the genuine traits of the original. So is it with our own mind-painting. We can only paint in those colours which exist in our laboratory of thought. If others occur in the original, their place must be marked by a blank. This will explain why our definitions of God tell us rather what He is not, than what He is. This is why all things that are above the level of our being are also above the level of our understanding. To put it in the language of a now unfashionable philosophy: *Omnis cognitio est secundum modum cognoscentis*.<sup>17</sup> Or, to go back to the philosophy of times still more remote: "No being can rightly apprehend a being above it, be the difference of grade ever so small."<sup>18</sup>

This defect in our powers cannot, it is clear, be shaken off by death. It must follow the disembodied soul into the world of spirits. If it is of weight at all, it must affect every rank and condition of created existence. Admitted to the companionship of beings more immaterial than ourselves, surrounded by a creation of spirits, we should have made but an infinitesimal approach to the Divine; for us God would still dwell "in light inaccessible."

<sup>17</sup> St. Thomas, in i. lib. *Senten.* dist. 3. q. 1.

<sup>18</sup> St. John Chrysostom, *De Incomprehens. Dei.* Migne, *Patrol. Græc.* tom. xlviii. p. 740.

It will perhaps occur to some that this method of proof has already carried us too far, that in gauging the distance between us and God we have found it to be impassable. Our nature—to adopt the terms if not the sense of Mr. Mill's definition—is “the aggregate of our powers and faculties;”<sup>19</sup> in fact, it is nothing more than our being in its functional aspect. Now, it would appear to follow from what has been said that, to see God, we must be equipped with a new order of faculties; that thus we must put on a new nature; that so, we—the subjects of our present consciousness—shall never see God at all. So much, however, has not been proved. Strictly speaking, from the arguments used there follows only thus much; if we are to see God, one or other of our present factors of thoughts must change; either our intellectual faculties must be renewed, or the external forces combining with them must be of an order other than they now are. It is the latter exigency of the dilemma that the revealed scheme of eternal life satisfies—to satisfy the other would be at once impossible and unavailing. The powers of our soul cannot, in combination with forces received from created agents, elicit an act of the vision of God. Energized by a force emanating directly from the Divinity, they have a higher efficacy. They transcend the bounds of the finite. Held together by the bond of individual consciousness they pass into the realm of the unending; the light in which God dwells is no longer inaccessible; man can look upon His face and live.

In the musty theological volumes that moulder on the shelves of our public libraries, the curious may find very learned and proportionately lengthy treatises on the subject of the *lumen gloriæ*. The term signifies that subsidiary intellectual force I have been describing. In fact, much that has been written here is but a translation into the language of modern thought of certain *articles*, *distinctions*, *questions*, and *quodlibets* of those ancient folios. Albeit the world forgets them now, the authors of those venerable tomes thought deeply and well. Their theories anent this mysterious force, furnish a noteworthy instance of their acuteness. They represent it as associated with the vital intellectual energies in the intuition of God, but not, for this, becoming itself the object of vision. To express this notion, they name it *light*. Without having known Mr. Tyndall's beautiful experiment, they seem to have divined that light, though the extrinsic force in the act of vision is itself invisible. Further, they regard

<sup>19</sup> *Essays on Religion*, p. 5.



it as the complement of our vital powers in a continuous act, and therefore, an abiding influence in the soul. This characteristic they express, in their quaint language, by the term *habitus*—a word to which modern science does not attach precisely the same meaning: *elevat et informat animam per modum habitus*. Again, it lifts the soul out of the sphere in which action is conditioned by the interchanged influences of created agents. For this, they call it *supernatural*—a term which modern science does not like to accept in any sense at all. Lastly, it introduces man into what had been otherwise the exclusive domain of Divine intelligence, it admits him to share in an activity which is primarily and essentially divine. For this idea they had not to invent an expression; it had been adequately expressed in the Apostle's formula: "We shall be like to Him, because we shall see Him as He is."

This, then, is life eternal! Not existence in a pleasant garden, or enchanted castle, or gold-streeted city; nor torpor unbroken through eternity; nor an endless chanting of psalms—but conscious, personal action in its highest form, an eager, burning intellectual life, fed by the unfathomable Being of God.

One phase of this activity yet remains to be noticed. Perhaps I have already dealt too largely in abstract notions. I would hesitate to introduce another, but that it will lead us back to the region of familiar experience. It touches a subject on which none of us is ignorant.

When the suitable object of any faculty of our nature passes into our sphere of apprehension, it at once attracts us. Its presence incites us to employ upon it the faculty it is fitted to exercise—if it were not so, how could we ever set ourselves in motion? This attractive quality of external things, their adaptation to our faculties, makes the material of all our pleasures. Towards the objects which possess it we move instinctively. This tendency of our nature we are wont to call craving or appetite. It is an impulse which we can govern, but may not destroy. The rational will is empowered to control its movements, not to forbid them. Acting under the sanction of the controlling faculty, this impulse is called *love*. The word has been profaned by vulgar use; for this reason I have been at the pains to fix the philosophic sense in which I use it here. An analysis of our own experience enables us to distinguish two stages in this familiar passion. Most of us know it but too well in that uneasy stage, when it is struggling to reach the object

of some unemployed faculty. Here it is love expectant—*desire*. The privileged amongst us know it in that other stage, in which it grasps the object that elicits the free play of the soul's energies. Here it is love gratified—*contentment*. Elsewhere, I have defined pleasure to be the unchecked action of the soul's faculties. Our analysis has already enabled us to identify love, in its second stage, with pleasure. If, in this stage, it extend itself to all the faculties of our nature, it is pleasure made perfect—it is happiness.

The philosophy that admits a personal God recognizes in Him the First Cause of all things. From Him come Being and Life, with all that they include. There is not, therefore, any attractive good within the compass of actual or possible existence which has not its prototype and perfection in Him. Everything which can be the object of thought, everything which can be the object of love, He holds within His own Being. Quickened by a supernatural energy, the soul's most potent faculty is brought into contact with this Divine Being. Instantly it is called into action to the full measure of its new capacity, the soul's expanded potencies of love are roused, but roused only to be gratified, and thus man is made happy with an absorbing happiness.

Growth or change is impossible in this condition. Growth is progress towards a better state ; change is movement towards a better state, or a worse, or an equivalently good. The one, as the other, is possible only in a condition which is at once imperfect and insecure. Heaven's happiness is the highest state of bliss, and it is assured to us for ever ; there is no direction in which it can change. It is of that kind which Aristotle attributed to the Deity : "God enjoys for ever one unchanging happiness ; for there is an activity of rest as well as an activity of motion, and happiness consists in peace rather than in movement : " <sup>20</sup>

Che volgersi da lei per altro aspetto  
È impossibil che mai si consenta  
Perocchè 'l ben ch'è del volere obietto  
Tutto s'accoglie in lei e fuor di quella  
È diffetivo ciò ch'è li perfetto.

And now we have done with metaphysics. Imagination, Mr. Tyndall has shown, is a scientific faculty. In the matter before us, wherein it is usually supposed to play a large part, will it help us beyond the point we have reached ? Already we are, I fear,

<sup>20</sup> *Ethic Nic.* lib. vii. cap. xiv.

far out of its reach. The pictures of our fancy are pieced together out of the materials of every-day experience, and we are dealing now with things which eye has never seen nor ear heard. What is the best it can do for us? No more than this. All of us have known love. Every life can show some shreds of happiness, and every shred of happiness, we have seen, is a form of love. Looking back over the life-course we have traversed, we see it dotted, at intervals more or less frequent, with bright moments which love of some kind has made pleasurable. Imagination can condense these scattered joys into one moment's passionate delight; it can purify this fancied ecstasy of all that makes the alloy of love on earth, and then intensify it beyond the extremest tension of joy which our present nature could endure. This is, perhaps, its best effort. But this effort pictures faintly indeed the bliss that awaits beyond death the most abject of the little ones who hear the word of God and keep it.

This, as I have been able to interpret it, is the Christian *gnôsis* of the faith in Heaven. It is not, I admit, very explicit. Like the theory of gravitation, or the definition of space, it has still its mysteries. Nor has it here been given in all its fulness. I have dwelt only on the essential elements of the happiness of Heaven. Much might yet be said of its supplementary sources of bliss, of the regenerated body, sown in corruption, and, like the wheat seed, born thence into a new order of physical law; of the pleasures of perfected sense in a perfected material world; of the pleasant freedom to roam at will over a renewed creation, restrained only from sadness and sin; of the sweet society of friends who have carried their lovable qualities from earth, to be doubly loved for them in Heaven; of our happy intercourse with the noble beings who stand above us in the scale of creation. These themes may be passed over here. They are abundantly treated in the popular literature of devotion. For minds that range habitually beyond the surface-world of sense they will have but a secondary importance.

To these minds the Apologist for Christian beliefs must appeal. In those for whom Positivism is philosophy, his words will move only lofty scorn. This hardship, however, he may bear resignedly, if he do but succeed in drawing one mind of the old English type to study closer the truths of the old English faith. Some purpose of this kind he must have; without it comment upon such random generalities as fill Mr. Harrison's

pages, would be inexcusable. In the chairs of John of Salisbury and Alexander of Hales sit for the moment the Doctors of the Positive school. We must not be wanting in reverence towards them. But neither must we carry flattery so far as to pretend that the Christian Church sees in their errors a danger to herself; that in her interest their errors must needs be refuted. Against the censure of these masters in Israel, their scorn or their pity, the Christian Church makes neither protest nor appeal.

Still, it is worth while to correct their rough caricatures of her doctrine. Our apology may reach other ears. It may perchance be heard by those other men of more earnest purpose and deeper thought to whom also this Heaven of ours is a dream-theory, gorgeous in truth, and not incongruous, but nevertheless a dream. They have studied the history of this our belief. They have traced its progressive development from Akkadian creeds upwards. They are not prejudiced against it any more than they are prejudiced against the faith in Asshur or Osiris. Its existence is a fact to be accounted for, to be reduced under a known scientific law, and so disposed of. Meantime their inward lives are affected by it much as they are affected by Taylor's Theorem or Dalton's Laws of Atomic Weights. "There is no proof of it," they say; "beyond its historical value, what interest has it for us? You who stake your present and your future upon its truth, by what demonstration do you justify it?"

Demonstration! In the mathematical sense of the term we have none. Like the convictions that rule our working lives, it cannot be established by a diagram or an equation. But has it not been shown, and well shown, that all effectual proofs are not to be marshalled under mathematical formulas?<sup>21</sup> The grounds upon which Revelation claims our assent are its guarantee. On these it has stood for ages, defying the changing currents of human opinion, unshaken by the rise and fall of ephemeral philosophies. Judge it by the standard to which it appeals. The momentous issues of our lives are decided by evidences which are not cast in Euclidean mould. According to the same canons of assent, we must decide for or against this faith on which hangs the issue that gives significance to life and death.

The question is grave as no other question is. We may not treat it as we treat the phantom theories of the passing hour; as we treat *Natural Selection* or *The Philosophy of the*

<sup>21</sup> See Dr. Newman's beautiful chapter on "Real Assents," *Grammar of Assent*, p. 72.

*Unconscious.* Let these rise, and flourish and die. Others will replace them. The ruins of a thousand statelier and better systems strew the field of science. But the doctrine of an unchanging Heaven is not a theory to be lightly taken up and put down. Yet a little while and the end of our uneasy seeking and striving will be upon us. The gift we all ask for will be vouchsafed us soon. *Mehr Licht!* What if it should come to light up the wrecks of our pretty thought-structures ; to reveal to us the truths we have put aside in life awaiting us in the eternity we are bidden to enter.

THOMAS A. FINLAY.

## *Albert Durer: Painter and Engraver.*

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AS it is the prevailing custom to introduce to our notice the private life and character of a celebrated man, and his general connection with the men of his time, by describing his parentage and the families from which he was descended, so the history of the development of his particular gift or talent is most fitly prefaced by describing the school of thought or of art which gave birth to and fostered his genius. In portraying, then, the talents and career of Albert Durer as a great artist, it is becoming that we should give a short account of the school of painting whence he sprang, and of the master who first guided his earliest efforts. Nuremberg, Durer's native town, was situated between Cologne and Prague, the centres of two somewhat opposite schools of art, between which it occupied a middle position. Before Albert's time the rise of the bourgeoisie class in importance had thrown the patronage of the fine arts into their hands, and by extending the mercantile activity of the imperial city as far as and beyond the towns we have mentioned, it had enabled its artists to adopt many improvements introduced elsewhere, though they still maintained an independent school of their own.

While the pagan art of ancient Greece aimed at the most perfect modelling of the human form, so the Christian art of the mediæval Church would fain symbolize the supernatural graces and heavenward tendencies of the spiritual life by a refined and idealized rendering of the figures of saints and angels, by the delicacy of their features and the richness of their garments. This style had found a very exact expression in the old school of Cologne, but it was modified during the first half of the fifteenth century into a detailed copying of the mere human lineaments. The Protestant connoisseur, having neither experience nor belief in the high spirituality of the saints, deems it equally impossible and imaginative, and condemns the attempt to portray it as a double extravagance and unreality. At Prague

the aim of the painter was different, though founded on the same German type, since in obedience to local and political influences in Bohemia, and to the taste of imperial patronizers, it discarded the supernatural for the simply natural life, and delighted in massive forms and heavy drapery, in deep and sombre colours. Its stiff outlines possessed no charm or grace, and the large fiercely-staring eyes sought only to awe the beholder into a cold and distant respect. The artists of Nuremberg formed, as we have said, a middle school between those of Cologne and Prague, and after, at first, combining a more correct study of the proportions of the human body with the old idealistic treatment, they soon devoted themselves exclusively to the matter-of-fact realities of ordinary life—a change which first manifested itself in the accessories of place and dress. The chief promoters, or rather founders, of this new school were the brothers Van Eyck of Bruges, who amazed all by the vigour and truthfulness with which they reproduced nature, and surpassed all that had been as yet achieved in the three centres of art already named. Their method passed rapidly up the stream of the Rhine and gave fresh life to works begun at Cologne, Colmar, Augsburg, Ulm, and Nuremberg. Two innovations especially marked the new system, the introduction of scenery instead of the previous gold background, and the character of individuality given to the figure, and of expression to the features of each person represented. The accessories of dress, &c., were held but secondary in the absence of any very sound knowledge of anatomy or of exact drawing. Thus had the progress of art reversed the order observed in ancient and pagan times, for as it had passed from depicting the merely carnal and material form into the mystical and symbolical, as in the early Church, and thence into the ideal and devotional, so now it was returning from this into the material, yet at the same time intellectual method of treatment, and having lost must now regain the power of correctly drawing the human body. May we not, however, question whether this abandonment of the spiritual and devotional in art for the purely intellectual was progress or development in any truer sense than is, in religious matters, the substitution of human intellect for supernatural faith.

The increasing taste and demand for pictorial illustrations M. Morriz Thausing attributes to the dissatisfaction of the German people with "the vague generalities of the Church as

regards both the past and the future," hence the concentration of their desires on the present and their study of human nature in their own thoughts and experiences, without dependence on the spirit and teaching of the Church. These tendencies were undoubtedly indulged and strengthened by the development of the kindred arts of engraving on wood and copper, in which an excellent substitute was found for large pictures and frescoes that could find no room on the limited surfaces and amongst the rich traceries of Gothic architecture. Being employed by classes of townspeople rather than by titled patrons, constant demands, free of all dictation, readily transformed the artisan into an artist; and a true painter could, in the designs for his engravings on wood or copper, carry out his own inspirations. As he himself generally printed off impressions of his designs and sold them in different towns, a safe income was at once secured to him. By way of copyright or protection to his property each work bore his monogram, and the civil authority, as was especially the case at Nuremberg, gave legal sanction to his rights. In Germany the art of the engraver by no means yielded the first place to that of the painter, it marched abreast with it, and often took the lead of it, and Martin Schongauer, of Colmar, though celebrated as a painter, gave almost his whole energies to engraving. This sketch of the state of art at the time when Albert Durer appeared upon the scene sufficiently describes the progress which it had made and the forms which it had assumed, and when taken with the history of his private life, previously given, it shows in how great a measure the practice of his art and the development of his religious convictions told upon one another.

The master who gave strength to the nascent genius of Albert Durer, and carefully cherished its earliest efforts, was the painter Michael Wolgemut. That the pupil soon threw the master into the shade does not disprove the truth of this statement, and the opinion that Wolgemut was nothing more than a wood engraver, a simple artisan, casts a slur on his work which is wholly undeserved. One reason for the accusation is drawn from the words in which Durer briefly alludes to his term of apprenticeship: "God gave me the grace of application, so that I derived great profit from it, but I had much to suffer for the help which my master gave me." As the artist has never made any complaint against his early instructor, but on the contrary kept up a lifelong friendship with him, his second



remark cannot well refer to any more serious drawbacks than the petty jealousies and animosities common amongst fellow students. Although Wolgemut seems to have habitually undertaken a large number of commissions, which he could have executed only through the hands of pupils and others, yet not only does the presence of a powerfully directing mind manifest itself throughout, but many innovations and improvements are both introduced and developed with great skill and vigour. In the *Chronique de Nuremberg*, the publication of which by Hartmann Schedel and Wolgemut was quite an event in the history of printing, many splendid illustrations fully attest the creative power and fertile imagination of Durer's master. And if on other occasions there has been some confusion between his monogram, W, and the signature of the designer and silversmith Wenceslaus of Olmutz, yet a closer study of the differences of style attributes to the more famous engraver and to his workshop most of the old German engravings marked with that initial. The difficulty arises from great inequalities of execution and variety of handling, but this is sufficiently accounted for by what we have said of the variety of hands actually employed by Wolgemut, and the readiness with which other works would be engraved by him besides his own. It is most certain that Durer's master gave an immense impetus to the perfection of wood and copper engraving in Nuremberg. Brought up in the school of Cologne, and having in all probability had Stephan Lochner for his master, he lingered for several years on the banks of the Rhine, where the influence of the Van Eycks was dominant, and where the system of engraving on copper, springing from Roger Van der Weyden and further developed by Martin Schongauer, was in full force.

On his return home Wolgemut introduced at Nuremberg the realistic method of Van Eyck, and for the first time took up a public position in his town, buying the house and marrying the widow of the painter Hans Pleydenwurff, under whom he had worked, and who may be considered as his master. Among his earliest paintings should be mentioned an altar-piece commissioned by a nun of the family of Landauer, and one of his finest was that intended for the high altar of the Church of the Augustines, in which painting, notwithstanding the size of the figures, the execution is absolutely perfect. Wolgemut afterwards tried his strength in portrait painting, and succeeded in giving great individuality to his heads. His treatment of

his subject was delicate and attractive, full of clearness and brilliance, yet vigorous and incisive, while the hands are executed with marvellous finish. Within a dozen years, however, he seems to have lost his power of portraiture. Wolgemut never achieved greater success than in his altar-pieces, as in that designed for the Margrave Henry the Fourth of Brandenburg. After completing his important work of decorating with religious subjects the great hall in the Hotel de Ville of Goslar, filling the compartments between its Gothic tracery with grave figures of prophets and evangelists, with lighter sibyls, and with portraits of emperors, he addressed himself to his last and best authenticated undertaking, the design which adorns the high altar of the parish church of Schwabach, and which he finished in 1508, at the age of seventy-four. On the interior panels of this altar-painting are the two patrons of the sacred building, St. John the Baptist and St. Martin of Tours. The figures themselves are full of force and dignity, and it is particularly observable that the details of rock and forest scenery are filled in with a care and minuteness that reveal enthusiastic love for nature. In other parts of the design there is an evident desire to attain correct perspective and the exact proportions of the human body, though the dress belongs to the artist's own period. Wolgemut died in 1519, and the Albertine collection of Durer's pictures at Vienna contains an excellent portrait of his former master, bearing the date 1516. In it the high brow and large open eye, the sharply-defined aquiline nose, the round and prominent chin, the full lips combine to indicate an unflinching spirit and energy, that even at the age of eighty-two could not seek repose. Such was the first instructor of Albert Durer, and to any one at all acquainted with the works of the latter, artistic parentage stands confessed in the close resemblance between the line of subjects selected, and in the general manner of their treatment at the hands of each artist. Every point we have dwelt upon in the aim and aspiration of Wolgemut is a fresh presage of its far more perfect rendering by Durer. That during his apprenticeship Albert adopted with ardour the system of his master, is proved by the etchings from his pen in 1489, which depict favourite subjects in the fierce aspect, feeble delineation of form, and awkward positions characteristic of the school. Though the sculptures and wood carvings of Adam Kraft were inspired by an imitation of the manner of Wolgemut, that artist retained his influence over Durer even

after he had lost him as an apprentice, and we have no trace of the latter placing himself under any other instruction, although he cherished a grateful remembrance of Hans Traut of Nuremberg, and preserved a picture by him in his possession.

During his travels abroad immediately after his apprenticeship, Durer seems to have studied the painting of heads, and to have given his attention to the treatment of natural objects ; though, like his master, his perspective was faulty at the commencement. Another picture of this date is extant, being a half-length figure of the Infant Jesus, the figure is richly draped and modelled with great care after the German type. If at one time the Flemish schools of the north had exercised an especial influence over Italian art, during the last six years of the fifteenth century Italy held undisputed supremacy in the domains of skill and taste, for the principal representatives of Van Eyck's style, Hans Memmling in the north and Antonello di Messina in the south, were both lately dead. The relations between Nuremberg and Venice were close, and as Albert's friend, Willibald Pirckheimer, was studying at Padua and Pavia, the fame of the city of the lagoons would the more readily have drawn Albert himself in that direction. Though his visit was beyond doubt a hurried one, he received during it a most lively impression from the works of a new school which he saw, but he was not able until his second visit to appreciate them thoroughly and determine his own course under their influence. When more matured himself he expresses dissatisfaction with some pictures, and a more enlightened admiration of others, as of the paintings of Giovanni Bellini, but the fact was that the interval had marked the age of progress both for Venetian art and for the development of his own style. He had this great sympathy with it, that it stood midway between the character of the German mind and that of the less rugged south, and was late in admitting the soft perspective effects, the rich ornamentation, the graceful forms, and varied grouping of the renaissance. Murano, a German master, was the founder of the Venetian school, and preserved the Gothic taste of the middle age. In contrast to him Mantegna, born in 1431, had at Padua and Mantua first imparted depth to surface painting, and copied the magnificent decoration and correct costume of the antique without any tinge of modern insipidity, but with vigorous truthfulness to nature. Gentile and Giovanni Bellini first yielded themselves to this influence, with serious peril to the method of

Murano and of his followers, and they gladly adopted the use of oils as introduced by the brothers Van Eyck, and brought to Venice by Antonello di Messina. A third school had risen up in the same place, which aimed at brilliant and refined execution, detailed reproduction of nature, and the expression of sentiment; its originators, though Venetians, showed a strong German tendency. Durer reached Venice before the contest between these three different styles of art had ceased, and we know not to which he most attached himself, perhaps to the last mentioned, as between Jacopo de' Barbari and Nuremberg there were intimate relations. Certainly the leaves of the book of designs which he filled in during his first visit show a very partial appreciation or imitation of the antique, and combine the feeling of the middle age with an admixture of modern realism and ancient costume.

It would be difficult to ascertain where or when Durer made his earliest acquaintance with the works of Mantegna, who was settled at Mantua when Albert first visited Italy, and who died about the time of his second visit. In vain had he endeavoured to know personally both Mantegna and Schongauer, for he venerated them and in part formed himself on their style. National sympathy and the influence of Wolgemut brought him into closer agreement with Schongauer, but he made a still more careful study of Mantegna, and desired to catch the grandeur and dignity of his treatment. The development of his own handling of his subject was to differ from either painter, although when in Italy he felt the powerful attraction of one of the first masters of renaissance. Two copies of Mantegna executed by him betray an ambitious attempt to improve upon the original by a more exact modelling, and are in proportion inferior to Mantegna in force and expression. These copies, however, exhibit the progress made by the young artist in design, and an ardent desire by greater depth and variety of shading to increase the realistic effect of his figures. His error was that in giving more perfect expression to mere form, he sacrificed refinement and soul in his representations. Nor, again, could he shake off the traditional taste of his country for depicting violent and exaggerated emotion, which he still continued to ally to a fuller and truer delineation of the nude. He could not appreciate the improvements made by the new school in the perspective and construction of buildings introduced in its backgrounds, though he was much struck by the

interiors of the churches of Venice, and took ideas from what he then saw for the execution of his own pictures. But above all did Albert devote himself during his first visit south to the study of landscape, and he has left a perfect series of sketches, many of them afterwards utilized in his pictures, but belonging originally to the period of his passage through North Italy and the Tyrol, even though the artist's monogram may have been affixed at a later date. These views of rural scenes Durer continued to paint after his return to Nuremberg with far greater finish and detail than he bestowed upon them in his later years, and his subsequent practice of leaving his landscapes absolutely without colour is a fresh argument for throwing back these sketches to the years 1493 and 1494. Durer was eminently successful in them, and distanced all his contemporaries. The colouring is admirably managed, the foliage and buildings reflected in still water, the flowing stream, the green of the trees, the transparent blue of the sky, the light brown toning down the houses, and the aerial perspective of the whole scene—all these points are given with surprising truth and effect, and leave nothing to be desired. Such are his views of Innsbruck and Trent, of an Alpine pass called the Venetian defile, of a mountain fortress named in his handwriting "an Italian castle;" and such are various studies of trees, rocks, walls, and bastions, and of different scenic effects of light and shade, of clouds and sunsets. Equal to these in care and execution are views marked "Nörnperg" (Nuremberg), "Sant Johans Kirchen," "Weydenmüll," and "Trotzichmüll," descriptive of scenery in the neighbourhood of Nuremberg. When he went to Italy the second time his object, instead of being to observe and study, was that he might sell different works of art, as well as impressions of his pictures already painted. Indeed, he had no leisure for minute drawing or for finished and elaborate water-colours.

Even when in his father's workshop, the boy of thirteen soon gave proof of his precocious talent by the rapidity with which he acquired the first rudiments of the silversmith's art in chiselling and modelling, and during his apprenticeship he is said to have chased in silver the seven falls of Christ along the way of sorrows. This practice helped to form his hand early for designing the human figure with breadth and roundness, and developed his power as a portrait painter. The likeness of himself, which he painted at the age of thirteen, exhibits an

extraordinary freedom of treatment and minuteness of detail, the lower part of the countenance especially and the modelling of the chin and neck being admirably executed, and the arrangement of the hair showing a master-hand. The defective point is in the eyes, which stare out from the face with unnatural hardness and prominence, a defect that to a greater or less extent characterizes all Durer's likenesses. In another portrait of himself which bears date 1493, when the artist was twenty-two, all these excellencies were enhanced in the richness, clearness, and harmony of its parts. In the many likenesses which he has given us of members of his own family, of his friends and patrons, of emperors and men of science, of his master and of his fellow artists, and in the heads of Apostles and others for his imaginative pictures we particularly note the careful finish, the strong individuality, and the marvellous delineation of mental qualities which are stamped on every face, although one's eye is almost always painfully arrested by that same fixed and glassy stare of which we have spoken. During the latter period of his life, while he was sojourning in the Netherlands, we find him handling his pencil in behalf of the worthies and celebrities of the "Reformation" with suitable stiffness, gravity, and heaviness of treatment and expression, not lightened by the evident fidelity of the portraiture.

After his return from his first travels, Albert's advance in his art was much retarded by the limited circle of his friends and patronizers, so that several years had to be wearily plodded through before he attained sufficient notoriety. For the sake of that expedition, which the want of means doubly urged on him, he followed in his pictures of larger size the plan taught him by Wolgemut of handing over his rough sketches to be worked out by auxiliaries, without taking sufficient care to see whether their work retained the particular excellencies of the design entrusted to them. This habit should be borne in mind when we pronounce judgment on the earliest religious pictures which emanated from his workshop. There exists, however, in the gallery of Dresden a painting that previously adorned the altar of a chapel in the Castle of Wittenberg, and which appears to have been begun and executed throughout by the artist himself. This grand triptych is painted on fine canvas, in water-colours or distemper, after the easy and rapid handling employed frequently by German and Italian painters, such as Mantegna and his imitators in Verona. The Blessed Virgin

is represented as turning towards the left to adore the Infant Saviour lying asleep on a cushion beside her. Her face is oval, her figure slender and delicate, robed in blue, while her head is encircled with a white veil. A little cherub, kneeling before the Divine Infant, with a handkerchief brushes off the flies and fans him. To the right stands a pulpit supporting an illuminated book of prayers in German. Above the head of Mary are poised two angels bearing a royal crown of Gothic workmanship enriched with pearls. On a higher level behind, to which the correct perspective leads the eye, two smaller angels are engaged in sweeping the pavement and sprinkling it with water, and in a neighbouring room St. Joseph is seen at work. The composition of this interesting and important picture combines German severity with Italian breadth; the draperies are stiff and angular, the pose of the Infant reminds one of the Italian school, but the individual limbs are hard. The whole painting of the angels shows the influence of Mantegna in its freedom, fulness, and grace. A window reveals at the back the view of a farm and trees, beside which stands an open cart. The two wings of the triptych contain a St. Anthony and, as is probable, a St. Sebastian; the former appears to be a venerable old man full of gravity and energy of character, whose strong and bony hands are so true to nature as to absorb the attention. The anatomy of each figure is faithfully rendered, though the effect is somewhat harsh and cold, again suggestive of a German rather than an Italian model. The several accessories of flowers, fruit, and fanciful forms introduced are most striking in their accuracy. This picture belonged to the Elector of Saxony, Frederick the Wise.

In close connection with this picture as to date and proprietorship is the altar-piece at Ober-Sanct-Veit, painted a little later for Frederick, and bearing on its panels the electoral arms of Saxony. It was probably first placed in the Castle of Wittenberg, was thence moved into the private chapel of the Archiepiscopal palace at Vienna, whence it found its way to the summer residence of the Archbishop at Ober-Sanct-Veit, not far from Vienna. Time and modern restorations have much injured this painting, which in conception and execution never equalled the finer picture at Dresden, and in its working out belongs rather to the school of Durer, although an original design for it, carefully laid in and frequently retouched, has been found signed by Durer himself with the date 1502. The subject

is the scene of the Crucifixion, treated with great vigour and comprising nearly sixty figures. Upon the interior of the left hand door Christ is represented on His way towards Calvary, upon the other He stands in the garden before St. Mary Magdalene. The outer panels are filled in with figures of St. Sebastian and St. Rock. This latter picture, when contrasted with the one previously described, marks an epoch in its designer's style, wherein he began to sacrifice to the exigences of overwork the dignity and simplicity of his former conceptions. Henceforth he, for the most part, sought to give richness to his execution by introducing a confused multitude of figures together with a multiplicity of minor details, and it was only towards the close of his artistic career that he recovered a portion of his sounder breadth of style. In linear perspective he made at this time no great advance, nor did he practise his hand in water-colours or oils. On these points he but followed the universal custom in Upper Germany where altar-pieces were seldom painted. He contented himself with carefully drawing out a first sketch, which he transferred to the panel itself, washed with a general body colour, working in the outlines with his brush in dark and deep shades, a process which the damaging effect of time or the original thinness of the paint laid on often reveals to the eye. The finishing of the picture was in most instances left to the tender mercies of helps and pupils; thus the final execution of the Ober-Sanct-Veit painting is undoubtedly to be attributed to the young Hans Schäußelein de Nördlingen, whose work is traceable in the dignified features that wear a somewhat bitter and satirical smile. The St. Sebastian we owe, on the contrary, entirely to Albert Durer, for the undraped figure is modelled to perfection in its sombre outline, the fully developed head is covered with flaxen and richly waving hair, and is turned to the right displaying a sharply defined profile and upturned glance; while the whole arrangement of the figure, of which the upper part especially is round and muscular, betokens the artist's careful study of anatomy. For assistance in his engravings on wood, Durer had surrounded himself with a school of artists, who collectively at all events may be called his pupils. In the subsequent school which he formed to expedite his designs on copper he was less particular, growing more anxious to execute in detail with his own hands his larger and more important undertakings; and thus his triptych, entitled *der Baumgärtner*, though the finest beyond



doubt which came forth from his former school, still fails to show in all its parts that full energy and animation which the master's own hand subsequently imparted to the details of his work. This picture of the Nativity he almost repeated in 1508. About the 1511, two famous pictures executed by Hans Kulmbach were in all probability painted from designs supplied to his friend by Albert Durer.

The list of engravings on copper attributed to our artist is headed by two of doubtful parentage. These represent an old man seizing violently on a young girl, as symbolical of the struggle between death and life, and a young rider with whip in hand turning round on his horse. They may have been exercises of the master taken from some roughly executed copy, as they bear neither name nor date. The earliest specimens of his work which cannot be questioned are a Holy Family, called *of the grasshopper*, and *The offerings of love*; both date after 1496, for they bear the engraver's monogram, and show marks of having been copies. In the engravings which immediately follow, we soon see the young artist improving upon the example before him. When copying a subject frequently repeated in those days, namely the Dance of Death, Albert modified the rude, hard character given to its treatment, and showed a tendency to a simpler handling more in accordance with modern ideas, whereas his master Wolgemut retained all the characteristics of the old school. In truth Durer must have made rapid progress, for one would be amazed to find how complete and studied, yet at the same time simple and natural, was one of his earliest engravings, the Prodigal Son. In the British Museum is a water-colour by Durer, which with some marked alterations served evidently as the sketch for a future copperplate engraving, but he continued for some time to copy from and work along with his master Wolgemut. The war of the Emperor against Switzerland filled Nuremberg with mercenaries, whose picturesque accoutrements and dashing, reckless gaiety supplied him with many a hint for his sacred and historical paintings, one of these was his engraving in 1513, named, *Le Chevalier, la Mort, et le Diable*, intended to illustrate the armour of the period.

For his earliest designs in wood, Durer made choice of striking subjects suggested in the Apocalypse, taking up the style of the coarse anti-Catholic satires of Wolgemut, and directing his work against the Catholic Church, as he imagined it

to be in his day. His first wood engraving in the order of this series represented the martyrdom of St. John, the second depicted the summoning of the Saint by the voice as of a trumpet, in the third plate were seen the open gates of the heavenly city, while in the fourth stood forward the four horsemen of the Apocalypse. In these pictures the exercise of the inventive faculty was so elaborate and ingenious as to disguise many flaws and weak points in the execution. In his fifth picture Durer treats the opening of the fifth and sixth seals, and displays still more bitterly his growing animosity against the Church, a harsh judgment which he had by no means mitigated when he further commented on this picture in 1521. The chief point to remark on in the other engravings which followed in succession is that the design wholly departs from the Catholic traditions when he portrays the woman of the Apocalypse as a fabulous and symbolical figure, having two huge wings fastened to its shoulders in gross and literal application of the words contained in the 14th verse of the 12th chapter of the Apocalypse. The execution resulting from Albert Durer's designs in this series of plates inaugurates a new era in wood-engraving; not that it is likely the wood block was manipulated by the artist's own hands, for, as a general rule, the best work is to be attributed, not to the designer, but to the professional workman. In most cases Albert drew out his composition on the panel either with the pen or the brush, or in chalk, and left the material part of cutting to the artisan. Up to his day the outlines were meagre, and depended for effect on the colours to be afterwards applied, the deeper and finer cutting which he introduced gave light and shade without the aid of colour, for no hand was more cunning than his in the exactness, precision, and force of its execution, and no intellect more skilled in detecting and evoking the capabilities of his art.

In his treatment of the human figure Durer gained many lights from his study of the works of Jacopo de' Barbari, a Venetian painter, and his *Adoration of the Magi*, the first picture on a grand scale, which in 1504 was executed entirely by his own hand, gives evident sign of this influence in the immense care bestowed on the most minute points, in the clearness of the colouring, and the grace and delicacy of the whole execution. His engraving, about this time, of St. Eustachius presents the like features, but another of *Adam and Eve* far surpasses Jacopo in richness of composition, and stamps Durer

as the finest engraver of his time. On the reverse side of his sketches for these two figures can be traced measurements which exactly correspond with De' Barbari's theory of proportion. A succession of wood engravings represents events in the life of the Blessed Virgin ; each scene is wonderful as a work of art, and crowded with detail, but the quaintness of the heavy German drapery, and the absence of all religious character in the pose of the figures or the expression of the features despoil it to the Catholic eye of all realistic or devotional effect ; heart and imagination have equally ceased to be Catholic. Half Protestant and half Catholic is the famous picture of the Feast of the Rosary, in which Pope Julius the Second and Maximilian the First are receiving crowns of roses from the the hands of our Lord and of the Blessed Virgin. Most of the distinct points are Catholic, but there is a thoroughly humanized character pervading their general treatment. Yet during his second visit to Venice and north Italy, Durer entered into close friendship with many of the Italian painters, whose names are as household words to us, and six marvellous designs for embroidery in arabesque work on black discs remind us at once of similar Italian ornamentations still extant, and bearing the stamp of the "Academia Leonardi Vinci." After the pictures already named, succeeded in 1508 that of the *Martyrdom of 10,000 Christians*, in 1509 the subject of the *Assumption of the Blessed Virgin*, and the picture of *All Saints* in 1511, for Durer was then at the height of his fame and of his artistic powers, and he deemed that a complete year was the least time he could devote to a great work. Among these specimens of the master, the picture of the Assumption is perhaps the finest which he ever painted, if we consider the dignity and animation which mark the figures composing it, the depth and correctness of its perspective, the ability displayed in the grouping, the gracefulness of the draperies, and the vigour of its conception. It must be confessed, however, that his picture of the Saints in Glory, called also the *Adoration of the Blessed Trinity*, fully bears comparison with it. After the date 1512, Durer relapsed into his former negligence of execution.

The painting of "The Saints in Heaven" is not only valuable as presenting a *resumé* of all Durer's chief excellencies as an artist, but it introduces him also to us as architect and sculptor. Both in the books which he published and in the manuscripts which he left behind him we find various admeasure-

ments and copies of ancient capitals, &c., and a few of his pictures show his acquaintance with the forms of the Renaissance, though they degenerated in the climate of the North, as the designs for his wood-engraving of the *Triumphal Arch of the Emperor Maximilian* testify. As sculptor, Durer does not seem to have done more than supply the designs for bass-reliefs and statuettes; the best and most authentic example of these is a small female figure in silver, occupying a niche in a coffer presented to Helena Imhoff. His earliest training had given to Albert a wonderful facility in the working of metals, so that he proved himself perfectly acquainted with the art of designing with aquafortis on iron, steel, and copper, which he combined with engraving; and in the fecundity and versatility of his talent, combined with great diligence, he never abandoned his original taste for miniature work in water colour on parchment or common paper. During the years 1511 and 1513, appeared his two best conceptions of the Blessed Virgin, executed on copper, although he still more happily expressed the richness of his fancy in his engravings on wood.

In 1511, Durer was able to accomplish one of the great desires of his life, when he published three series of his wood-engravings in the form of books or collections. These comprised *The Apocalypse*, *The Life of the Virgin*, and *The Grand Passion*; and to forward this undertaking, he obtained a printing press. Not content with being writer, printer, editor, and publisher of his own works, he aimed at being a poet, composing stanzas, as titles illustrative of his designs, and even venturing on longer pieces of fairly average merit when compared with the compositions of his time and country. Another proof of the artist's marvellous versatility in its own proper field exists in the humorous and fantastic designs illuminating the *Book of Prayer of Maximilian*. The last great achievements of Durer as wood-engraver are all connected with the *Triumphal Procession* of the Emperor, embracing, as it did, not only the imperial car itself, but other pageants and trophies forming part of the same grand design. It must, in the last place, be remembered that Albert Durer was savant and author as well as painter and engraver. During his whole artistic life, the wish had ever been before his mind, to write a succession of treatises supplying the young painter with every direction and maxim necessary either for the theory or the practice of his profession, and yet he failed to grasp the true philosophy, the full science and theory of the

painter's art. He aimed at following rather than leading the taste of his day, for while founding his practice on the close imitation of nature and antiquity, he held theoretically that the true and beautiful in the works of art of any particular country were rather the combined product of many minds and intellects than of one, unless, indeed, all the qualities necessary were by some happy chance united in one man of a rare and comprehensive genius. Such was the tendency of that rich variety of valuable maxims with which the multitudinous notes and sketches left by Durer were undoubtedly filled, in addition to those which he published during his life-time in his "Science of Measurements," and in his "Treatise on proportions," of which the three concluding books were not given to the light until after his death. Many other works on collateral subjects had been planned by him, but only one was actually printed, its subject being "The Theory of the fortification of towns and castles." Of another small work two manuscript copies exist, entitled "The Thoughts of Albert Durer on the Bearing of Arms," being a treatise on the science of fencing and wrestling. Thus did this active-minded and hard-working man prove the richness and versatility of a genius which is notwithstanding almost unknown to the general reader or even, it may be, to many artists of our own times.

J. G. MACLEOD.

## *Ritualist Reasons against Conversion.*

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THE Editor of the MONTH AND CATHOLIC REVIEW\* has allowed me space in his columns to make some reply to an article from the pen of Dr. Littledale, which appeared in the November number of the *Contemporary Review*, entitled, "The Ritualists and Roman Catholicism."

So far as the question between the Abbé Martin and Dr. Littledale turns on a discussion of the motives which may weigh with the Ritualists to prevent them from joining the Roman Church, I have little to say to it. It is not always easy to ascertain the motives which impel men to *adopt* a given course of action; but it is much more difficult to discern those which induce them to *abstain* from it. Dr. Littledale must know the inner mind of the party to which he belongs better than the Abbé Martin. Allowing, therefore, for the effect of *esprit de corps*, and the desire to put the best face on things, we may admit that the general view of deterrent motives which he presents corresponds faithfully enough with the actual condition of the Ritualistic mind. There is, however, one powerful motive, the working of which can be better observed from without than from within, because, while it colours the feelings, it scarcely rises to the consciousness, of those who are swayed by it. I mean the motive supplied by the signal and long-continued success of the institution to which their birth attaches them. The course of thought, if distinctly apprehended, would be somewhat as follows: "Rome and her followers predicted all kinds of terrible things as certain to befall England, if she threw off the Papal yoke and took her own course; but what has come of it all? This is the three hundred and twentieth year since the accession of Elizabeth, and here is England, which, according to the Roman Catholic theory, fell into heresy and schism, great, wealthy, populous, and prosperous, while Spain, which held fast to Peter's Chair, has sunk to a low ebb in all these respects, and suffered national humiliation in every form.

Our traders and sea-rovers did more for us than the prayers of the Spanish saints did for Spain; and men of the stamp of Drake and Raleigh seem to build up a nation's greatness better than heroes like St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier. The Great Rebellion, indeed, was a painful episode, and for a time it seemed as if we were being punished for having revolted from Rome. But the storm passed; two centuries more have rolled away; and we appear to be stronger and better off than ever. We have put aside the irksomeness of fasting and abstinence; our priests and bishops marry *ad libitum*; yet while we make the best of this world, the high character of our clergy, and the zeal and charity apparent in a large proportion both of clergy and laity, go far to prove that we make the best of the other also. We are planting new sees in all parts of the world, and the Archbishop of Canterbury summons a hundred bishops to the Pan-Anglican Synod—more than a tenth of the number of bishops who bow under the yoke of Rome. Divisions? Yes; but the progress made by 'Catholic' principles justifies us in expecting that they will in the end triumph, and that the whole English Church, including millions of converted Dissenters, will rest, after many oscillations, in the revived faith and discipline of the primitive Church."

Against this palmary argument of success it is vain to argue. You may tell men that the promises of the Gospel are not temporal, and that it is a question of souls saved or lost, not of imports and exports; they will grant what you say in the abstract; but the temporal greatness of the nation will convince the great majority of men, in spite of themselves, that its religious position is right and sound. Professor Dozy states, among the results of his researches in Spanish history, that after the Mohammedan conquest of Spain great numbers of the native Christians embraced Islam, being persuaded that the signal success of the Moslems proved the truth of their religion. Similar in its nature is the feeling which prompts Englishmen in the mass, including Ritualists, to refuse even to listen to a proposal involving the abandonment of that many-hued non-Roman Christianity *with* which, if not *because of* which, the country has prospered so remarkably. Considering all this, and taking into account the spirit of compromise with which Englishmen are familiarized by their politics, I am disposed to say that Dr. Littledale gives himself needless trouble to explain why Ritualists do not follow out their religious premisses to

what appears—to every one but Ritualists—their obvious practical conclusion. If the national prosperity should receive a shock, the confidence of the Ritualists in the strength of their ground may receive a shock also, but not till then. It was observed that in the spring of 1871, when the French people had to elect a National Assembly in a time of disaster, the north of France being in the hands of the enemy, they sent to Bordeaux a great majority of men who were sincere and practical Catholics; whereas, at the elections that have been held since, it is notorious that most of those returned are, to say the least, no friends to the Catholic Church. The analogy of this case seems to render it probable, that should misfortunes at all comparable to those of France in 1871 ever befall our country, the deep stir of feeling which would be produced would lead great numbers of High Churchmen to seek shelter in a haven of spiritual security whence they can never be dislodged except through their own fault. Their spiritual perplexities as Anglicans they can bear while they are uncomplicated; but if to these were added perplexities caused by the calamities of the State, the load would be too great for serious men, already in part Catholic-minded, to bear.

So far as the motives inducing Ritualists to stay where they are affect themselves only, I have no more to say. But Dr. Littledale does not merely take up his parable on the good and pleasant things of the Anglican land which the convert leaves behind him; he also draws as gloomy a picture as he can of the shore to which he goes, and of the persons with whom, as a convert, he will be associated. These portions of his article may be divided under three heads, in the first of which he speaks of the insignificant numbers and influence of the Roman Catholics of England; in the second, of the supposed inferior quality of the converts of the last thirty years; and in the third, of the presumed failure of the Roman Church in Catholic countries to satisfy the higher needs of the human mind. On each of these points I propose to make some reply.

I. That the Catholics of England are a feeble and—politically—insignificant minority, is of course true. We cannot return a single member to Parliament for an English county or borough. Our Church organization has been greatly extended and improved since the restoration of the hierarchy in 1850, but all the improvement, and more, is requisite in order to enable us simply to hold our own, and prevent the leakage,



either to Dissent or the official religion, which the pressure of the hostile Protestant masses is ever tending to cause among the children of poor Irish parents settled in England. We take up the returns of births and deaths, and we see that in each successive week, through the excess of the former, the population of "Greater London" is swelled by some two thousand souls. The same thing is going on more or less all over the country. What are these thousands, ever pressing in upon the stage of life, who twenty years hence will have to be reckoned with, and will be influencing their country for weal or woe? The answer is, as to nineteen-twentieths of them—Protestants or nothing at all. And those who are nothing at all grow up to be just as unfriendly to the Church as Protestants are. If Burleigh and Parker and James the First could behold the face of England as it now is, they would admit that the work of extirpation which they began had not stopped short since for want of able hands to continue it. England is a non-Catholic nation; whatever is implied by that, whatever is prognosticated by that, may be attributed to England, and predicted of England.

A few lines in the December number of the MONTH exactly appraise the present position of English Catholics. The writer says: "At present we are still a very small body—a score or two of men of title and property of the higher rank, some two or three hundred country gentlemen, fifteen or sixteen hundred priests, a moderate sprinkling of men of substance in the mercantile and manufacturing towns, a very small middle class, and a very large mass of poor, a great proportion of whom are immigrants from Ireland, or the children of such immigrants." This is the simple truth. But for the ideas which they represent, and the memories which they perpetuate, the English Catholics would have less weight in England than the last new Methodist Connexion.

Dr. Littledale will see, therefore, that I am far from joining issue with him, when he talks, with that sort of complacency with which Calvin would have numbered up the adherents of the Pope in Geneva, of the helplessness of the Roman Catholic body in England. But does it follow, because we have no political and little social leverage, that we must throw up our hands in despair? By no means. If for no other purpose, we are set in this country for a sign; we are witnesses before men and angels that the religion of our forefathers is not dead; that

it never deserved to, and cannot die; and that to usurp the name, without rendering the obedience, of Catholics, is a preposterous delusion. Were it not for the Roman Catholics of England, the very idea of the unity of the Church would be lost to the nation; the belief that she is "by schisms rent asunder," as the Ritualist hymn says, would prevail everywhere undisputed; and there would be no one to declare and assert that she is—

One in herself, *not rent by schism*, but sound,  
Entire, one solid shining diamond;  
Not sparkles shattered into sects like you:  
One is the Church, and must be, to be true.<sup>1</sup>

Again, were it not for the Roman Catholics of England, the level of belief among Protestants would be much lower than it is; to an unascertainable but very real extent, aberrations are repressed among them by the presence of a body holding the full and complete Christian creed.

II. Dr. Littledale abounds with anecdotes and estimates, of which the aim is to show the inferior moral and intellectual quality of those who have submitted to Rome within the last thirty years. He tells a wonderful story of a convert, "an educated professional man," who celebrated his conversion by getting drunk; another of seceding members of a sisterhood who robbed the sisters that remained staunch; he knows of men, once decent Anglican clergymen, who have taken to "low comedy" and still meaner shifts for a livelihood; and with regard to the great majority of converts, he is certain that they only retain peace of mind by "giving up thinking." But in the first place, what a strange notion to suppose that any cases of this kind, supposing that they could be added to indefinitely, would constitute an *argument*, supplying a Ritualist who was doubtful as to his position with a valid reason why he should remain where he was. Either the faith of Rome is true, or it is not. If it is true, no unworthiness in those who within a given period and under given circumstances admit its claims, can lessen the obligation of those who know that truth, to embrace and obey it. If it is not true, though all the converts to it were—apparently—spotless in character and unapproachable in intelligence, that should be no argument to a Ritualist to embrace it. What I mean is, not that it is of no consequence what sort of converts admit the claims of truth, but that such considera-

<sup>1</sup> Dryden.

tions, if used as an argument, are as likely to mislead the Ritualist as to lead him aright; that is, they have no argumentative force whatever. And this may be brought home by the following obvious reflection. Let us suppose that after much prayer and meditation, the strength of the Roman position and the weakness of their own should become as clear to Dr. Littledale, Mr. Butler of Wantage, Mr. Bennett of Frome, Mr. Mackonochie, and other distinguished Ritualists, as it became to Dr. Newman before he seceded. Dr. Littledale cannot decently say that the thing is *impossible*; for since it was what actually happened to Dr. Newman, whom he would hesitate to rank *below* those distinguished persons either morally or intellectually, it might conceivably happen also to them. If it did, they would come over; and if they came over, a group of brilliant persons, eminent for virtue and intelligence, would be added to the converts, and "take away their reproach among men." How easily—with a little more courage, a little more prayer, a little more faith—might those very persons who are now scandalized by the inferior quality of the converts, remove or blunt the force of the objection!

But in Dr. Littledale's view not only have the converts of the last thirty years been a very poor set to commence with, but they have undergone, after their conversion, "in a large majority of instances, sudden, serious, and permanent intellectual and moral deterioration." This is, indeed, a dismal picture. Poor convert! "Into what pit thou seest. From what height fallen!" He was a poor creature to begin with, and after undergoing the "sudden, serious, and permanent" change for the worse involved in conversion, the depth of depravity in which he is sunk is terrible to think of. With regard to the "moral" deterioration I shall not attempt any laboured reply, because I have not the means. Of course I do not believe it; it seems to me to stand to reason that it is untrue. But it does not occur to me that there is any ready way of disproving such an assertion, if an opponent chooses to make it. It is, indeed, the sort of statement that Dr. Littledale or any Ritualist might be expected to hazard; for the mere fact of the convert's resisting the arguments which constrain them to stay where they are, disposes them to think meanly of him: and it would be a marvel indeed if they were to put a candid or charitable construction on his after actions. It is impossible to see *why* conversion should have so damaging an effect; why intense

sympathy with men of strong and beautiful souls, like Bede and St. Cuthbert, or with others who preferred to die rather than give up any point of Catholic faith, such as Sir Thomas More, should have a distinctly *worse* effect on the character than sympathy with Cranmer and Latimer, or admiration of Parker and Queen Elizabeth. Yet such sympathy and admiration as these last the Ritualist must feel to a very great extent, in spite of all disclaimers, or why should they prop up the system which these men founded? why allow their action to debar them from communion with the Catholic Church abroad? The convert, having repudiated these persons and all their works, goes to St. Roch when at Paris, or Ste. Gudule when at Brussels, communicates at God's altar with the Christians of the land, and finds himself entirely at one with them. The Ritualist cannot do anything of the kind, and this solely because he will not admit that the persons named, with others, had no right to sever the ties which bound English Christians to the See of Peter, and that this their unlawful work ought to be cancelled. He must therefore secretly entertain a high opinion of these persons, for if he did not he would make these admissions. Such an opinion must be more or less demoralizing in proportion to the insight possessed into the real character and proceedings of the "Reformers." The morale of an evangelical who honestly believes that Cranmer, Parker, &c., were among the salt of the earth, is not impaired by the further opinion that the religious revolution which they wrought, the severance from the See of Peter which they brought about, were desirable changes, and ought by all means to be maintained. But it is not easy to relieve the Ritualists of all suspicion of moral obliquity, when they openly declare—as many of them do—that they think as ill of the Reformers as we Catholics think, yet at the same time strive to the utmost to prevent their work from being undone, and assail with obloquy and ridicule those who, by becoming converts, repudiate in the most practical way they can their usurped authority.

But it seems that Dr. Littledale has found conversion, in his experience, to be attended by great "intellectual deterioration" also; the converts, he says, "give up thinking." Apparently he does not see very far into the matter. Because the converts, after submission to the Church, accept as settled a variety of points which, to the Ritualist, appear disputable, therefore they have "given up thinking." Dr. Littledale does

not see that it is not mere "thinking"—the mere exercise of the mental faculties *per se*—which is of service to man, but thinking justly and fruitfully, that is, on sound principles and in conformity to the laws of inference. If the properties of numbers were denied, unlimited "thinking" would be possible, and even necessary, as to the conclusions embodied in the multiplication table, but as those properties are admitted, all men assume that "twice two make four," &c., and do not waste their time by endeavouring to show that, under certain conditions, and from a special point of view, twice two make five. But because the properties of numbers are fixed, that is no reason why they should not form a basis for fruitful thinking—thinking which leads to new truth; and, of course, in matter of fact they do form such a basis. So it is with the Catholic doctrine. The universe of truth lies stretched before the mind of the Catholic inquirer just as before that of his Anglican brother; but the former, being possessed of a set of first principles, which, being true, are immutably fixed, is placed in an attitude and a position not less, but infinitely more favourable for the discernment and conquest of new truth than is the case with him to whom these first principles are doubtful. This sounds like mere assertion, but a little more explanation will show that what is asserted is at least in harmony with certain generally recognized facts. It is notorious that the body of Catholic doctrine—I mean the doctrine accepted by all those who are in communion with Rome—has been from the first in a state of continual advance and steady onward growth—not, of course, that the doctrine has in any way been *changed*, but that in the continual clash and hurtling between it and opposing or independent forms of thought, a group of new propositions has had to be framed for the guardianship and explication of the central *depositum*. And this movement has been continually *onwards*. No one can truly say that the Catholic Church has ever adopted a creed and then abandoned it, that her voice has ever had a wavering sound, that she has ever receded from ground once firmly and deliberately taken. Not one proposition in all the doctrinal decrees of all the General Councils, from the beginning of the Church to the present day, does Rome fail to hold with the same tenacity of conviction now, and to enforce on her children with the same earnestness, as on the day when it was first defined. In this way stability has been combined with progress; thought has had free play and has been fruitful, not *although*,

but *because* it has proceeded on fixed lines. Möhler's *Symbolik* is a colossal and enduring achievement of human thought, because it takes the whole Catholic faith for granted, and, with a philosophical acumen never surpassed, analyzes and appreciates the various systems, hostile to that faith, which the sixteenth century produced. On the other hand, although Protestantism, including Ritualism as one of its latest phases, has given rise to an enormous amount of thinking, that thinking has not, at least in the religious sphere, been fruitful; it has not resulted in the establishment of new truth. It has simply, after contradicting with immense clamour and bluster certain Catholic truths, in support of which contradiction it broke away from Catholic unity, found itself brought back by the sheer force of logic, on the arena of free discussion, to the acceptance of propositions scarcely distinguishable from the doctrines which it originally assailed. Where Protestantism has not shown this tendency to return towards Catholicism, as among the Evangelical party and the Scotch Presbyterians, there it tends more and more to become intellectually contemptible, in spite of its freedom of thinking. But this return towards Catholicism does not, as we said before, imply the discovery of new truth; it amounts merely to the *disproof* of some false proposition or propositions, impugning a Catholic doctrine, which Protestantism began by asserting. Thus, in our own country, no doctrine was more furiously assailed at the time of the Reformation than that which asserts the Eucharist to be a true sacrifice. So much in earnest were the Reformers in their denial of this doctrine, that they caused every altar in every church in the land to be destroyed, and in the authorized Homilies which they put forth for popular instruction declared that their own forefathers and the whole Church had been for a thousand years plunged in "abominable idolatry," simply because they believed that in celebrating the Eucharist they were offering a true and unspotted sacrifice to God. Moreover, they carefully eliminated from the mutilated English service in their Prayer-book, which they substituted for the glorious liturgy bequeathed to them from primitive times, every phrase and every word which could favour the belief which their heretical temper revolted against, namely, that there was an "oblation of the Saving Victim" (to use the language of the Venerable Bede) in the Eucharist. Much was said about the moral sacrifice, of worshippers devoting *themselves*, "their souls

and bodies," to their Creator; but they suppressed all mention of the "tremendous sacrifice" in which their fathers had believed for nine hundred years, because they had persuaded themselves that the Catholic doctrine on the subject was false and idolatrous. Three centuries have passed, and what do we see now? All the half-way houses between truth and error which the various schools and sects of Protestantism put up—the gross consubstantiation of Luther, the subjective presence of Calvin, the impious and monstrous tenet of "impanation," the bare commemorative rite of Zuingli, and the unsettled theory of Anglicanism, publishing in its Catechism a doctrine irreconcilable with that in its Articles,—all these have either already become, or are fast becoming discredited, and the old Catholic doctrine is regaining more and more of its former ascendancy over the human mind. Dr. Littledale will probably admit, and gladly admit, that the Eucharistic doctrine of Trent, which his Church in the sixteenth century rejected with abhorrence, represents his actual opinions far more clearly than the 28th and 31st of the Anglican Articles. Perhaps not a few of the leading men of the extreme High Church party would say the same. Mr. Keble practically made this very admission when, towards the close of his life, he sanctioned the alteration of "*Not* in the hands," in the hymn for Gunpowder Treason day, to "*As* in the hands." What, again, do all these genuflexions and prostrations, this censuring and candle-burning mean, except that the old Catholic doctrine, which heresy and persecution did their best to extirpate, is coming back again, and commanding the intellectual assent of those who, on other points, for instance, on the authority of Peter's chair, are as obstinate in error as Cranmer himself? Now Dr. Littledale himself bears eager testimony that the only school in the Church of England which is thoroughly alive and progressive is the extreme High Church school. It appears, then, that the best men among the Anglicans, "themselves being judges," have only succeeded after three hundred years in coming back very near to the old Catholic standpoint on this most weighty doctrine. All this time the Catholic doctrine, while remaining the same as it was in the sixteenth century, has received continually new elucidation and explication at the hands of thinkers like Blossius, Vasquez, Gerbet, Wiseman, and a host of others, so that it has surrounded itself with a great body of new and beautiful truths. Thought on the Eucharist has been fruitful among the Catholics, sterile among the Protestants.

Another illustration of the nullity of religious thinking which does not respect the judgment of the Catholic Church, may be found in the history of the doctrine of justification. Everyone knows how Luther made this the *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*, and how Calvin formulated unsound doctrines about it, which found their natural development in antinominism. In the eyes of the Puritans, if Rome had been faultless in everything else, her dreadful doctrine of "works" would have made it impossible for a good Christian to have anything to do with her. Time has passed, and how changed is the whole aspect of the question! The doctrine of the Thirty-nine Articles, that man is "justified by faith only," contradicting the Bible, as it does, explicitly and in terms,<sup>2</sup> cannot any longer be accepted by the High Churchmen except in a non-natural sense. In that strange book which the late Bishop Forbes wrote on the Thirty-nine Articles, he explained this Anglican tenet so as to make it mean nearly the reverse of what the words in their natural use signify. With the decrees of Trent on justification it is otherwise. Ushered in by preparatory statements full of calm wisdom, supporting itself on Scripture at every step, analyzing carefully the errors which it combats, this decree has given to Christendom a doctrine on justification so solid, so exhaustive, so entirely consonant to the reason and conscience of man, that no serious or prudent divine among the Protestants any longer ventures openly to controvert it. All the opposing doctrines had fallen more or less into discredit, even before the searching analysis of Möehler, exhibiting their philosophical and moral inadequacy, had given them the *coup de grace*.

Other instances of the return of Protestantism, through various stages and temporary make-shifts of false doctrines, towards the full Catholic truth, may be traced in the opinions on confession, absolution, Purgatory, &c., now commonly held among Anglicans. The whole movement of which these opinions are symptoms involves, I grant, an immense exercise of thinking; but, as in the other cases examined, it is thinking which discovers no new truth, and the result of which, if it ends well, is only to replace on their pedestals the respective Catholic dogmata that had been impugned. This reaction towards forsaken truth began under Laud, who, as Dr. Mozley says in his Lectures, "saved" for the Church of England "all the

<sup>2</sup> St. James ii. 24.



Catholicism which the reign of Genevan influence had left in her." No new truth was discovered, but a portion of the old truth was "saved."

No; that "intellectual deterioration" which Dr. Littledale is concerned to find among the converts, if it be a fact, did not grow out of their conversion, but came on in spite of it. He may be assured that if his own declared abhorrence of the English Reformers should ever bear its natural and proper fruit, he need not "give up thinking," nor need his vivacious intellect rust from disuse. His lively volubility, his good stories, his Irish fun, can all be made available for the truth as much as now against it. He will find the study of the inner harmonies which bind the doctrine of the stainless Conception of our Lady (at which he stumbles) to the rest of Christianity, more bracing to his mind by far than harbouring obsolete cavils against it. And if he asks for work to do, what enterprizes will attract his imagination, what vast fields unfold themselves to his gaze! To take two departments only—literature and history—the work that lies before Catholics is simply boundless. Almost all the histories of Christian states that have been written in English are distorted by the influence of the Protestant tradition, and sooner or later will have to be re-written. For the general history of the Church, young Catholics, if they do not read French or German, can only be referred to Gibbon, Milman, or Robertson, and it is needless to point out what sort of treatment the Church receives at the hands of all three. The good which Catholic thought might conceivably effect in relation to literature may be measured by the extent of the moral havoc which the present anarchy produces. The chief cause of the frightful waste of powers and opportunities which we see all around us is found in the admiration for what is false and hollow in literature. But literary judgments which the intellect has framed while divorced from those true relations to God and the world, the sum of which is Catholicism, are provisional merely; the Catholic criticism of the coming ages has to revise them. These great intellectual enterprizes have already made much progress in France and Germany, and participation in them is open to all English Catholics who have the necessary qualifications. From what has been said it is clear that when Dr. Littledale charges the converts with "giving up thinking," either he has in his mind some unhappy individual cases from which no general inference can be drawn, or he is using words

which do not express what he means to say. Probably what he means is, that converts give up doubting on points of faith, while Ritualists continue to doubt about them, which is quite true ; but the latter state of mind, as I have endeavoured to show, is *less* favourable to the establishment and enlargement of religious truth than the former.

It is singular that the abnegation of thinking which Dr. Littledale desires to fasten on the converts has begun to form a real characteristic of the laity of his own Church, if the testimony of a manly and outspoken representative of his class may be accepted. My old friend Thomas Hughes has lately published a book entitled *The Old Church*. "The Old Church!" such a misnomer may be expected from an Anglican clergyman arguing for victory, but it is grievous to think what masses of misconception must overlies the mind of the layman who can sincerely use the words with reference to the Church Establishment. But let that pass. One opens the book, and after a time one comes to understand how it is possible for an honest and active mind to think of the institution of Cranmer and Parker as the "Old Church." It is by simply turning the mind away from many difficult religious questions, giving free play to hereditary prejudice and passion, without using reason, in deciding others, and lulling the conscience to sleep if it rebels against these proceedings by the consideration that the existing Anglican system has been "beaten out by successive generations," and has "brought the nation safely at least and not without honour, so far;" in short, that it is a practical success. "There are a number of matters," says Mr. Hughes,<sup>3</sup> "which have been commonly insisted upon in England as part of Christianity, as to many of which the kind of Englishmen" (he is speaking of the average educated English layman) "I am speaking of have come to have no belief at all, one way or the other." Among these subjects are "the exact quality of the inspiration of Scripture, the origin of evil, the method of the Atonement, the nature and effect of sacraments, justification, conversion, and other much-debated matters." There are other points, not less abstruse than some of these, upon which also one does not at first see why the average Englishman should have "any belief at all, one way or the other," namely, "apostolical succession, and all the priestly and mediatorial claims which are founded on it." Whether the Apostles existed,

<sup>3</sup> P. 84.

whether they had a distinct commission, what that commission was, whether it was closed and ceased at the death of the last Apostle, or devolved upon their successors, and, if it devolved upon their successors, in what sense and with what limitations it devolved—all these questions, the solution of which is implied in any theory of apostolical succession that we may adopt, are not without complications, and serious complications too. But the average English layman does not, it seems, profess to have “no opinions” on points such as these, but, on the contrary, has “made up his mind thoroughly,” and “believes them to be men’s fables, mischievous and misleading to those who teach and those who learn—to priests and people alike.” Nothing is said as to the duty of the average layman to *study* the difficult questions which bear on the Christian priesthood before “making up his mind thoroughly;” nor is it alleged that he does study them; rather it is implied that a kind of healthy English instinct is on all such matters his unerring guide; in other words, that he listens simply to the voice of prejudice, and will not use his reason.

Now, with regard to the state of mind here portrayed, I appeal to Dr. Littledale himself whether it does not come nearer to “giving up thinking” on religious matters than any corresponding avowal from the Catholic side which he can produce. To my friend, the writer of the book, who sat on the same benches with me under the same teacher, to whom he looked up with the loyal love of a pupil, I with that of a son, I should like to put one question. Can he truly say that he believes that teacher would have endorsed this system of having “no opinions” on a number of questions vitally affecting the Christian life? Archdeacon Hare finely said of him, that he “followed truth always, in unswerving allegiance to the God of truth, in the spirit of the sublime prayer, *Ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλυσσον.*” He was never content to be without opinions on any subject affecting human conduct, and clearly within the range of the human faculties; on the contrary, he searched for the truth on all subjects until he found it, or thought that he found it. It was jestingly said of him that he woke up every day under the impression that everything was an open question. The sarcasm covered a truth, namely, that mental inertness and passivity were abhorrent to him. I think he would have preferred that both my friend and I should have *some* opinion on each of the moot points enumerated above, though it might

differ greatly from his own, rather than that we should have no opinion at all.

Not only are the converts, according to their "candid friend," mediocre to begin with, and sure to deteriorate as they proceed; they are not wanted, and but grudgingly employed in the Church which they join. Dr. Littledale alleges, in the *deterrent* portion of his argument, that when the Roman Church has got a certain class of converts, married clergymen, she does not know what to do with them; that no work can be found for them except that which is of a less dignified and less useful kind than that to which they have been accustomed; that hence discontent is wont to arise, and that this discontent often leads such persons to return to Anglicanism. That difficulty is sometimes found in providing a fitting niche for converts of this class is certainly not to be denied, nor that this difficulty is apt in restless minds to engender discontent. In one unhappy and well-known instance, the convert wrote, if my memory serves me, more than one pamphlet or paper, complaining of this very grievance, that of being *laid aside* from clerical and almost from scholastic work, which Dr. Littledale is here harping on. This discontent not being repressed, but continuing to rankle in his mind, the convert ultimately fell away, and is now a beneficed minister of the Establishment. But there are other cases, though they may be less known to Dr. Littledale, of married clergymen, who, while feeling keenly the pinch and the smart of the disqualifications under which they seem to labour after entering the Church, yet allow reason and conscience to do their perfect work, and manfully chastise any rebellious or weak repining which should prevent the chief utterance of their hearts from being, *Quam dilecta tabernacula tua, Domine virtutum!* Nor is there the slightest real reason for apprehension. The Master Whom they serve has work for these married converts after the change as He had before. That they should not be upheld, consoled, put to use, if their own faith and patience merit it, is simply impossible. If it were otherwise, the Bible would be a tissue of falsehoods, man would not be in a state of probation, God would not be God. I remember hearing, about thirty years ago, that the late Mr. Seager, a married clergyman, who had then recently gone over, was in the deepest distress; that he was so poor and forlorn that he did not know what to do or where to turn. I lost sight of him for many years. Some weeks ago I read the notice of his death, and it was

evident from the way in which he was spoken of, that for a long time before his death he had won his way to a position of general esteem, and when he died his name was nowhere mentioned but with honour. Many other similar cases have come to my knowledge. I could also name religious communities which had a hard uphill struggle for a long time after they were founded, the dead set of English society being against them, and the poverty of Catholics relatively to the claims upon them creating many difficulties, yet which have gradually risen in a remarkable way—not indeed to wealth, but to a position of solidity and recognized usefulness. If Dr. Littledale ever hears again of converts who have “got no work to do,” and are discontented, let him feel quite certain that it is their own fault. The grievance is no more real than that of which he makes a parade elsewhere, representing it as a real obstacle to the conversion of Ritualists, viz., that in the Roman Church the faithful are deprived of half the Eucharist! One would have thought that since the appearance of Milner’s writings no one would have revived so frivolous an objection as this. This is not the place to deal with such a subject; but Dr. Littledale must know that every one whose conscience compels him to submit to the Roman Church has no doubt whatever that the Anglican sacrament, apart from the spiritual fruit derivable by those who receive it with pious dispositions, is simply bread and wine, whereas in the Catholic Eucharist, under either species, the full gift designed by Christ is conveyed :

Manet tamen Christus *totus*  
Sub utraque specie.

How idle then to speak of that as a real obstacle, which is a mere bugbear existing in the imagination of persons imperfectly informed, and disappears from the moment that they come to understand and love the Catholic doctrine. Hardly less superficial and infinitesimal does the grievance which married converts experience from the difficulty of finding employment appear to them, when compared with the immensity of the good which they receive from becoming Catholics.

While speaking of the inferior quality of the recent converts, Dr. Littledale confines his criticism to those of the last thirty years, of course in order to exclude Dr. Newman and those who went with him. It is a favourite assertion of the Ritualists that had Dr. Newman waited a little longer, and found himself in the

midst of the swelling tide of the "Catholic revival," which is now lifting and carrying forward the Church of England, his doubts and misgivings must have been quieted, and he would have remained contented where he was. Some temerity is required to assert this of the man who, many years after his conversion, wrote that "the thought of the liturgy of the Church of England made him shiver, and that of its Articles made him shudder." Are the liturgy and Articles of the Church of England less binding on the clergy now than they were thirty years ago? At least, if this comfortable theory were true, one might have expected that within the last few years, since Rome defined the doctrine of Infallibility, which Dr. Littledale declares to be "a shameless and indefensible figment," Dr. Newman, perceiving how all the time the "Catholic Revival" was in full swing, would have kept silence, and thus tacitly condemned the proceedings of Rome. But what happened? When Mr. Gladstone, in order to set himself right with the "people of England," whom his drastic treatment of the Irish Church had a little scandalized, attacked the Vatican Council, from a point of view which, if not Ritualist, was high Anglican, Dr. Newman replied in a pamphlet so learned, so masterly, so eloquent, that if he had written nothing else, it would form an imperishable monument of his genius, and in the judgment of on-lookers discomfited his versatile assailant. Such at least was the verdict of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the editor of which, according to Dr. Littledale, has declared that the Ritualists have made the Church of England "interesting;" but perhaps he spoke ironically. Those surely must be wilfully blind who, in the face of all this, affect to say that Dr. Newman would have looked at Anglicanism with their eyes if he had waited. The next fallacy is to represent Dr. Newman as the great *homme incompris* where he is; Roman Catholics are incapable of appreciating him; he enjoys "a far higher degree of love and reverence amongst us Anglicans than he receives from his present co-religionists." Certainly the Ritualists choose a singular way of showing their "love and reverence," when they take up Dr. Newman's reasoning, and admit that it is all very true, but decline to follow where he would lead them. There is a very weighty text in Holy Writ: "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" Dr. Newman would probably be disposed to request such admirers to pay him fewer compliments, and take more of his counsel. This

singular state of mind, of loving and venerating a man who, if the most momentous step of his life was not dictated by an imperious moral necessity, as cogent for his followers as for himself, was the victim of a pernicious delusion, and therefore would deserve rather to be shunned than revered, is an achievement of the Ritualist intellect pure and simple. All thinking men but the Ritualists have never doubted, since the Tractarian movement came to a close in 1845, that, moving on the lines, and accepting the first principles, common to Dr. Newman and the Ritualists, no thoroughly clear and honest mind could fail to come to Dr. Newman's conclusion, viz., that the Church of England was in schism, and that reconciliation to Rome was a duty. Intellectually, the cause was decided; Tractarian principles—what the Ritualists call "Catholic" principles—lead logically to Rome. We all know able and gifted minds which, having followed Newman up to this point, recoiled from the plunge. Logic, indeed, suggested a certain course, and conscience whispered that logic should be followed out—

'Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly tried  
By haughty souls, to human honour tied !

But this recoil involved on the part of those persons the abandonment of "Catholic" principles, the logical gratification of which, as it seemed to them, could only be gained by the surrender of common sense. It was reserved for the Ritualists to retain, or profess to retain, Catholic principles, while stopping short of what the irrefragable logic of Dr. Newman had shown to be their legitimate satisfaction. They point to the many leaders who have remained behind, to the younger enthusiasts who rush to officer their new battalions. Do not the many lesser lights compensate for the loss of the one great luminary? Does not their stability prove him to have been precipitate and fickle? So, when St. Augustine submitted to the Catholic Church, one cannot doubt that the Manichees, then and for generations afterwards, affirmed their Faustus, their Adimantus, their Secundinus, and the rest, to constitute a moral and intellectual consensus, which ought for any reasonable Manichee to outweigh the authority of the renegade Augustine. Yet centuries passed away, and the great doctor of grace was recognized as a teacher throughout the extent of Christendom, while Faustus and his coadjutors, along with their system, were, if not forgotten, not remembered to their honour. It is superfluous to point the

parallel, by looking forward to the time when Ritualism, like Manicheism, will be one of the faded errors of the past.

III. It is time now to deal with that singular notion of Dr. Littledale's, that conversion is facilitated by ignorance of the religious and mental condition of Catholic countries abroad, and that members of the Anglican Church, if they clearly understood the state of things in those countries, would be appalled and repelled by the spectacle which they present. The prevalence of infidelity among the Latin nations he declares to be very far greater than in England, and that being granted, he seems to think the question is settled. If infidelity is more rife in France than in England, he lays the blame of the difference on the religion of France, which is that of Rome, and naturally concludes that a religion which encourages the spread of unbelief more than that of its neighbour nation cannot be superior to this last, and ought not therefore to exercise any attraction over Anglicans sufficient to seduce them from their local allegiance. I shall meet his argument by three different contentions. First, that he greatly exaggerates the virulence and extent of unbelief in Catholic countries. Secondly, that even if the facts were as he states them, the blame should not rest with the Roman Church, which has ever striven her utmost to make men believe, but is chargeable to the weakness and corruption of human nature, and in particular to special evils, such as despotism, national vanity, and the like, which are the secondary manifestations of that weakness and corruption. Thirdly, that Dr. Littledale has kept out of sight, perhaps because he did not feel the importance of them, a large class of considerations, tending to show that Catholic countries, however seriously overspread with infidelity, present nevertheless certain aspects of majesty, heroism, and beauty, all *directly referable to the faith of Rome*, which may well arrest the attention of those who deplore the absence of such aspects from English life.

1. On the first point I shall not say much, because it is a comparison of which the elements are vast, while only partial statistics are attainable. Nothing, therefore, would be easier than for two persons to wrangle for years over it, each producing a multitude of damaging facts, but neither succeeding in making good his case. Dr. Littledale says: "Not to go further than France, it is speaking within bounds to say that the Abbé will find three disbelievers in Christianity amongst his own fellow-countrymen for every one he could discover in England."



How does he know? how can he possibly tell? If Dr. Littledale were a layman, I could put him in the way of "discovering" an amount of unbelief amongst Oxford men and educated English laymen generally that would perhaps astonish him. He thinks that because English fathers of families go to church, and, for social reasons, have their children christened, and are much too polite to talk scepticism before a clergyman, therefore they all "believe." He could not deceive himself more grossly. English lay society is honey-combed with unbelief from end to end; such at least is my sincere impression, judging from the facts at my disposal. Some years ago, an undergraduate who had himself just taken his first class, told me that he knew, either personally or through friends, all the men whose names had appeared in the first class in the final classical school at Oxford during the previous three years, and that, with the exception of two or three, all these young men were sceptics in religion. But this is a fact which no clergyman, unless he belonged to the Broad school, would have the least chance of discovering. With regard to unbelief in Catholic countries, and particularly in France as by the nature of the case no statistics are obtainable, I do not see what better can be done than to consult in a fair spirit the general impressions on the matter which prevail in English society. Dr. Littledale's estimate of three French unbelievers to one English is a clergyman's estimate; few laymen, I think, would rate the disproportion nearly so high, because they better know the extent of unbelief among the English laity. At the same time, it can hardly be doubted that the class of educated men in France who stand avowedly apart from religion is considerably larger than the corresponding class in England. But this is partly accounted for by the difference between the Churches, the English Church practically requiring from laymen nothing more than a little church-going, while Rome counts no one a member of the Church who does not comply with the Lateran injunction of at least annual confession and Communion. The terms of membership being more stringent, it might therefore naturally be expected that a larger proportion of educated men should be in open estrangement from religion in France than in England. However, a general impression prevails, and I believe a correct one, that large numbers, if not the majority, of Frenchmen who are alienated from the Church during life are reconciled to her at the approach of death.

2. Even, however, if the facts respecting unbelief in the Latin countries were as Dr. Littledale states them, the conclusion drawn by him—that the Roman Church, which cannot “check the generation of doubt among its own children,” is no safe guide—would be illogical. “Suppose,” he says, “some particular region were extolled by physicians as a health-resort of exceptional virtue, and the many cures effected by even a brief sojourn there were trumpeted everywhere; what would be the effect on public opinion of a discovery that the indigenous population was stunted, unhealthy, and constantly thinned by emigration in search of health, and by the very diseases for which their home was alleged as a specific?” The parallel is without force, because in the case imagined the “indigenous population” are exposed to the full influence of the climate of the supposed health-resort, and yet are not benefited; whereas the nominal members of the Roman Church are by their own act excluded from the health-giving influences which she diffuses. Suppose that the natives of San Moritz in the Engadin, instead of going about their business in the pure and bracing air of their valley, were to spend most of their time in heated, ill-drained tap-rooms, and to diet themselves in a way the very reverse of that which the experienced medical men of the place recommended. If in that case they grew up stunted and unhealthy, no one would be surprised; but the fault would not lie with the climate, which would have made them strong and healthy if they had trusted to it, but with their own misguidance of themselves. So the immense number (if so be) of persons not benefited by Christianity in the Latin countries does not prove that the Roman Church could not give them all these benefits if they resorted to it, but only that they do *not* resort to it. As to those who *do* obey the Church, it is notorious that whether young or old, poor or rich—however diverse in character or unequal in gifts—they do benefit by the climate, and find it curative to the utmost extent that has ever been alleged. Why then, it will be asked, do such large numbers hold aloof? The first answer is simple; it is that man is fallen, and that man is free. He is fallen; therefore he is continually tempted by pride or passion to seek short cuts to happiness, quitting the difficult way of the Cross; he is free; therefore he can, if he will, succumb to these temptations and act as they suggest. The second answer turns on the peculiar circumstances of the

Latin countries, which are still struggling with the anti-Christian ideas and practices originating with, or brought to light by, the great French Revolution. This is a wide subject—too wide for discussion here. Nor do I forget, if I name the Revolution as the great secondary cause of the alienation of Frenchmen and Italians from the Church, that ecclesiastical abuses and scandals had some share in producing the state of national feeling which preceded and facilitated the Revolution. The state of this world will never be very satisfactory, because the moral materials with which the noblest men accomplish the greatest enterprizes, have always proved—will always prove—more or less unsound. Drayton, speaking of the censorious tone noticeable in the author of *Piers Plowman*, says :

He saw their faults, which loosely lived then ;  
Others again our weaknesses shall see :  
For this is sure, he bideth not with men,  
That shall know all to be what they should be.

The golden age will never be realized upon earth ; but because the “*Civitas Dei*,” which would bring it to us if we would let her, continually fails to do so, that does not justify us in saying that she is not the “*Civitas Dei*,” nor in refusing to hear and obey her voice. Where she has been obeyed, human life has approached as near to ideal conditions as is compatible with human infirmity ; where she is obeyed, the same thing happens now.

3. Thus far I have been endeavouring to weaken the effect of the negative arguments produced by Dr. Littledale, and to show that the unbelief existing in Catholic countries is not so dark and dense as he has painted it, and that, even if it were, that has very little to do with the claim of Rome to our obedience. When I think of the positive side of the question, and compare in imagination the beautiful and noble forms which every-day life still wears in countries that have not broken with Rome, with the very different aspects which it exhibits in England and other Protestant countries, I am astonished that Dr. Littledale, by attacking the Catholic Church abroad, should have challenged this comparison. The *summum bonum* has three sides—the Beautiful, the Virtuous, and the True ; and the Church of Christ, if she exists, not for the glory of God only, but also to ensure to man the possession of the *summum bonum*, must bring in beauty, virtue, and truth into human life. To speak first of the Beautiful ; is it not plain

that in spite of revolutions, wars, excesses, and miseries, that externally beautiful aspect of life, which England also presented before the Reformation, remains in the continental countries which have adhered to Rome, but has vanished here? Does Dr. Littledale suppose that an average Englishman, with his eyes about him, perceives no difference between Reading and Rheims, or between Leicester and Laon? Does he perceive no difference himself? Is not a perambulation of the streets of Reading a depressing experience, while that of the streets of Rheims is an unspeakable delight? The beauty of French towns, almost without exception, is an accepted fact; it is a matter of common conversation; young ladies will grow enthusiastic on the theme, and the eyes of old men will kindle as they re-pass in memory what they saw "last summer in France." Now if any one asks himself the reason of this amazing difference, I do not see what other answer can be given than this—that England, breaking off her communion with Rome in the sixteenth century, and giving herself up to Puritanism, discarded the Beautiful from the number of those ideas, the realization of which constitutes the highest good of man. "Oh, but," the Ritualists will say, "we repudiate Puritanism; see what beautiful churches we build—how Christian art is reviving under our hands!" To my mind the Ritualist's repudiation of Puritanism, and his notion that the movement to which he belongs will restore beauty to English life, are alike vain and illusory. Puritanism was at least strong in its day, and had a very noble side; it reared great numbers of brave and God-fearing men and women, nourished in them the sense of duty, and sustained them under the greatest trials; it was the chief factor in that *intellectual perseverance* which has made of our small island a country of foremost importance in the estimate of all nations. And even now, whatever of strength and virtue remains to English Protestantism is probably more largely puritanic than of any other school. As for the revival of Art, those best qualified to judge do not appear to regard the indications hopefully. Of the greater part of those church-restorations, extending over the past thirty years, of which we have heard so much, the best art-critics have come to speak not with indifference only, but with positive disapproval. Mr. Ruskin has done all that genius could do, during the last five and thirty years, to revive art in England; but the reader of *Fors Clavigera* knows that he does not consider himself to

have succeeded. Perhaps it may be said that beauty in Art—since Christ altered the conditions of man's moral life—can only be a permanent denizen among populations which value these two things—austerity in matters of conduct, clearness of thought in matters of speculation. In a nation that worships comfort before every other good, there will indeed always be found a certain number of artists ministering to the cultivated enjoyment of the rich, but the perception of the beautiful will gradually vanish from the popular mind. Puritanism of course, by destroying beautiful works of art, in superstitious fear of superstition, and by slighting the genius which produced them, was largely responsible in this country for the gradual waning of the sense and love of the Beautiful. But Puritanism is no longer active or aggressive; and its old attribute of vandalism is one which its modern representatives have become almost ashamed of. Still Art does not revive, in the sense of permeating the popular heart with the love of beauty. There must be some deeper cause for this, considering the zeal with which the revival is hoped for and laboured for by hundreds of gifted persons; and perhaps no single cause is so potent as that already named, the absence of austerity. Austerity gives the hard, clear-cut life, the fully persuaded mind, readiness to suffer, prompt obedience, and (through that promptitude), capacity for ruling. Without austerity there can be no sanctity; and without sanctity, which is the beauty of the soul, the eyes of the multitude will not be opened to the exterior beauty. It was not artists, nor kings, nor rich men, who built and adorned our cathedrals; these indeed all laboured; but the aspiring heart of the saint, thirsting for the greater glory of God, was what set in motion, directed, and coordinated their labours. Austerity is still honoured in countries which adhere to Rome, though obsolete in Protestant England; and this—such at least is my own conviction—goes far to account for that remarkable difference in respect of Art and the Beautiful which exists between those countries and our own.

If a people is to enjoy the *summum bonum*, Virtue and Truth must become its possession, no less than Beauty. In the Christian view, (which of course I am assuming the truth of all along, my contention being with Ritualists), Virtue and Truth come by Jesus Christ. I am led therefore to inquire whether the means employed for making Christ known and served are more or less effectual for the purpose in the Latin

countries than in England. And my argument is as follows. If God became incarnate, and, when He ascended from the earth, left the true religion behind Him, it seems reasonable to suppose (since a religion not authentically published cannot be widely known, and one not carried out in action cannot be deeply influential), that He must have provided for two things in regard to it—adequate promulgation, and conformable action. Now what I maintain is this—that in both these respects England has fallen behind the Catholic nations of the Continent; and as the chief religious difference between them is that the former has broken, while the latter have preserved, communion with Rome, it follows that, if my contention is true, the Divine purpose is more nearly fulfilled in countries where Rome is obeyed, than in those where she is repudiated. With regard to promulgation, let us take two important towns, one in France, the other in England, and see how the case stands. Christianity, I should maintain, is adequately promulgated—for instance—in Rheims. From the magnificent cathedral, from the vast Churches of St. Remi and St. André, and from all the other churches of the city, one unbroken witness is borne by earth to Heaven that the faith of Christ is received and believed by the citizens of Rheims, and that they are so united together in the bond of what St. Cuthbert calls “the Catholic peace,” as to exclude the jarring tones of heresy. Let us contrast with this the state of things at Leicester, a city of about equal population. Leicester is dotted all over with a number of Protestant temples and chapels, very ugly buildings for the most part, representing a great variety of sects, and, consequently, of opinions about Christ. The old churches of the city, and those recently built, are in the hands of Anglicans of different schools, and the views of Christianity taken in the churches are not much less diverse than those taken in the chapels. Such being the state of things, I should maintain that Christianity is adequately promulgated at Rheims, but not at Leicester. A stranger from another planet, visiting Leicester, and going round to the ministers of the different churches and chapels to ascertain what was the religion of the city, would vainly endeavour to form a clear conception of what this Christianity was which they all professed. At Rheims, similar inquiries would leave him without any doubt on his mind; wherever he went, the essential principles of Christianity would have been similarly explained to him.

So much for the first essential of adequate promulgation—weight and unanimity of witness. Another feature of it is—public veneration of men and woman who have followed Jesus Christ with extraordinary fidelity, and shown in their lives how beautiful a thing His religion is. This *cultus* of the saints, which the Anglicans confine to the twelve Apostles, and two or three other names, the Roman Church extends to all in every age who by their heroic virtues have merited the crown of sanctity. To honour St. Teresa or St. Cuthbert, is to honour Him from Whom they received the germ and the unfailing aliment of their virtues; and to pay this honour publicly, and with all one's might, is to help to give adequate promulgation to the religion of Jesus Christ. Anglicans in general, who commend the Reformers for having abolished the veneration of the saints, will of course say that this is an unlawful kind of promulgation, and worse than none. But I am arguing with Ritualists, who observe "black letter days," and would like to restore to the old English saints some of the honour paid to them in pre-Reformation days. It is the Ritualists whom I am addressing, when I insist on the joyful festivals, the processions, the recording pictures and statues, with which Roman Catholic nations honour the saints, as forming a special feature of that due promulgation of Christianity in the world, which all Christians ought equally to desire.

Although it will involve a slight digression, I cannot avoid describing what I saw a few months ago at Jarrow, the place where our English Beda lived and died. Dr. Littledale may then partly understand why many Englishmen, observing how Anglicans treat the saints, and contrasting their negligence with the love and care which surround their memories in Catholic countries, come to think that in spite of such unbelief, Christianity, at any rate in certain marked respects, is more effectually and practically recognized there than here. Jarrow represents the grant of lands on the south bank of the Tyne, near where the little winding Don joins the great river, made by King Egfrid towards the end of the seventh century to Benedict Biscop, a Northumbrian noble, that he might build there a monastery in honour of St. Paul, the monks of which should ever live in fraternal union and amity with those of the monastery already founded at the mouth of the Wear, in honour of St. Peter. The two foundations were in fact regarded as one monastery. Beda says of himself: "Born on the lands

belonging to the monastery, I was given when I was seven years old by the care of my kinsfolk to the Most Reverend Abbot Benedict to be brought up, and afterwards to Ceolfred; and passing my whole lifetime thenceforward in the same monastery, I devoted myself to meditating on the Scriptures; and while observing the discipline of the rule, and the daily duty of chanting in the church, I have ever found delight in either learning, or teaching, or writing." Jarrow is now a mean squalid industrial town of some twenty-two thousand inhabitants, the majority of whom are dependent for employment on the iron ship-building works of Mr. Palmer. More people in it belong to the various dissenting bodies than to the Church of England. The old Church of St. Paul is still called "Bede's Church" by the townspeople, and I had no difficulty in finding my way to it. It stands close to the Tyne. As I approached, an indescribable stench filled my nostrils, proceeding apparently from the little river Don, which bounds the old monastic grounds on the south-east. The water of the river was of many colours, green, white, chocolate, and purple; for some feet above its surface the banks were encrusted—it was low water at the time—with some white substance, from which the noisome smell seemed chiefly to be emitted. In this misused river salmon, I was told, were caught not so many years ago. An old postern door in the ruined wall of the monastery, opposite the Don, doubtless gave egress in old times to the inmates, when they went to fish or to walk along its banks. Near the south-west corner of the church I noticed the ruins of a modern house. On inquiry, I found that this had been the rectory, but that the rector, having found life intolerable on account of the stench, had caused the house to be pulled down, and had removed into a higher part of the parish. Why the ruins were left there I could not ascertain. A few yards to the south of these ruins was a great mound of rubbish, which had been brought out and shot there when the custodian's house was altered some years ago, and never since removed. The fruit-trees which formerly grew and bore fruit on the south wall of the ruined monastery are now blackened skeletons, killed by the stench. The ivy still struggles to live; when the copper-works in the vicinity are in full work, it has its leaves turned brown; but the said works have been "laid in" for some time, and so have some of the chemical and iron works; so that the ivy is unusually green.



Not a tree is to be seen in any direction ; the poisonous vapours with which the air is constantly charged must make their continuance in life impossible. The interior of the church is passably well kept ; and although no picture or statue of the man of God is to be seen (there being a danger, according to bishops' charges, lest Anglican worshippers should be seduced by these things to "idolatry,") what is called "Bede's chair" has a place of honour assigned to it. I asked about water ; my guide showed me the site of the fine old well of the monastery, now blocked up. So far as I could learn, not a trace or memorial of the holy man is to be seen anywhere in Jarrow. The grass in the church-yard grows long and rank ; and what with the stench, the ruins and rubbish heaps, the tall chimneys all around, and the bare treeless aspect of the region, the whole scene struck me as unspeakably mournful, desolate, and forlorn.

It will be said : "What of all this? If, in the process of utilizing the Don, and filling the air on its banks with noxious fumes, more labourers are employed and larger profits made, then good is done, and sentimental considerations about the Venerable Bede must give way." Of course, this is a view capable of being held, and I do not intend here to dispute it ; I only note the facts, and the moral conditions which give rise to them. The defilement of the Don means money ; the poisoning of the air means money ; and when money can be made, the ordinary Englishman holds it for a kind of immorality not to make it. I am reminded of an answer which I lately heard given in a court of justice. The prosecutor for a small disputed debt was asked by the judge why he had accepted a sum of ten shillings, which the debtor had paid him as all that was justly due. "Your worship," replied the man, "I didn't think it would be right not to accept the ten shillings." The ingenuous reply was received with a general laugh. But this in fact is the feeling of the ordinary Englishman. He "does not think it would be right" not to take, or to make, any money that can be honestly taken or made. For money means material comfort, not for him only who brings enterprize and capital, but for the labourers also whom he employs, and beyond material comfort the ordinary Englishman does not look ; it is his end—his sufficient motive—the final cause of his life. It is true that mental enjoyment and "confortation" of a much higher order would arise both for him and them, if the memory of Bede as

a great servant of God were so loved in Jarrow, that to mar the Don and its banks would seem a kind of sacrilege; if the environs of his monastery were piously guarded and kept in order and beauty; if the whole population joyously kept his festival on earth, and trustfully sought his intercession in Heaven. But this could only be if the people were Catholics, not Anglicans. I will not decide whether it is more for a nation's interest to treat the saints as the Anglicans treat St. Bede at Jarrow, or as the Roman Catholic French treat St. Martin at Tours. But I maintain without fear of contradiction, that with reference to the recognition and publication of Christianity, the latter mode of procedure is incomparably more effective than the former.

I come now to the second point—conformity of conduct to the religion which the Divine Founder left on earth. It is impossible to conceive that such conformity, to the full extent of which human nature is capable, was not contemplated, at least in the case of *some* Christians, by the Author of Christianity. More or less, all who keep the faith and obey the commandments of God and of the Church, exhibit in their lives this conformity. But in its full measure it is reserved for those who follow the counsels, not the precepts only, of the Gospel; who really and practically “count all things else but loss,” compared with advancing in the knowledge and imitation of the Son of God, Who became Man to save us. The desire of this conformity led St. Jerome into the desert, and drew St. Ignatius to his cave at Manresa. This inspired St. Teresa to restore the Carmelite Order, in its early rigour of fasting and inclosure; this made St. Cuthbert live a hermit's life for nine years on the islet of Farne—a procedure on the Saint's part which Canon Bright mildly reprobates!<sup>1</sup> The principle of this conformity is, that in proportion as a man or woman realizes what the Incarnation means, in that proportion the joys and aims which fill the lives of most of us become distasteful or insupportable, and are replaced by the desire to live for God alone. Now the Catholic Church has ever recognized this principle; she approves of vows involving a complete detachment from this world, in order to attain to a more complete conformity to Christ. Not only so, but she ventures to require of all her clergy that most difficult and heroic renunciation which the rule of celibacy imposes. The strain is

<sup>1</sup> *Early English Church History*, p. 270.

terrible ; human nature is weak ; scandals do and must come ; yet as her Divine Founder has laid her under the necessity of aiming at the best and the highest, she has no choice but to demand the sacrifice. No thoughtful person of mature age but feels in the inmost core of his being how sacred and beautiful is the bond of Christian marriage ; nor would he dream of disputing the truth of those eloquent and touching pictures which have been often drawn, showing what peace, love, purity, and refinement may reign in a married clergyman's home. Nevertheless, the testimony of St. Paul and the Fathers does but ratify the instinctive judgment passed by all the nobler races of mankind, in affirming that, although marriage is good and honourable, a single life patiently borne for the sake of greater conformity to God is the higher state. This single life, with all its hardness and painfulness, is embraced by the French priesthood ; the easier married life is chosen by the English clergy. For those, the heroic daring, the sublime endurance ; for these, trials indeed and crosses, but lightened by that wedded companionship which is the chief sweetener of the cup of human existence. It is in vain that Dr. Littledale sneers at the social inferiority of the French priesthood, and tells ill-natured stories about the small per centage of them that lose their vocation or discredit their Order. After all, the great majority keep their vocation and do credit to their Order. Doubtless something is lost in gentleness and attractiveness of character, in the case of many priests, which closer association with the other sex would have supplied. Absorbed in the work of saving souls, amidst the countless difficulties which the circumstances of our times create, the trustees of the eternal Gospel have not much time to sacrifice to the graces. The *presbytère* may not be so good a subject for an idyll as the parsonage ; it is beset by thorns, not bowered among roses ; but these thorns are from the crown of Christ.

Such are some of the reasons on which I found an opinion very decidedly held, that, so far from the aspects of life in Catholic countries abroad being calculated to deter from conversion, they enforce Rome's case on a generous nature, and impress it on an observant mind, with a power which is not often found in books and sermons. It follows also from what has been said, that when Dr. Littledale (who is so far a true John Bull that he seems to think everything, even Papists, better in England than abroad) writes that "the

Roman Church shows at its very best in England," I find it absolutely impossible to agree with him.

There is much disputable matter in the fourteen paragraphs with which Dr. Littledale concludes his paper ; but as they are, ostensibly at least, intended rather for defence than attack, I shall not at present deal with them. Some statements which they contain have been already incidentally handled in the course of my argument. I think I have not said anything at which Dr. Littledale can justly take offence, and I desire to part with him in good will. Had he confined himself to attacking the foibles and infirmities of converts, I should have held my peace ; but in exposing these he has aimed many a side blow at the Roman Church, that is, at the Divine City with which rests the hope of humanity ; and being persuaded that he lies under the most serious misapprehension as to her true character, I thought that even such vindication as a very feeble pen could render might be of some trifling service in upholding the best and holiest of all causes.

THOMAS ARNOLD.

## *Gleanings among Old Records.*

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### III.—ANNE OF DENMARK, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.

AMONG the Queens of England, few occupy a less prominent position than that usually assigned to Anne of Denmark, the wife of James the First of Great Britain. She is not celebrated for the display of any memorable act of heroic virtue, nor is her name stained by the commission of any grave crime. Scandal has not meddled with her reputation. Remarkable neither for beauty, nor wit, nor wisdom, she attracted little attention and less admiration from the poets and the painters who frequented her husband's Court; nor in our day would she be selected as the heroine of a stirring romance or a touching ballad. Yet when we penetrate beneath the surface of history, as history is written, we shall find that her life was not so devoid of interest as it has been represented. Two old letters which have come to light from among the unexplored treasures of the great National Library in Paris,<sup>1</sup> have preserved an episode in her biography which is all but forgotten and therefore is worth recording.

The subject is introduced by a celebrated Jesuit named James Gretser, a writer of great learning and vast industry, whose collected works fill nineteen large folio volumes.<sup>2</sup> In the year 1612 he was in correspondence with John Stuart, Prior of the Monastery of the Benedictines at Ratisbon. The two friends were mutually interested in discussing the theories, theological and political, recently broached by that royal pedant, King James,<sup>3</sup> and his retainers, Andrewes, Casaubon, De Dominis, Sarpi, and others. Having finished the discussion, Gretser, while chatting upon literary subjects of mutual interest, bethinks himself that he will inclose a letter which he is sure will give pleasure to his correspondent, a letter written by a Scottish Jesuit named Abercromby. A copy of the letter thus inclosed by Gretser is likewise preserved in Paris; and it has for its subject-matter certain incidents connected with the early history of Anne of Denmark. Although not forwarded by Gretser to Stuart until 1612, it had been written as long ago as 1608,

<sup>1</sup> Fonds Lat. MS. 6051, foll. 49, 50, formerly Colb. 3236.

<sup>2</sup> See De Backer, i. 345, Alegambe, 368. He died in the year 1625 at Ingolstadt.

<sup>3</sup> The title of this work is, "Basilicon Doron, sive Commentarius exegeticus in Ser. Magnæ Britannæ regis Jacobi præfationem monitoriam, et pro juramento fidelitatis." Ingolst., 1610, 4to. It occurs also in the seventh volume of Gretser's collected works.

therefore while the Queen was yet alive and resident in London.<sup>4</sup> From it are derived the following details, which we now proceed to narrate, after we shall have introduced Queen Anne to our readers.

The early history of the Princess Anne of Denmark may be told in a few lines. She was the daughter of King Frederic the Second, who succeeded by popular election to the government of the united realms of Denmark and Sweden when the mob declared for Lutheranism, and in the exercise of their newly-acquired liberty expelled at once the older royal family and the primitive Christian faith. Frederic strengthened his position by marrying Sophia, a daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg; and by the influence gained by this powerful connexion he succeeded in abolishing from among his subjects every trace of their former creed. Anne, the second child of this marriage, was educated in the extremest form of Lutheranism, and was taught from her childhood to look with dislike and contempt on every other form of worship. It happened, however, that while she was still very young<sup>5</sup> she was permitted to reside with a certain princess, whose name is not given in the authority we are following, but who is described as being a Catholic, and the grand daughter of the late Emperor Charles the Fifth.<sup>6</sup> Here she became acquainted for the first time with the existence of that religion which her father had expelled from Scandinavia. Her knowledge probably was indistinct and inaccurate, but such as it was it made an impression upon her mind, and there it lay dormant until it was revived after many years by the troubles of her position.

Time passed, and the girl grew into womanhood, and was sought in marriage by James the Sixth, King of Scotland. The union was desirable to both realms, and the preliminaries were settled without much difficulty. It might have perhaps been thought that the question of religion would have occasioned a formidable obstacle. James professed himself to be a Calvinist, and Anne was a sincere and earnest Lutheran. But Calvin and Luther did not love each other. The objection, if it was raised, was soon settled. A clause was inserted in the Articles of Marriage providing that the young Queen should not be molested in the exercise of that faith in which she had been educated; and it was arranged that she should be accompanied into Scotland by a preacher<sup>7</sup> who would keep her firm in the doctrines of her native Lutheranism.

But neither the Queen nor her preacher had anticipated the full weight of the troubles which were in store for them in the home of their adoption. The bitter spirit of Calvinism, as professed and practised in Scotland, soon made itself felt, and the followers of Knox gave her to

<sup>4</sup> Anne of Denmark was buried on May 13, 1619.

<sup>5</sup> "In sua tenerrima ætate," says our letter.

<sup>6</sup> Possibly one of the fifteen children of Mary, daughter of Charles the Fifth, and the Emperor Maximilian the Second. See *Art de Verif. les dates*, p. 453; Pfeffel, ii. 203.

<sup>7</sup> It appears from the "Papers relative to the marriage of James the Sixth," printed by the Bannatyne Club, p. 37 (Edinb., 1828, 4to.), that the name of this preacher was Johanne Lering.

understand that they were no respecters of persons. Why should they make an exception in favour of this professor of an alien creed? James had been made to submit to their law, so should Anne. To enforce obedience upon the sovereign had become a national tradition among them. Knox had insulted Mary Stuart; nothing then was more natural than that his disciples should insult Mary Stuart's son and his wife. To be a Lutheran was about as bad as to be a Papist, and to be a Papist was quite as bad as to be an idolater. It was in vain to talk of contracts, or treaties, or agreements; for what agreement could there be between light and darkness, betwixt Christ and Belial? These were the questions which were forced upon Anne, and she was compelled to face the men who proposed them.

James might have protected his wife in her difficulty, but he did not. Mean, selfish, and cowardly, if he interfered at all in these discussions, it was to counsel her to yield and make the best of her position. She was an element of weakness to him, and if he did not tell her so others did. The preachers reminded him that he kept a Canaanitish woman in his household, and cherished her in his bosom. The struggle went on year after year, for both parties were zealous. Young as she was, the Queen was a woman of spirit; she had a strong will and a firm resolution,<sup>8</sup> but she was engaged in an unequal struggle. She was assailed by the preachers, by the nobility, by the common people, by her own household. Day by day her position became more difficult. Her Danish chaplain grew lukewarm and wavered; then he deserted her, and finally he joined the ranks of the enemy. For a time she stood alone; and then doubt and darkness must have taken possession of her soul.

For a time—but not for long. In the hour of her need her mind fell back upon the half-forgotten memories of her childhood, and she recalled what she knew of the teaching and the practices of the Catholic Church. She had heard something of its unerring truth, the firm foothold which it gives its followers, its gentleness, its peace, and its tenderness—all that can sway the intellect, and convince the understanding, and influence the affections. What a contrast to the stormy agitation and the strife of tongues by which she had been surrounded during the ten years which she had spent since she set foot in Presbyterian Scotland! But it was necessary to pause and deliberate; she did not know her own mind, nor what to believe, or how to act, nor even did she know to whom to apply for counsel or direction. But better things were in store for her; and in the end it came about that those very persons who had endeavoured to teach her a new form of error should now become the guides appointed to lead her into the way of truth.

Compelled to look into her own heart, and to test the depth and

<sup>8</sup> The French Ambassador, Beaumont, in writing to his master on August 13, 1603, gives his impression of Anne's character, the result of a conversation of two hours which he had just then spent with her. He found her spirit "*tres vif et courageux.*" See B. M. MSS., *George IV.*, n. 124, f. 18.

the breadth of her own religious convictions, Queen Anne found that to her soul Calvinism and Lutheranism were now twin absurdities. She had succeeded in proving a negative ; or rather, the rival preachers had done this for her. In showing the falsity of Lutheranism, the Scottish Calvinists had demonstrated the falsity of their own religion. It had become clear to her that if one of these creeds was false, by parity of reasoning the other could not be true. Both occupied the same ground, both were equally remote from the early Church, both taught heresy, both stood rooted in schism. She had lost the faith of her father and mother, such as it was ; her chaplain, to whom she had been told to look for guidance, assured her that she had hitherto believed a fable, and she could never again return to it. As for Calvinism, she scorned and hated it. It was easy to see the results which it produced upon the minds of its followers. She could not but notice that while her husband reviled it in private, he bowed before it in public. She saw, too, that the men who professed it were at once proud and mean, insolent and servile ; they had wounded her dignity as a Queen, and had triumphed over her helplessness as a woman. Something above her reason told her that the only path which lay open before her was that which would conduct her into the Catholic Church, and she accepted the grace thus offered. The hour for doubt and deliberation had passed, and the moment for action had arrived. Help came, as it always does, at the fitting moment. Some few faithful souls still remained steadfast to the truth, even in the Court of James the Sixth. One of these, "a certain earl," saw her danger and came to her rescue ; he promised that he would help her, and he kept his word.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> I subjoin a translation of the whole of this letter.

"The Reverend Robert Abercromby, a Scotchman, to John Stuart, Prior of the Monastery of Ratisbon.

"About the year 1600 [Queen Anne] began to think about changing her religion from Lutheranism to Catholicism, for the following reasons.

"When she came into Scotland she had brought with her a Danish minister, who was a Lutheran, who was her preacher, and attended to her religious services after the Lutheran fashion ; for an arrangement had been made at the marriage that she should have the free exercise of the religion in which she had been born and educated. In process of time this same minister cast off his Lutheranism and became a Calvinist. Noticing this, the Queen declined his services any longer, and was very anxious as to what course she should take for the future, for she was most decidedly opposed to Calvinism. It recurred to her how, being in Germany while she was very young, and resident for her education in the house of a certain great princess who was a Catholic, she had seen a priest who daily celebrated Mass ; the memory of whom, and the love of the princess (who, if I be not mistaken, was the granddaughter of Charles the Fifth), suggested to her that she should embrace that religion. She consulted some friends of hers, who were Catholics, about this matter, especially a Catholic earl, as to what should be done, and he assured her that the Catholic religion was the only true religion, and that all the rest were sects and heresies ; and he recommended me by name to her as her spiritual father. After a considerable delay, I was summoned to wait upon the Queen, where, having been introduced into the palace, I remained for three days in a certain secret chamber. Every morning for one hour she came to me there for the purpose of being instructed, her ladies remaining



The pitiable condition into which religion had fallen in Scotland had for some time occupied the attention of the great Founder of the Society

all that time in the outer chamber, while she herself went into it as if she had some letters to write. Whenever she came out she always carried some paper in her hand. On the third day she heard Mass and received from me the Most Holy Sacrament, and then I took my departure from her.

"My stay in Scotland did not exceed two years complete after this Communion, during which time, if my memory does not cheat me, she nine times received the Most Holy Sacrament, and this so early in the morning that all the rest of the household was asleep, with the exception of a few women who communicated along with her. After Communion she always gave herself up to holy conversation; sometimes she expressed her desire that her husband should be a Catholic, at other times about the education of her son under the direction of the Sovereign Pontiff. She spoke also about the happiness of the life of a nun, among whom she said she was sure that she would end her days. She had a great scruple because a part of her dower arose from a monastery, and she promised that whenever there should be a change of religion she would restore that monastery either to its lawful owners, or at least would change it into a College of Jesuits. She would not set out for England until I had been summoned and had provided her with the Most Holy Viaticum, promising further that I would come to her in England if she should summon me.

"As a consequence of this frequent use of the sacraments, her husband noticed a great improvement in her, and suspecting that it arose from the influence of some Popish priest—noticing also that she held her own minister in contempt—one night, when they were in bed (she herself told me the story), he spoke to her in some such terms as these: 'I cannot but see a great change in you; you are much more grave, collected and pious. I suspect, therefore, that you have some dealings with a Catholic priest.' She admitted that it was so, and she named me, an old cripple. His only answer was this: 'Well, wife, if you cannot live without this sort of thing, do your best to keep things as quiet as possible, for if you don't our crown is in danger.' After this conference between them, the King always behaved to me with greater gentleness and kindness.

"The Queen moreover spoke with such of the leading courtiers as had shown themselves most hostile to the priests, advising them to do me no harm, unless they wished to incur her anger; and this they promised.

"A laughable incident happened, which gave the Queen some amusement. An action-at-law was in progress between one of the chief noblemen, who was a heretic, and a certain minister. The Queen took the part of the latter, and spoke in his favour. Upon this the nobleman said, 'Your Majesty, by the wounds of Christ, I will tell upon you, and I will accuse you before Father Robert.'

"One of the leading ladies of the Court has written to me from Greenwich about the Queen's state of mind at this present time. As to her religion, she is just as she was when I left her; there is this difference, however, that she can no longer enjoy that free practice of her religion which she had while in Scotland. I will here record two acts of hers, which show her heroic courage.

"The first of the two occurred shortly after the arrival of the King and Queen in England, at the time of their coronation. When they reached the church it had been decided that before they could be crowned they must receive Communion in the heretical fashion. This the King did forthwith, but the Queen refused, stating distinctly that she would not communicate, and rather than receive their Communion would go without the coronation. The King and the counsellors were urgent with her, but all in vain.

"The next instance is the following. Upon one occasion she visited the Spanish Ambassador; apparently it was a mere visit of compliment, but she heard Mass and received the Most Adorable Sacrament. When the King heard this he scolded her bitterly, and told her that she would lose the crown and the kingdom.

of Jesus, and under his direction, and the direction of the succeeding Generals, a long array of missionaries had been sent thither.<sup>10</sup> Two of the companions of St. Ignatius spent some time in it as early as the Pontificate of Pope Paul the Third;<sup>11</sup> and they were followed by an unbroken series of labourers in that harvest-field. Of these it may be enough to mention James Tyrie,<sup>12</sup> the antagonist of Knox: Edmund Hay,<sup>13</sup> sent by the Pope to direct and encourage Mary Stuart when she returned into Scotland from France; James Gordon,<sup>14</sup> of Huntley, Apostolic Nuncio in Ireland, who travelled on foot over England and Scotland, Denmark and Germany, that he might win back souls from heresy; and Robert Abercromby, who had the happiness to help his own Sovereign into the fold of the Church, which was rejected, maligned and persecuted by her unworthy husband.

Father Abercromby was of Scottish origin and born of a good family. While yet very young he joined the Society of Jesus, to the service of which he devoted a long and laborious life. After spending twenty-three years as Master of Novices in the College of Braunsberg, he was sent home by his Superiors into his native country, where he was eminently successful in gaining converts to the Catholic faith. At the time of his arrival the tortuous policy which James was pursuing made him connive at the presence of the Jesuit Father, to whom he gave a position in his Court which, to a certain degree, secured him from danger and enabled him to associate upon terms of easy intercourse with the Scottish courtiers. The missionary was appointed to the office of "keeper of his Majesty's hawks," a situation which in these feudal days implied nothing ignoble or undignified. The nameless Catholic earl, already referred to, had thus no difficulty of introducing the Jesuit into the Queen's apartments, and the work of her conversion thus was begun in earnest and carried on to its successful completion.

The conduct of Queen Anne had already excited much suspicion among her co-religionists; she had dismissed her Danish chaplain and refused to listen to the arguments of the Calvinists and the persuasions of her husband. Her motions were watched with the eye of jealousy. And if she had become an object of suspicion, much more so was

"What shall I say about their daughter? I knew her very intimately when she was about eight or ten years old. She was brought up in the house of a Catholic lady, who is a countess, and is a child of most excellent disposition.

"Braunsberg, in the month of September, 1608.

"ROBERT ABERCROMBY, Priest of the Society of Jesus.

"To the Very Reverend Father and lord in Christ, John Stuart, of the Order of St. Benedict, Prior of the Monastery of the Scots at Ratisbon, his most honoured Father and friend."

<sup>10</sup> Sacchini, pars. v. lib. xiii. § 8, p. 134.

<sup>11</sup> The great Alfonsus Salmeron and Paschasius Broet. See Orlandini, *Hist. Sæ.* A.D. 1542, § 58; Sacchini, pars v. lib. xiii. § 98, v. 47, p. 236.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>13</sup> Orlandini, A.D. 1562, § 110.

<sup>14</sup> Orlandini, A.D. 1561, § 105.

Father Abercromby. With him, to appear in his priestly character within the limits of the Court was almost certain discovery and death. Yet in such a cause he was ready to brave all dangers ; and however formidable might be the difficulties which stood in his way he overcame them. The Queen arranged the plan. He was introduced into a remote room within the palace, and there he remained undiscovered for three days. Every morning she came to him for instruction and spent a full hour with him in private. Her ladies-in-waiting, who attended her, continued during this time in the ante-chamber. They imagined, or pretended to imagine, that she was occupied in writing letters and must not be disturbed, and to confirm this impression she was always seen to be carrying some paper in her hand when she rejoined them. On the third morning she received the most Adorable Eucharist, and then Father Abercromby's work was ended, and he left her.

If the Queen had persuaded herself that such a step as this, so bold, so decided, and attended with consequences so momentous and so hostile to the prejudices of the entire Scottish nation, could escape notice, she was much mistaken. The report of her conversion to Papacy soon reached the King's ears, and one night, after they had retired to rest (she herself repeated the story to Father Abercromby) he told her what he had heard and asked if it were true. She frankly admitted that it was true, and gave him the name of the priest by whom she had been received into the Church. Doubtless James felt that he had been caught in his own snare. But the courage with which she had followed the voice of her conscience and the brave simplicity with which she avowed that she had done so, secured the respect and admiration of her husband. He contented himself with telling her that if Catholicism had become a necessity of her life, he begged that she would be discreet and keep it as secret as possible : " otherwise," said he, " our crown will be in danger," words which well depict the character of the speaker.

The Queen's conversion occurred in the 1600, or 1601, and in 1603 James having succeeded to the vacant throne of England, Father Abercromby ceased to have the direction of his royal convert. As long, however, as Anne remained under his care her life was consistent with her profession. During these two years she received the Adorable Eucharist nine times, on each occasion being accompanied by a few Catholic ladies, who communicated along with her. Her conversation at these times was edifying. She expressed her earnest desire that her husband would become a Catholic, and that the Holy Father should have the direction of her son's education. She spoke about the happiness of the life of a nun, and said she was convinced that she would end her days within a convent. She felt a scruple because she had possession, as part of her dower, of the rents of a monastery ; and she promised that if a change should take place in the religion of Scotland, she would restore that sacred edifice to its rightful owners, or would convert it into a College for Jesuits. She would not set out

upon her journey to London until Father Robert had been summoned to provide her beforehand with the Most Holy Viaticum; and she made him promise that he would come to visit her in England if she should summon him.

Upon two occasions, both mentioned by Father Abercromby, which occurred after her arrival in England, she proved that she continued steadfast in her adopted creed. They are worth recording, for they clearly indicate at once the firmness of her character and the difficulty of her position.

Although James had succeeded to the throne of England without having had to encounter any openly-declared opposition, it was notorious, and no one knew it better than himself, that his position among his new subjects was by no means secure.<sup>15</sup> Four claimants for the crown were in the field, who, if not formidable singly, could easily overthrow him if they should happen to unite their forces. So far, however, he had gained one great advantage, he had secured actual possession of the throne; the next step was to fortify his title through the sacred rite of coronation. Until the people had solemnly declared that they accepted him as their lawful Sovereign, they had given him no pledge, and there was no actual contract between them.<sup>16</sup> James was anxious to occupy this vantage ground, and he was warmly supported by the English Episcopate, who felt that he was making common cause with themselves.

Arrangements for the coronation were made with the least possible delay. The ceremonial, which had been in use from the days of King Edward the Confessor, provided that, during the Mass, the Sovereign upon whom the crown is being conferred shall receive the Holy Eucharist.<sup>17</sup> As, however, the celebration of the Mass had now become an offence punishable with death, it was proposed that the Protestant Communion service should be substituted for the primitive ritual. Upon this point the King was consulted, and he had no scruples; but not so the Queen. She refused to have any communion *in sacris* with heretics, and would have no lot or part with them in this spurious ceremonial. Her husband stormed, his courtiers entreated, the bishops

<sup>15</sup> See "A conference about the next succession to the crown of England (1593)," part ii. ch. v. which treats "of five principal houses or lineages that do, or may, pretend to the crown of England; which are the houses of Scotland, Suffolk, Clarence, Brittany and Portugal.

<sup>16</sup> "It is very certain," says Tyrrell, *Hist. Engl.* vol. i. bk. vi. p. 8, "that neither in this King's time (King Edgar) nor long after the Conquest was it ever known that the King elect took the title of King till after his coronation."

<sup>17</sup> Certain expressions which occur in the Coronation Service, as drawn up for the use of King James and Queen Anne in 1603, might perhaps be quoted as disproving the statements given above. But it will appear on examination that the form, as it thus stands, states what was to be done, not what had been done; what James and the Archbishop wished it might be, not what Anne decided that it should be. The Abbot of Westminster is introduced as taking part in the ceremony. See Nichols's *Progress of King James the First*, vol. i. p. 233, London, 1828, 4to.

remonstrated, but all in vain. In the course of this discussion she must of necessity have stated the grounds of her objection, and they could not but be most unpalatable to the English bench of bishops and the clergy at large. They were told that she, being a Catholic, held that they had no valid orders, and consequently could not consecrate the Adorable Eucharist. They appealed to her fears by telling her that without the rite of Coronation she would not be acknowledged as the Queen of England, and that without Communion there was no Coronation. "Let it be so," she said: "better to be no Queen than to yield to such an act of sacrilegious profanity." "And thus," says Miss Strickland,<sup>18</sup> "at her coronation Queen Anne gave great scandal to her new subjects by refusing to receive the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England, which refusal caused her Majesty to be grievously suspected of an affection to Popery."

The other instance to which Father Abercromby refers, as illustrating the steadfastness of Anne's faith, refers to her having received Holy Communion in the chapel of the Spanish Ambassador, Count Gondomar. It is attended by no peculiar circumstances and requires no special remark.

It may be asked whether this statement of the conversion of the Queen depends solely upon the assertion of Father Abercromby, or whether it can be supported by the independent evidence of contemporaneous writers. A few illustrations—by no means all that might be adduced—may now be quoted in reply to this inquiry.

George Con, who was sent into England by the Holy See, and who resided for some time in the Court of Queen Henrietta Maria, wrote a book upon the history of religion in Scotland, which he published at Rome in the year 1628. In it he gives an account of King James' marriage, and of the conversion of his Queen from the religion in which she had been educated, to the Catholic religion. "She was a woman," he says, "of a sharp wit, and being somewhat distrustful of Lutheranism and hating the worship practised in Scotland, she inquired into the doctrines of the Catholic faith, a form of religion totally unknown in Denmark. The Countess of Huntley and some other Catholic ladies of rank helped her in her inquiries, and she was absolved from her heresy and admitted into the mysteries of the true faith by Robert Abercromby, of the Society of Jesus. As long as she remained in Scotland this Father was her director. When the ministers knew that she was received into the Church they insulted her in a way which would have been unbearable even by a private individual. The King tried to excuse her in public by saying that she was crazy; but in private he told her that she might follow any religion she liked, provided only she was cautious about it."<sup>19</sup>

<sup>18</sup> Vol. iv. p. 77.

<sup>19</sup> G. Conæus, *De Duplici statu religionis apud Scotos*, pp. 147, 148, Romæ, 1628, 4to; see also p. 169; and also a work by the same author, entitled *Prematia, sive Calumniæ Hirlondorum vindicata*, p. 20, Bonon., 1621, 8vo.

On August 13th, 1603, the French Ambassador, Beaumont, had a long conversation with Queen Anne. She complained to him of the danger of her position arising from the distracted state of the country, and was aware, she said, of the necessity of giving some relief to the Catholics. "Hereupon," he continues, writing to his master, the King of France, "she told me that she wished to show the Catholics some favour, since she was of their religion in her heart, and that she had very frequently spoken to the King about his conversion, but that she had always found him firm in his opposition. Yet she would always persevere, she said, in such a good work."<sup>20</sup>

Here, at this point, I end what I have to say upon the conversion of Anne of Denmark. That she was a Catholic is, I think, beyond dispute. The fact rests upon her own assurance, upon the written evidence of the priest by whom she was admitted into the Church, and upon the statement of contemporary writers. At her coronation she took a step which must have made it most effectually known to the nobility, clergy, and laity of Great Britain. If the inquiry were pushed further into the reign of her husband, additional proofs would be forthcoming. But what has been here brought to light has shown us the real state of the case, and gives us another among many illustrations as to the manner in which history has been moulded into its present form. That a Queen of England, generally presumed to have been a Protestant Queen, and certainly the wife of a Protestant King, should really have been a Catholic, was an unpleasant conclusion at which to arrive, and the effort has been made to get rid of it. Not by any attempt to prove its falsity, not by any strong assertion to the contrary, but by quietly permitting it to fall out of memory and become forgotten. By such a process as this among others, the great Protestant tradition has been begun and continued from the days of the Reformation to our own. And the truth comes to light at last from the mouldering leaves of some ancient manuscript discovered by accident in a foreign library.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

<sup>20</sup> B.M. MS. *Geo. IV.* n. 124, fol. 18.

## *Anemone.*

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### CHAPTER XIX.

#### A LITTLE PITCHER.

IT was a feature in Blanche's condition, at the time of which we are writing, that she was restless in forming her plans and eager to see them executed. This must be remembered, if it should appear strange to any one that she should have made up her mind, as was hinted before, to make arrangements for the future welfare of those dear to her, into which they could not themselves as yet be entering. One evening, about this time, she was sitting in her favourite spot in the garden at Foxat, looking westwards over the large range of country which has already been spoken of, and watching the ruddy orb of the sun as it sank over the distant and indented line of Dartmoor. Anemone was sitting by her side, and both had for some time been silent.

"It is gone," said Blanche; "one of the last of our sunsets that I shall see."

"Don't talk in that way, Blanche," said Anemone. "You are to have a good time; your strength is quite enough, and you will have the happy work of bringing up your children as John would wish. Geoffrey will be your support, and we shall see you, not as radiant as before, dearest, and as joyous in your happiness, but still leading a calm and blessed life in the way of your duties. You could not have sweeter children. You must not talk as you do of leaving them, and us all. We are bound always to hope and to trust, and there is no reason now for us to think of losing you."

"No, Nem," she said, "it will not be so. They are very sweet children; but I shall not see them grow up. But one great comfort to me, certainly, as you say, is in Geoffrey, and I can leave my children to his care, as John has arranged it, with the greatest trust. He is as dear to me as the dearest of

brothers. But they will want a mother, too, and I want you to be their mother. Promise me, Anemone!"

"Dearest, I will not have you talk as if they were to want a mother. It is wrong, Blanche, and I won't listen to it. And then they have your mother, too, if your health fails, or anything else. I am not fit for such a task, even if it came to me. I am but a child myself. But if you were to go away, of course I should love them still more for your sake."

"Anemone, I dream of John, and he seems to beckon me to him. The little ones love you almost as a mother already, and they love Geoffrey almost as a father. You two are made for one another, and why cannot that be, by-and-bye?"

Anemone started as if she had been stung. She had got to like Geoffrey very much, to look forward to his companionship and conversation, to desire to feel and think like him, to be ready to lean upon him—but this was a different idea altogether. Blanche's words for the time, at all events, ruffled her pure maidenly serenity, and her proposal seemed to knock at a door which had never yet been opened, and which she had never thought of opening. Blanche took her silence for a sort of consent, and went on urging her plea.

"He is so good, so clever, so brilliant, and I believe he is fond of you already. It will all come on, in good time, unless you set yourself against it. At all events, promise me not to turn away from him, Anemone."

Anemone was again silent. A thousand objections occurred to her, on the score of difference of age, and other small matters. When Blanche assured her that Geoffrey cared for her, it did not give her any great pleasure. It made her more sure of herself, she thought, that her first wish was that he might never come to care too much. Many people are half-conquered, on such occasions, by the assurance that some one seeks their love as the one thing in the world worth living for. Anemone felt as if she did not wish for any one's love in that way.

"Promise me, Anemone," said Blanche again, as she leant forward from her seat, and drew the other to her arms.

"What can I promise you, darling? I have never thought of such a thing, and I do not think that Geoffrey has. I will promise nothing at all. I have always thought these things were settled for us by Providence."

"But if Providence brings him across your path, as He does, and throws you together, and lets him love you and



seek you, and if you can admire and love him, is not that enough?"

"No," said Anemone, "not quite. There is something more. Blanche, you make me say to you what I have never said to any one else. There is something more—whether one is meant for that kind of life, or not. But don't go on like this. We are all very happy together as we are, and I shall be afraid of every word that I say, if I think that we are anything but a set of affectionate cousins."

Blanche was obliged to be content with this. At all events, Anemone had not said no. She had no objection to Geoffrey, if she was to have any one. And it was quite clear to Blanche that some one she certainly must have.

Nothing would satisfy this strange matchmaker but to see whether she could make Geoffrey take in the idea which she had tried to force on Anemone. So she got him the next day into a little room which she used as a boudoir, and while her two children were busy on the floor before the window erecting a very magnificent edifice of wooden bricks, she began to talk to him about their future, as she had so often talked before, only bringing in Anemone's name as the one who was to be their mother in her place. "You in the place of John, and she in mine," she said.

Geoffrey whispered to her with the utmost tenderness, begging her not to break his heart by speaking as if she were not to live to bring up her children. Perhaps it was well that the children were present, or he might have been led on to speak as if what had once been possible to them might be revived. "He would be in John's place, certainly," he said, "to her and her little ones, whatever was in store for them, and Anemone was as a sister to her, and would always be so."

"No; but, Geoffrey, it must be more than that. I want Anemone to have a right to be in my place when I am gone. Is she not sweet, Geoffrey?"

Geoffrey was quicker of apprehension as to her meaning than Anemone had been. But he repudiated with vehemence the idea which she had gently put aside. "Blanche," he said, "never speak to me again in that way. I cannot bear it. I once might have thought of such things, but it was not Anemone, and now that is over for ever. I am your brother, Blanche, and have charge of your children, and that is enough for me."

"You would do her so much good, and she is one of a

thousand. There is no one like Anemone, and she is very fond of you already, Geoffrey. You must promise me to win her."

The presence of the children prevented him from making any more violent protests than he had already made. Indeed, little Marian looked up at this moment, with a stare in her large eyes which showed that her attention was aroused. Blanche understood him well when he rose up sharply and said she must not say these things any more. Blanche said to herself that he would never hear of it, though Anemone might. But Geoffrey was much more affected by her words than Anemone. Had he begun to feel something in himself which he resented, as a slight beginning of traitorousness in the allegiance which he had vowed to his cousin? It is certain that he was more upset by the proposal than the lady to whom it referred, and that when they next met, there was far more awkwardness in his manner than in hers.

Anemone had wanted to ask him something more about the subject of the conversation which Marian had interrupted when they had been talking together on the subject of confession. "You seemed to me to say," she said, "that we might judge that certain things ought to be, in a system like that of the Church, which is meant to satisfy all the needs and cravings of our nature in the matter of religion. But is not that rather hazardous? Are we to be the judges of what is the best way of satisfying our wants?"

"It is hazardous," said Geoffrey, "at least it would be dangerous to act, or even to reason, on such grounds without more. But it is an argument as far as it goes, that we seem to have a natural want of some kind of aid in so important a matter, especially if that want is very generally felt, and shows itself in many and various ways. People argue in this way about Revelation itself—that man in his present condition requires it. Of course, if there were nothing that claimed to be such a Revelation as we require, the argument would not be applied. It is applied in defence of a Revelation which rests on its own proofs, and then it is an argument, the force of which lies in the principle that God is good, that He must know our needs, and that He is likely to supply them. Then, they say, here is the supply for them which He has actually furnished. I do not suppose that any Roman Catholic would argue in defence of the practice of Confession on the ground that we

wanted it, unless it already existed, and had been in existence from the beginning."

"Then," said Anemone, "it comes after all to be a matter of fact."

"Yes," said Geoffrey, "but the argument of which we spoke the other day is good to answer objections against such a practice as hurtful, tyrannical, and the like. Such arguments I never could sympathize with."

"But how are we to know whether, as a matter of fact, such a thing has been in existence?"

"The Romanists would say that it is enough for them that it is in existence, and that it is sanctioned by the Church, which grounds it upon Scripture and the words of our Lord Himself. Of course they have historical arguments too, but that is the real ground."

"Then, after all," she said, "it runs up into the question of the Church?"

"Yes, my dear Anemone," he said, smiling; "you will find that all religious questions of any importance run up into that. That is the question of questions—there is no other. But here comes Marian with Dr. Gay, and we must hear what he says about Blanche."

Dr. Gay was one of those excellent men of whom this country possesses scores—men capable of filling any place in their profession if they had the opening, but who have settled down contentedly in corners of our several counties, and become the ill-paid servants, as to all medical matters, of small neighbourhoods. He had all the business he could have where he was, and he most fully deserved the confidence and friendship which were given him by all classes.

He told them that Blanche might now be confined almost any day, and that he did not fear for her physical strength. "I wish she was not so flighty and excitable," he added. "It is that which I dread more than anything else." Then he asked Geoffrey to walk a little way down towards the gate with him, and the two gentlemen went off in consultation.

"Cousin Nem!" said Marian, sidling up with a wise look in her eyes, "are you very fond of Cousin Geoffrey? I heard mamma tell him that you are."

"You foolish child, we are all fond of one another; but why do you listen to what other people say?"

"What is it to be wonned, Cousin Nem?" continued the

inexorable child. "Mamma asked him to promise to win you. Is it something nice?"

Anemone took the child up, and stopped her mouth with a kiss. "Marian," she said, blushing in spite of herself, "you must never tell tales of what other people say. Your mamma would be angry with you." Then she left the room.

"I suppose to be winned is not nice," said Marian, after a moment of profound thought. "Cousin Geoffrey didn't seem to like it when mamma said it."

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## CHAPTER XX.

### ALICE'S PROSPECTS.

MRS. SIMPSON, the wife of the Bishop of Southmercia, was not by any means a lady of the type of the immortal Mrs. Proudie. She was very clever and clear sighted, however, quick in forming her opinions, and energetic in urging them on her lord and spouse. She kept herself in the background on public occasions, and seldom expressed herself decidedly to any one but him. In this way she exercised a very real influence, even upon the government of his large diocese, while in domestic matters her supremacy was hardly questioned by any close observer. As for "religious opinions," it was difficult to say to what school she belonged. Religion to her was something professional, and she went through a great many charity meetings and church services and sermons and tea parties, and the like, with unflinching but also unenthusiastic regularity. She was most at home at Mercia Stoke, a well-built country house some miles from the cathedral town, which the Bishop had bought and rechristened for himself. There was very little episcopal about it, and, when Mrs. Simpson was there, she was very like the wife of any of the country gentlemen round in her habits and conversation.

This lady had an influence on the course of the events which we are relating, in so far as she prevented her husband from consulting his friend the Dean and his examining chaplain, one of the canons, as to the expediency of withdrawing the offer which he had made to Mr. Westmore. The Bishop was somewhat aghast at the notice of an Archdeacon and Canon whose wife was a Catholic. The cases of conversion of clergymen's wives were not very common. Of all people in the world; it

may be thought, clergymen's wives are bound by the unwritten law of the Establishment not to leave that venerable institution. The secession of a clergyman's wife seemed to show that there was no safety anywhere. What self-assertion could be more inexcusable, what rebellion more gross, what ingratitude blacker! The Anglican clergyman's wife is by far the most successful creation of the Establishment. Those who are old enough to remember the appearance of Lord Macaulay's *History* can easily recall the thrill of horror and indignation which ran through the parsonages of England, when that famous writer published his description of the very low opinion in which ladies of this class were held for at least a century and a half after the Reformation. The clergy have risen immensely in social position in the last hundred years, and their wives are now deservedly held in universal respect. In a great number of cases they are by far of more practical importance in their parish and neighbourhood than their husbands. All this they owe to the Establishment, which may boast that if it has discarded religious orders, it has at least produced the female parson. She has nothing romantic, nothing highly poetical, nothing supernatural about her as such, though in individual cases she may rise to the highest level. She does an immense amount of good, and prevents an immense amount of harm, and the England of the present day would hardly be itself without her. She is a sort of personification of Anglicanism, and is specially bound to be loyal to her type.

Some few cases were known to the Bishop in which conversions of this class had occurred, much to the perplexity of clerical husbands. One or two of these gentlemen had taken the sensible line—not to say the Christian line—of remembering that man and wife were man and wife, and after a time, they had found themselves far more respected and trusted by their neighbours than before, for treating their partners for life kindly, and allowing them the free exercise of their religion. But others had been very tyrannical and cruel, had turned their wives out of house and home, forbidden them all intercourse with their children, and covered their disregard for all natural duties by an exuberance of zeal against the Church to which the ladies had submitted. Grave discussions had been held by conclaves of clergymen as to the proper treatment of convert wives, and in these conferences the most severe measures had been justified as imperative, and the harshest language had

usually been held by the men who had themselves taught their wives the principles of Catholicism. All this made the idea of a trouble of this sort at Osminster very distasteful to the Bishop, and he was inclined to support his own inclination to break off the negotiation with Mr. Westmore, by reference to counsellors who were sure to tell him what he wanted to be told. He was a little afraid that Mr. Westmore would not do himself or his patron much credit with the public by his behaviour in such circumstances.

Mrs. Simpson had known the first Mrs. Westmore, whose life had not been passed on a bed of roses. Perhaps it was a woman's feeling that made her utter one of her sharp strong sentences on this occasion. "That poor little woman has enough to suffer as it is, and will have enough more. Don't let her husband be always telling her that she ruined his prospects of usefulness."

So the Bishop wrote a shilly-shally letter to Flaxhead, saying that Mr. Westmore must of course act on his own judgment, but that he did not himself see any reason in what had been communicated to him for withdrawing the offer which he had made, or abandoning the hopes which prompted it, that "our Church" would be greatly served by his friend if he accepted it. His wife had also reminded him that, if he had to make another appointment, he could hardly pass over a certain Evangelical clergyman of eminence among his own party, to whom she had a particular dislike. "All that set of men are dull and stupid, my dear, and we shall have nonsense of all sorts talked in the Cathedral. Besides, his wife is not a lady."

The Bishop's letter gave great satisfaction at Flaxhead, though counsels were still divided as to the course which Mr. Westmore should pursue. Mr. Woodbrook urged him very strongly to accept the Archdeaconry at once, and to trust to the effect of his new position to help him to bring Alice round. "She's like a child in your hands, Westmore," he said. "Surely a man like you can do as you like with her. Give her all you can to do as Mrs. Archdeacon and she'll drop her fancies." And then, as before, he had anecdotes enough ready about ladies who had been caught by the coaxing influences of prosperity, the full occupation of their time with the business of a "position," or, as he took care to add, an occasional touch of wholesome severity on the part of their husbands.

"What do you mean by severity?" said Mr. Westmore.

"Well, you see," said his friend, "I suppose we are all agreed that persons who join the Romish schism in our country, especially clergymen and clergymen's wives and daughters, are to be treated like children who have misbehaved themselves. Now 'he that spareth the rod spoileth the child.' Your wife, my dear friend, is very much in the position of a daughter to you, and you have quite a right—indeed, a duty—to make her feel her misconduct. How anybody can be so foolish! it is beyond my comprehension. Here it is quite proved that St. Peter was no more than another Apostle"—and then Mr. Woodbrook went off on his favourite hobby of the "Petrine claims," with which the readers of this tale need not be troubled.

There was very little direct answer to Mr. Westmore's question in what he had said. But the two clergymen understood one another. Mr. Westmore had a vein of harshness in his character which, under particular circumstances, might quite issue in cruelty. Now he saw that, whatever he did in the way of coercion, he would not fail to have an applauding admirer in Mr. Woodbrook. There were stories in circulation of wives turned out of their homes and daughters forced to become housemaids for having become Catholics. It was quite clear that some of the Anglican clergy would approve of such measures. Mr. Woodbrook, however, went on a little, to show that he did not recommend measures that met the public eye too much. "You are master in your own house, you know, Westmore. No visitor can get in, no letter can go out, without your consent, and you can make what arrangements you like as to your children. If your wife should be so foolish as to prefer other guides to you, you have the remedy in your own hands, it seems to me. No violence, no publicity. Treat her like a naughty child—a naughty child."

Lady Susan's approval of her friend's direct acceptance of the Archdeaconry was not so readily given. She was sincerely interested in his promotion, for she saw he liked it, and she desired to see him win all that he cared to have. But she thought also that his wife ought to be considered and to have some voice in the matter. Why could he not wait till he had gone home and talked it all over with Alice? She must be very proud of his advancement, and perhaps by taking her into his confidence and giving her due weight in his counsels he might lead her to do the same. Perhaps he might. Perhaps the advice which Lady Susan gave would have been for Alice

the most dangerous for her husband to follow, though it was not given for any calculation of that kind. But then he did not follow it. His ambition was roused, and he had not calmness of purpose or judgment enough to wait a few days. He had sometimes joked at the name of "venerable," and had said to himself that it would be very unpleasant to go about always as a Don. But now these things looked quite delicious to him—he could hardly get them out of his head. "The Venerable the Archdeacon of Osvale!"—better even than the "Vicar of Osminster." So without more ado he sat down and wrote an overflowing letter to the Bishop, thanking him for his great kindness, and gratefully accepting his appointment.

This was the morning on which he ought to have received Father White's letter. We have already seen how it was that, by the good offices of Aunt Joanna, that letter was delayed beyond the proper time. Fortune, or, rather, a good and fatherly Providence, protected Alice the next day also. It was certain to be one of the last days which her husband was to spend at Flaxhead, and the Woodbrooks were to leave soon after. So the lady of the house had determined that that day must be spent in a grand expedition to a rather distant lion of the county, a hill commanding an unusually fine range of country, on which, moreover, there was a camp which the Danes were supposed to have formed in Alfred's time. The whole neighbourhood was full of memories of the great English King, and Mr. Woodbrook was almost as full of the questions as to when this or that battle was fought as he was of the Petrine claims. So it was determined that they should rise and breakfast earlier than usual, and leave for their expedition half an hour before the post came in. Thus, before her husband came back that evening from the long day of driving and walking and pleasuring which Lady Susan had provided for him, Alice had been safely received into the fold of the Catholic Church.

The next day also all seemed to go well with her. The Mass at the chapel was a good hour before the breakfast time at Blackley House, and she got up early, slipped out at the garden gate, and made her first Communion. The Bishop said the Mass, and immediately after gave her the Sacrament of Confirmation. It was all wonderfully swift, and at the same time wonderfully quiet and peaceful. She had no time for thanking him, or for more than an earnest blessing from him, which he gave her with a tenderness which brought tears from



her eyes. "Fear nothing, God is with you," he said. She was at home again while Aunt Joanna was reading the family prayers in the breakfast-room, and Alice was able to go up to her room and put off her bonnet and shawl before they were over. Then she came down as if nothing had happened, and no questions were asked, as at that time she was frequently unable to be down for breakfast. She could hardly contain her joy, and there was no angry letter from Flaxhead to disturb the few hours of peace which were granted her. In the middle of the day she felt the exertion she had made, and before the night fell she was seriously ill.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### WAKING UP.

THE next month of the life of Alice Westmore was a time, a great part of which was, happily for her, spent either in unconsciousness or in extreme bodily weakness, so that its incidents left but little impression upon her memory. When her husband arrived at his home on the evening of the day after that of which we spoke in the last chapter, her child had just been born, a fine little girl, but Alice herself was in a state of considerable danger. The utmost quiet was enjoined by the doctor as an absolute necessity, and no one was allowed in the room in which she lay but the nurses. Aunt Joanna, to do her justice, was great in a sick-room, and she took the command of all the arrangements with much benefit, in a material point of view, to the patient herself. It was thought better that the child should not be nursed by her mother, though this was a thing of which Alice had made a great point before. For a few days she hung almost between life and death, and then the scale slowly turned in favour of life. But her consciousness during a fortnight more was not at all constant, and her weakness was excessive.

It is probable that nothing but the dangerous illness of his wife saved Mr. Westmore from a great explosion of passion and violence on his return home. The letter of Father White, which he did not receive till it was too late to answer it after his return from the expedition already spoken of, made him excessively angry, and he was further irritated by the silence of Alice. The morning after he received a hurried note from Aunt Joanna, telling him that she feared there was some mischief brewing,

and that Alice and Emily had both been to the Catholic chapel and to the priest's house. She implored him to return home at once. So he started in the course of a few hours after breakfast that morning, and reached home at night.

Before leaving, Mr. Westmore told his friends that he feared that he should find that his wife had become a Catholic, in spite both of his prohibition and his entreaties. Mr. Woodbrook encouraged him in his bitterness, and spoke in a solemn, pompous way, about the duty of a husband to correct such an offence with a stern hand. Mr. Woodbrook was by nature benevolent and upright, but he was a considerable controversialist, and in his writings he did not spare insinuations and charges which went far beyond the bounds of courtesy. He had heard more than he had known about conversions, and had a fixed idea that they could be stopped by strong measures, or by skilful measures, and that people who had "gone over" should be made to come back again.

On the other hand, Alice had a real friend in Lady Susan. She was very sorry to lose Mr. Westmore's society, and she was at the same time glad to have seen enough of him to perceive that he might not have been altogether an easy person to live with. She did not care much whether people were Anglicans or Catholics, so long as they were pleasant, but she thought Alice had a right to her own opinions, and she pleaded her cause, to a certain extent, with an earnestness which quite surprised her clerical friends. "Above all things, she is your wife," she said. "'Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them,' you know." It rather amused her to be quoting St. Paul to Mr. Westmore, to remind him of his duties. The whole party drove down to Maunton to see Mr. Westmore off. Lady Susan parted from him very affectionately, in private, before they started. "Remember," she said, "Charles, if I can help you or yours in anything at all that grows out of this matter, it will be a true pleasure. You may wish to be quiet away from home, and Flaxhead is always at your service. Or you may like Emily or Charles to be away, and they will be very welcome. Perhaps Charlie might like to come here when we have the shooting party in a few weeks. Or," she said, "Alice herself might like to be quiet. There's a Catholic chapel at Maunton, and I would send her in on Sundays."

Mr. Westmore had not yet mastered the idea that his wife might wish to go to a place of worship on Sundays different

from his own. Still less had he come to understand that he might allow her to do this. Lady Susan travelled altogether too fast for him, and he was a little put out. But he thanked her most cordially, and promised to let her know how things were at Osminster, and to use her house like that of a "very dear and confidential friend."

During the journey, angry thoughts got the upper-hand with him. He would turn Alice out of doors, and Emily too, if she proved to be guilty. He would have a public row with Father White, and would preach the next Sunday against the deceits and tricks of the Romanist priesthood. Nay, he would discard his own vestments, and perhaps he would send away Mr. Bellicent. That young man must have been pouring poison into Emily's ears, or she never would have accompanied Alice. He had telegraphed to be met at the station by his carriage, and his servant told him that his mistress was very ill indeed. Why hadn't Emily come, or Charlie! But his anger was forced to cool itself awhile, for the doctor met him at the door, and enjoined the most absolute quiet, if Alice's life was not to be risked.

Mr. Westmore ordered some food to be brought him into his study, where he shut himself up, seeing no one but Aunt Joanna. Poor man! his wrath was not even yet calmed down, and as he sat brooding in the increasing twilight, and far into the night, perhaps he did not even think of praying that his wife might survive—perhaps he even let himself think that it would be well for all if she were to die. There was a dressing-room, leading out of the study, in which a bed was sometimes placed, and here he determined to sleep for the present. Anxious as was the state of things upstairs, he did not put off writing a furious and insulting letter to Father White, which ended by telling him that all intercourse between them must be at an end, that he should not speak to him if he met him in the street, and that the servants should have orders never to admit him to the house.

His wrath fell next upon Emily. He would hardly listen to any excuses, and, indeed, Emily had not much to say for herself. She had accompanied Alice at the request of the latter, who wished to have a witness present who could prove that what had been done had been done by her own free will. She was sorry that her father was angry, but she had thought he would like his wife to have some one of her own with her, rather

than not. Emily was abused as more than half a Papist herself, as being in league with the priest, and the name of Mr. Bellicent was hurled at her as having helped to "debauch her mind." The good girl was indignant, and, for the first time in her life, almost disrespectful to her father. Her temper was very seldom ruffled, but she had a strong sense of right, and was courageous when she was provoked. She told her father that his curate had never said a word to her on the subject. This was true enough, as he had sought Emily's society and confidence with a different object. Whether he might ultimately have succeeded in winning her as a wife, need not be asked. But Mr. Westmore was reasonable in nothing, and so he gave him notice that his engagement with him was to be at an end henceforth, and that he should not ask him to preach or to officiate any more during the few weeks which he might remain in Osminster.

In the same furious way he ordered all the vestments, hitherto occasionally used in the Minster, to be laid aside. This was a measure which gave offence to some few of his people, but they were the people on whom he could most surely depend. Mr. Barker did not oppose it, and Mr. Hornsea had never liked the lengths to which the Rector's Ritualism had gone. Meanwhile, the Head Master and the Broad Church ushers at the High School rubbed their hands in glee. Strange to say, the fact of Alice's reception into the Church was first made certain to the public by the measures taken by her husband. Father White and his servant had held their tongue, as well as the few Catholics who had assisted at the Bishop's Mass at which she had made her first Communion. Emily had not been able to give a very clear answer to her aunt's interrogatories, and Alice herself had said nothing. But within two days of Mr. Westmore's return the news got into the county papers, and from them it was copied by the London press. Every morning now brought Mr. Westmore a number of letters of condolence from all parts, the effect of which was to confirm him in his view that he had been shamefully used, and that the world now looked to him for an example, how a "pervert" wife was to be treated by an Anglican dignitary—for the news about the Arch-deaconry became public about the same time.

Poor Alice! she was happily unconscious of all that was going on around her. She was kindly treated as to all that related to her bodily wants, nursed, and watched, and fed. One of the few things which she remembered was the first cry of her

new-born child, but as she got a little stronger, and asked to see it, the nurse shook her head and said nothing, and Aunt Joanna frowned. After a time she began to crave to see her husband, but he never came to her room, and no answer was made to her inquiries. In the same way Emily was kept apart from her. Every day of slowly returning health and strength was a fresh revelation of some of the true features of her situation. No letters were brought her. Her favourite books were taken away. Her maid, who had come with her from her father's house, where she had been in service since she was taken from the village school, was dismissed, and another substituted. She was not allowed to see her elder child. He had been sent into the country with his nurse. When the time at last came for her to be allowed to take a short taste of the fresh air, she was put into the garden chair and wheeled about, with Aunt Joanna on one side and the new maid on the other. Every one was out of the way. She asked for Emily, but Emily did not come. Her husband was invisible. She heard his step on the stairs, and his voice in the hall, but to her he neither spoke a word nor sent a message. She mustered up strength to write him a note, but the servant told her that her master had forbidden her to give it to him. More than all, when she returned from her second or third ride in the garden chair, the maid said she was not to go back to her old room, and led her upstairs to a higher storey, where two rooms which had once been used as nurseries were prepared for her. They had a little private passage leading to them, which was closed by a door, which the servant locked.

"Yes, ma'am, master says you are to live here with me, until you come to your senses."

Then she pointed to a letter, in Mr. Westmore's handwriting, which lay on the table, and left Alice to herself.

## *Catholic Review.*

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### I.—NOTES ON THE PRESS.

#### I.—M. LOYSON AND THE ANGLICAN EPISCOPATE.

THE authorities of the Anglican Establishment have an unhappy knack of causing trouble to the many respectable persons under their jurisdiction who strain every nerve to persuade themselves that they are within the pale of the Catholic Church of which their Creeds speak. The respectable persons of whom we speak read the *Christian Year*, and practise, either openly or secretly, a good many things of a Catholic tendency which are not enjoined in the Prayer Book, or which, if enjoined, have fallen into general neglect. The *Christian Year* enables them to throw a halo of poetical beauty over one of the most commonplace matter of fact productions of worldliness that has ever been seen—for such is the Anglican Establishment. The tolerance which Englishmen generally allow and enjoy as to personal religion, enables them to frame their own lives and devotional practices after the Catholic model, as far as they know it. But then, from time to time, those unfortunate “Bishops” of theirs will go and do and say such outrageous things! They fraternize so openly with Protestantism in its most violent developments! They cannot meet and issue a circular about anything without falling foul of the Pope and attacking the Catholic Church. If they ever make up their minds to agree about anything, it is pretty sure either to be something very trivial and unpractical, or something hostile to Rome. They have plenty to do at home, in all conscience, but they cannot keep their fingers off Catholicism. All this is very hard on the quiet souls who want to believe that they are Catholics themselves, quite as much as “Continental Christians” are, to “speak but lightly of their sister’s fall,” to help on, in their measure, the cause of peace, and to refrain, publicly and privately, from anything that may aggravate “our unhappy divisions.”

Every one who has read the *Apologia* of Dr. Newman knows how very strong and important was the influence produced on his mind by the schismatical act of the Archbishop of Canterbury of that time in sending an “Anglican Bishop” to Jerusalem, with the barely concealed object of fraternizing with the Prussian Evangelicals, and giving them the opportunity, for which the King of Prussia was so anxious, of connecting themselves with an Episcopal body such as the Anglican

Establishment. To us who can look back on the matter from a Catholic point of view, it does not appear that the Archbishop of Canterbury acted in contradiction to the innate spirit of Anglicanism in this coquetting with heresy and schism. But this was one of those acts of authority which show the *animus* and the character of an institution, and by so doing, shatter many an imagination and dream. Certainly, the feeling which so strongly affected Dr. Newman was not unshared by others of his party, nor was his the only mind which was helped on strongly towards Catholicism by that act of the Anglican authorities. We wonder how it would be now if any action of the same kind were taken by Dr. Tait and his compeers. The Anglicans of the present day, among whom, as to the present matter, we may fairly include the Ritualists, profess to inherit the maxims and principles of the High Church party of that time, and we must suppose, therefore, that if they were as staunch in their maintenance of those principles as the old Tractarians, we should find them quite as vigorous in their denunciations of such a line of policy. But we must confess to having great misgivings as to this, and that it appears to us that the old High Church principles are no longer maintained by the party which calls itself High Church. Let us state shortly the facts of one of the many instances of what appears to us this abandonment of principle on the part of those of whom we speak.

Every one knows enough about M. Hyacinthe Loyson to make it quite unnecessary for us to enter on the disagreeable task of explaining who he is or what he has done. We gather from the statements on which we are about to comment that M. Loyson is at present endeavouring to organize a body of "Old Catholics" in France, a body which will of course be in rebellion against the Holy See and the French bishops. These "Old Catholics" must all be natural subjects to one or other of these last named prelates, and their congregation, if it is ever formed, will be simply a sect of seceders from the Catholic Church on account of their refusal to accept the Vatican Council. We must leave to those who have followed with attention the somewhat tortuous career of M. Loyson since he abandoned Catholicism, to explain why it is that, if he wishes to attach the body which he is organizing to some larger or older body than itself, he does not try his hand with the "Old Catholics" in Germany, and with the schismatical "residuum" of the Jansenists in Holland. Possibly he had found out, even so long ago as last August, that the German "Old Catholics" were falling to pieces, and were likely, moreover, to lose the only support that ever held them up, that of Prince Bismarck. Possibly the Jansenists in Holland were a little particular about a "married clergy," especially when its chief member was to be a friar who had broken his vows. Possibly there were doctrinal differences which may have kept M. Loyson apart from the two bodies which seemed naturally marked out for him as allies, and he may have been kept away from the Greek and Russian Churches by difficulties of the same sort. At all events,

not without some worldly wisdom, M. Loyson has made his application to the Anglican authorities, who are little likely to be stiff about ecclesiastical proprieties, and who have, moreover, a rich and well-established community at their back. Who knows! Marc Antonio de Dominis and other foreigners of far less note who have cast aside Catholic obedience, have been ere this welcomed in England and even appointed to benefices and canonries. So perhaps, if the French Old Catholics were to collapse, or to find M. Loyson an unsuitable leader for themselves, that gentleman might hereafter find it convenient to have shaken hands with Dr. Tait and other prelates of the Anglican Establishment.

What does M. Loyson want? His letter which is dated "London, August 4, 1878," would appear to have crept into publicity for the first time in a New York paper in December. We shall see presently that there is good reason for thinking that American "Anglicanism"—if we may use such a word—is not foreign to the organization of the whole business. The letter is addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, President of the Commission constituted by the Bishops of the Anglican Communion to consider the relations between the Old Catholics and others who have separated themselves from the Roman Communion. This Commission appears to have been one of the fruits of the late "Pan-Anglican Synod," the members of which were no doubt desirous of opening their arms as widely as possible to refugees from Catholic obedience. "The moment seems to me to have arrived," says M. Loyson, "for uniting under one and the same banner, and, above all, in one and the same sanctuary, those of my fellow-countrymen who desire to reunite themselves to the principles of the ancient Catholic Church, so long and so gloriously preserved in the Gallican Church." We need hardly pause to tell M. Loyson that if he wishes to do this, he has nothing whatever to do but to go and submit himself to the first French bishop he comes across, who will, no doubt, on all due conditions, "reunite" him to the Catholic Church, at once ancient and modern, of which the Gallican Church, at once ancient and modern, forms a part. This, however, will not suit M. Loyson. No French bishop will have anything to say to him—on his own terms. "Unhappily, evil days have made our Episcopate such that we count in its ranks many adversaries, and we have not a single shepherd of our souls." A bad sign, certainly—why does it not make M. Loyson a little suspicious of the correctness of his own views? As it is, however, "restorative action must come from above," that is from the hierarchy, and so he must look elsewhere. Where should he look, but to England? "It is this which causes me to turn towards you who have been placed, by the Providence of God, in the oldest see of an Episcopate which not only embraces in its powerful circle the vast area of the Anglo-Saxon world, but which also dates back in an uninterrupted and unbroken succession to the Apostles." M. Loyson forgets to add that if this were true, it would only be "by the favour of the Apostolic See" that this succession had



been obtained. He then states how much his heart had been moved by the declaration of large tolerance on the part of the Anglican bishops. They don't care for much, they say, in the case of people who want to get away from Rome. "We do not demand a rigid uniformity; we deprecate needless divisions; but to those who are drawn to us in the endeavour to free themselves *from the yoke of error and superstition*<sup>1</sup> we are ready to offer all help, and such privileges as may be acceptable to them, and are consistent with the maintenance of our own principles as enunciated in our formularies." M. Loyson thanks the Anglican bishops for these words, and goes on to lay down a theory of Church government and unity which will certainly hardly stand the test of Catholic criticisms, without something to complete it which we need not name. "If each bishop has received individually the charge of a particular Church, all Christian bishops have received collectively *in solidum*, as St. Cyprian of Carthage so well expresses it, the care of the Universal Church." Hence it is quite clear that the English bishops may interfere in French dioceses, and, that being the case, M. Loyson offers himself and his friends as the occasion of such interference. He is ready to adopt the basis which the Anglican bishops have laid down—a basis not certainly free from considerable ambiguity, except as to the one point that it has nothing to do with the Catholic Church—"one Divine Head, one Catholic and Apostolic Church, holding the faith revealed in Holy Writ, defined in the Creeds, and maintained by the primitive Church, one and the same Canon of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, as containing all things necessary to salvation." M. Loyson desires to re-establish the ancient Gallican liturgies—not without some qualification, however—"adapted to our present necessities, following the principles which are *common to us both*, and which are set forth in your *Letter*." The petition for money is slipped in *obiter*—"above and beyond the material aid which is necessary to us for the worthy celebration of public worship, that which we most earnestly desire is the official recognition of the Catholic work of the priests and laity who are endeavouring to restore, upon a basis at once larger and more ancient than that of the Council of Trent, the Gallican Church, which has been officially suppressed by the Vatican Council." (Indeed!) They also ask to be recognized by the Anglican Communion as a Christian Mission in France, and to be placed under the provisional government of one or more Anglican bishops, until they can form themselves into "a complete and autonomous Church."

It appears that Dr. Eden, the "Bishop of Moray, Ross, and Caithness," who is what is called "Primus" of the "Scottish Episcopal Church"—*i.e.*, the Anglican "Mission" in Scotland, was very appropriately selected as the mouthpiece of the Anglican Episcopate in answer to M. Loyson. We say, very appropriately, because being even more of an intruder, if that be possible, in Scotland, than an ordinary Anglican "Bishop" may be supposed to be in England, he may be

<sup>1</sup> The italics are ours.

considered to have quite a natural taste and fitness for the promotion of schism. The language of Dr. Eden leaves no doubt at all as to the character which the step which the Anglican Episcopate propose to take, or have already taken, in joining hands with M. Loyson, bears in the eyes of the members of that Episcopate. Dr. Eden thus explains the proposal made to them. He gathers that—

—the object which you and those who are acting with you are seeking to accomplish is not the formation of some new Protestant sect, but the initiation of the reform, both in doctrine and discipline, of your own old Church of France, on the same primitive and Catholic principles as those on which the Church of England reformed itself in the sixteenth century, to reassert its national independence, and to recover for it those liberties and that freedom which have been crushed out by a foreign and unauthorized usurpation. That to prevent such reform from degenerating into ecclesiastical revolution you desire to be directed and governed by an authoritative Episcopal oversight, strong enough to keep out of the movement all un-Catholic and rationalistic elements; and that, failing to obtain such oversight and guidance from any one of your national Bishops, you turn to the Anglican Episcopate, asking from it the recognition of your mission in France, and that your priests and laymen may be placed provisionally under one or several of its bishops, until you may be able to constitute yourselves a complete and autonomous Church.

Then, most unnecessarily, Dr. Eden goes on to apologize for the breach of all ecclesiastical law which the Anglican Episcopate are about to commit. It seems really to be on his conscience that he may be thought to be promoting schism—as if anything else could possibly be expected from him. A Turk might as well apologize for observing the Koran by persecuting Christians, as a Scotch Episcopalian for giving the right hand of fellowship to foreign schismatics. Here, however, is Dr. Eden's explanation :

In ordinary times, and under ordinary circumstances, the Anglican Episcopate could have returned but one answer to such a request. They would have been constrained to decline acceding to it as being in violation of the canonical rule and order of the Catholic Church, that no bishop or priest of any other Church should exercise his functions in the diocese of another bishop without the consent of the bishop thereof. But the times are not ordinary times. . . .

The fact came before the Lambeth Conference that solemn protests had been raised in many Churches and Christian communities throughout the world against the usurpations of the See of Rome, and against the novel doctrines promulgated by its authority, and that appeals had been made by them also for the intervention of the Anglican Episcopate in difficulties similar to your own. Application from members of Churches thus circumstanced to bishops not under the same bondage was felt by the conference to be justifiable, while a consideration of the position of these Christian communities, rendered hopeless by the recent decree of the Vatican Council, in any effort to reform themselves unless aided from without, seems to make the line of duty to be pursued by such bishops towards their struggling brethren only the more clear and definite.

We subjoin Dr. Eden's exposition of theory, which may well take its place in these pages as an illustration of the various views which we had to mention in a late article on the "Tractarian and Ritualist views of the Episcopate."

The general principle which the Lambeth Conference affirmed, with special reference to the Churches of the Anglican communion, applies with equal force to the Catholic Church everywhere—viz., the legitimate action of the National Churches, and the authority of bishops in their own diocese. But this principle assumes the rightful liberty and independence of National Churches and their bishops, a principle which is, however, entirely traversed by the present constitution of the Church of Rome. The application of those principles of Church order which are essential for discipline in ordinary times is, however, subject to modification or suspension when the necessities of the Church demand the application of a principle of yet higher obligation. Hence we find, from the teaching and practice of some of the most eminent Fathers and Bishops of the primitive Church, that whenever the faith was endangered by heresy or persecution, and heretical bishops would ordain none but heretical clergy, they did not hesitate to act in virtue of the commission which the Episcopate has received from Christ for the preservation of the faith and government of His Church. They asked for no dispensation from the Bishop of Rome, or from any other bishop, but as members of the one Episcopate to which Christ had intrusted the preservation of the faith, and as Catholic bishops of the universal Church, they felt themselves bound individually to exercise their episcopal power in any part of the world where the necessities of the Church required it and the faith was endangered.

It would seem thus that the Anglican Episcopate is hopelessly pledged to M. Loyson, and that its interference with French Catholicism is a deliberate step, justified by theory and supposed right. There are, we should add, one or two loopholes by which the Anglicans may hope to escape. In the first place, nothing is said about "the material aid" which was so modestly suggested by M. Loyson. In the second place, that gentleman is given to understand that he must go very considerable lengths in the direction of the denial of Catholic doctrine before he can be admitted to the patronage of Dr. Eden. "But," says the latter—

—*Lex orandi, lex credendi*. And if, in compliance with your request, we are to administer Episcopal functions according to your ritual, we can do so only in the event of that ritual, in its language and ceremonies, containing nothing inconsistent with the word of God, with the principles enunciated in our formularies, with the prerogatives of the One Divine Head of the Church, or of the One Mediator between God and men, the Man Jesus Christ. Your proposed revision of your ritual on the basis of the primitive Gallican Liturgy, adapted to your present necessities, would seem to furnish the best assurance that your reformed liturgy will embody the principles which, you say, are common to us both, and thus remove any difficulty on this head. I await your further communication on this subject.

Now we cannot help remarking that, for a number of Anglican bishops to run eagerly at the bait which is here held out to them by M. Loyson, they must have a very strong appetite indeed for schismatical action. There is no pretence for thinking that the "Old Catholics" whom M. Loyson represents are either a numerous, or in other ways so very respectable and so important a body, as to make it a matter of necessity for the Anglican Episcopate to jump at their offer. As to this point, we happen to have a most competent, and, at the same time, a most reluctant witness, in the gentleman who furnishes the readers of the *Guardian* newspaper with their weekly information as to

the state of things in France—a series of correspondence always worth reading, generally very trustworthy, and altogether above the average of such communications to the English press, if it were not that, now and then, it is disfigured by an almost unusual tone of prejudice against Catholicism. This gentleman is evidently thoroughly well acquainted with the whole movement which is represented by M. Loyson, and we wish very much that we had space at our command sufficient to allow of the insertion of great part of his letter.<sup>1</sup> The writer in question tells us that the movement began some years ago, but that the majority of its followers were not French Catholics at all to begin with, but simply—

—Rival sectaries, who are actuated chiefly by jealousy of the Church, and politicians and rationalists, whose object is much more to pull down and destroy than to reform. . . . I saw at the time a good deal of the above parties, and was inclined to feel sanguine that something might be done if they could be induced to act cordially together. But I am compelled to say that it soon became apparent that this was impossible. . . . The chief impediment certainly arose from the fact that no two men out of those who proposed to inaugurate the movement could be brought to agree either as to the precise objects in view, or the way in which they were to be worked out.

Then came the German war, and “Père Hyacinthe” was advised to betake himself to Geneva. Every one knows that he made a great mess of his adventure—

The position proved to be scarcely tenable, or would have demanded, at least, a very exceptional amount of tact, personal qualities, and administrative ability, as well as of eloquence and zeal, to make it so.

These exceptional qualities, it is clear, the correspondent of the *Guardian* does not see in M. Loyson. Then as to the present movement. The gentleman whom we are quoting tells us that the letters to which this article refers, between M. Loyson and the “Primus,” as he is called, of Scotland, have at length been got into a French translation—

In preparing which I had been asked to assist, and gladly did so, with the aid of an experienced friend. The task was not easy, for only those who know in how totally different a channel the French mind runs, on such subjects, from the English, can appreciate how great the difficulty is of presenting the views and even forms of expression respecting them which are familiar to the latter in a shape which shall be intelligent, and above all attractive, to the former.

After speaking of the new position in which these letters placed M. Loyson in the eyes of the French public, “as a missionary specially recognized by, and taken under the guidance, authority, and Episcopal control of the Church of England, in the persons of her chief pastors in Synod assembled,” the writer adds that he “is not surprised to hear it designated by leading French Protestants as the most momentous step taken by the Church of England since, perhaps, its own Reformation.” “No doubt,” he adds, “there is something preeminently Catholic (!) and attractive in the attitude thus assumed, and in the right and jurisdiction vindicated by our Episcopate to care for and maintain the

<sup>1</sup> See *Guardian*, January 8.

purity of the faith throughout all Christendom, wherever endangered or initiated."

All this is very well under one aspect, that aspect exhibiting the Anglican Episcopate in its true colours, as a thoroughly Protestant, schismatical, and aggressive body. But then there comes the other side of the question, which we earnestly commend to the notice of the High Church School, who for so many years past have been ready with at least vigorous protests on so many subjects as to which they supposed the "Catholic" character of their Establishment to have been endangered. Let it be remembered that the writer whom we are quoting is no Catholic, but the trusted correspondent of the *Guardian*, and a personal friend—so we gather—of M. Loyson. He goes on to speak of the absolute non-existence of any "reforming" feeling among French Catholics—

That there is such a feeling and such a party in France, both amongst the clergy, and especially the inferior clergy, and the laity, is often asserted. I do not attempt to deny its existence; the question, as I have often before had occasion to remark, is one of the most difficult to decide which this country presents. But I do deny that we have any, even the least, patent proof of its existence. Not a single French theologian of eminence, nor even a Professor, as in Germany, has come forward openly to sanction, encourage, or help to inaugurate such a movement amongst French Catholics as our Church has now undertaken to sanction, help, and encourage, or to ask our aid in so doing. And yet the letter of the Primus admits that such an appeal, or call, from one Church to another is necessary to justify an interference with internal jurisdiction and discipline, which would otherwise be a direct breach of canonical and Catholic rule, and which can only be justified by special and exceptional circumstances. But where is this call or appeal to be found in the present instance, except in the letter of the Père Hyacinthe to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and in the person of a distinguished, certainly, but still isolated individuality?

Again, as to the correspondence on which we are commenting, in its French form, he says—

The correspondence of which you have published the chief portions, and which has now appeared here in French, and with some additional letters of the Père Hyacinthe and Bishop Herzog, purports to proceed from the "Société de la Réforme Catholique." May I ask what that "society" is, and what it consists of, and who are its members? none of which facts have been made public. The publication of the correspondence itself proceeds from Grassart, the well-known ultra-Protestant library and dépôt of both French and English Protestant propagandism, and which has nothing whatever to do with the Catholic world and feeling of France except to attack and depreciate them. No movement proceeding from, or even connected with, such a quarter, can pretend to be in any sense a movement in favour of internal reform originating within the bounds of the French Church itself. Is it possible that not a single Catholic editor or publisher in all Paris could be prevailed upon, or tempted, or would venture, to issue such an announcement? And if so, then what becomes of the assertion that there is a large body of Catholics eagerly waiting for such a manifestation, and ready to join in and aid it? Again, as to the proposed Catholic, or Old Catholic chapel, now announced to be about to be opened at No. 7, Rue Rochouart, and to be served by the Père Hyacinthe, and such other priests as may be prepared to join him (just as some before joined him at Geneva, and others the Abbé Deramey in the Jura), and where a Gallican Liturgy in French is to be used, I am, I confess, both surprised and disappointed to learn, on

inquiring where the necessary funds had been obtained for such an undertaking, that they had been furnished, not by any French Catholic, or association of Catholics, or by any internal or spontaneous movement of any body of French churchmen, lay or ecclesiastical, but by "an American gentleman." So that it appears that out of the forty millions of French Roman Catholics, nominal or professing, amongst whom the Père Hyacinthe proposes to open his Mission, not even an individual could be found, or association of individuals, willing to come forward openly with money and names in his support. The fact is startling, and much to be lamented; but it is no use blinking it, nor shutting our eyes to the inevitable inference to be drawn from it.

Further on, after speaking of the considerations which he has been urging as suggesting that there are "good grounds for the Church of England to reflect well before entering officially into, and compromising herself with, such an experiment as that now about to be made," he adds, very significantly indeed, "There are also other grounds of objection, but they are of too private and personal a nature to be stated publicly, and I have ventured to give expression to them in another quarter."

And now, let us ask, what do the High Anglicans think of all this? Where is the fluent pen of Dr. Pusey, who could not write a letter about the Revised Irish Prayer-book without a hard epithet in every sentence? Has Archdeacon Denison got tired of "protesting," and what are the "English Church Union" about, while their prelates are thus taking "the most momentous step" in the direction of open and avowed schism that has been taken since their own Reformation? What do Canon Carter, and Canon Liddon, and Canon Bright, say to all this? Is it really true that as the High Church party has long been without any real practical Catholic life, any actual intercourse with the rest of what they suppose to be "disunited Christendom," so now, after a great many ineffectual struggles, and protests, and attempts to persuade themselves that they could hold a theory as real to which history and present facts of their position give the lie, they have at last settled down into a state in which even remonstrances and protests are no longer to be expected, from them—a state of hopeless, conscious, acknowledged, and deliberate schism?

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## 2.—THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. THE ALCOHOL QUESTION.

A most important discussion on the use and abuse of alcohol has been carried on for three months in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*. The main conclusions arrived at are worthy of commemoration, for in England the best mode of suppressing drunkenness is undoubtedly a burning question, and before effective measures can be adopted in practice there must be some agreement about the principles of action. The debate in the *Contemporary* is indeed only indirectly concerned with the greater social problem of preventing folly and crime; but by enabling many minds to compare the carefully formed opinions of high medical authorities, it contributes in no small degree to light up a

difficult subject and to smooth the way for legislators and philanthropists.

Beyond an incidental remark here and there in the course of the controversy, the disputants do not touch what may be called the ascetic side of the subject. They do not stay to consider the moral effect of the good example of temperance or total abstinence, or the merit and profit of any self-sacrifice which Christian charity may demand or encourage for the better correction of a national sin ; but they examine the matter in its purely personal bearing, and endeavour to establish the relations of cause and effect as they are found in the use which men make of alcohol and the consequences which ensue therefrom as touching themselves, not as influencing their neighbours. That part of the subject which the writers, whose thoughts we reproduce, have omitted or deferred, has for that very reason no place in our "Notes on the Press ;" but we shall try to lay before our readers the chief results which seem to flow from a comparison of the various opinions expressed in the course of the debate by men who are pre-eminently entitled by study and experience to speak and be listened to.

A very hasty perusal might make it appear, that the debate has done more harm than good, and will retard rather than help forward the efforts of practical benevolence by parading before the world the unlucky truth that "doctors disagree." If one great authority speaks of alcohol almost as if it were so much poison, and another seems to think that total abstinence is not much less injurious to health than hard drinking, it would seem that the question remains pretty much where it was. By one learned writer we are told that alcohol is a stimulant, by another that this is a most mischievous error, and at the bottom of half the drunkenness in the country, by a third and a fourth that it is supremely unimportant whether we call it a stimulant or a sedative, seeing that it is in fact both or neither, according to variety in bodily condition or in scientific nomenclature. Again, it is asserted very positively by one, and emphatically denied by another, that alcohol is properly speaking "food ;" while by another the truth is declared to be that as yet too little is known about the manner in which alcohol produces its effects to permit wise men to say whether it is food or not ; and by yet another it is suggested that the first step towards an agreement upon this particular point would be to determine accurately what is meant by "food." A little closer attention will convince us that the irreconcilable differences of opinion are not many or important, and that there is either substantial unanimity or overwhelming preponderance of consent, if not upon the technicalities of the subject, at least upon its most important issues.

In the first place, all without exception admit the grievously injurious effect of any considerable excess in the use of alcoholic drinks, and a most dreadful picture of the utter ruin to which the drunkard consigns his body and, by concomitance, his mind, is drawn for us by a determined opponent of total abstinence.

When the sot has descended through his chosen course of imbecility, or dropsy, to the dead-house, Morbid Anatomy is ready to receive him—knows him well. At the *post mortem* she would say, "Liver hard and nodulated. Brain dense and small, its covering thick." And if you would listen to her unattractive but interesting tale, she would trace throughout the sot's body a series of changes which leave unaltered no part of him worth speaking of.<sup>1</sup>

In the next place, all are agreed that even where alcohol is confessedly injurious, the amount of injury done cannot be calculated directly by the quantity taken, but depends upon temperament, age, employment, time of day, full or empty stomach, and many similar conditions. Excess is certainly hurtful, but, unless we accept total abstinence, not only as in practice the lesser of two evils, but as in itself and theoretically more conducive to health than temperance, we cannot draw any hard and fast line to divide the right from the wrong use, the restorative from the poison. Sir William Gull, who is the most pronounced in his dislike of alcohol, is decidedly of opinion that even the moderate use of it is not to be recommended except in exceptional cases. He would allow it readily to the old or the feeble, but scarcely without some special reason to the young and strong.

In advising a young man of sound health as to whether he ought to give up alcohol, I should consider his calling. I am not sure that I should not advise an out-of-door man, doing a good deal of work—a carter, for instance—to take some beer as a good form of food, containing sugar and vegetable extract and very little alcohol, but a very small piece of beefsteak would make up the materials. And if the man had a good strong digestion he could do without his beer.<sup>2</sup>

Yet even Sir William Gull thinks that it would be too much to say in general of the labouring classes that "everybody could go without beer." It is so difficult to keep the social and medical questions quite distinct, that we should like to know whether Sir William is not all the time thinking about the moral rather than the physical effect of a little beer upon his able-bodied carter. Because there is less danger to the young man's soul in beefsteak than in beer, therefore it is to be preferred. Let it be said once more, for fear that any one should judge harshly of the distinguished physicians who speak less unfavourably of beer and wine, that they are considering the question only in its dietetic aspect. One and all, they would assuredly contend that the man, who, when he begins to drink beer or spirits, is likely to go on, would do much better not to begin.

Medically, it would seem that opinions run strongly in favour of the moderate use of alcohol in one shape or another, not in exceptional cases, but as a part of the ordinary sustenance of those who have finished the growing stage of life. Children by all, and young people by most, of our medical advisers, are considered to be decidedly better without alcoholic drinks, and where wine is given to boys and girls as medicine, it is earnestly recommended (for the moral question and the

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Moxon, *Contemporary Review*, December, 1878, p. 44.

<sup>2</sup> Sir William Gull, *Ibid.* pp. 132, 133.



spiritual solicitude will thrust themselves forward in spite of our repudiation) that the less attractive kinds should be selected.<sup>3</sup> As to what constitutes a moderate quantity of alcohol, perhaps the only accurate test is personal experience,<sup>4</sup> but, if the parties in this debate can be accepted as representatives of English medical thought, it seems to be almost as universally agreed that a little is in one way or another useful, as it is that a great deal is ruinous, to health.

Sir James Paget, whose paper stands first in the series, assures us that there is no need at the present time to write against the evil of intemperance, which no sensible man dreams of disputing. The whole question proposed for consideration is simply the comparative wholesomeness of moderate use and total abstinence. He says that so far absolutely no case has been made out against the moderate drinkers, that the presumption is altogether in their favour, and that in the present state of our experimental knowledge we ought not to suppose that we possess any greater certainty than a well founded presumption. The statistics derived from medical practice are entirely inadequate as yet to form the basis of any authoritative judgment.

The least that could be used with any chance of getting at the truth would be a careful comparison of five hundred total abstainers who have never been intemperate, and were not born of intemperate parents, with five hundred habitually moderate persons similarly born and bred, pursuing similar callings, and living under generally similar conditions; and this comparison should have regard not only to average length of life and to health at different periods of life, but to the quantity of muscular work and of good mental work done by each group.<sup>5</sup>

It would seem from this that the matter cannot be settled out of hand upon a few observations taken within some very limited range. With this accords well the earnest protest of Dr. Brudenell Carter against the rapid generalizations of pseudo-science. He complains that, although one hypothesis after another falls, each new one is nevertheless accepted with undiminished faith. A few years ago we were required to believe that "all the solid framework of our bodies was in a state of continual destruction and renewal," but it is now nearly certain that these ideas were in great part false.<sup>6</sup>

In the absence of demonstration, the presumption, according to Sir James Paget, is in favour of moderation rather than teetotalism, if we judge by the larger declarations of the history of mankind. The alcohol drinking nations, taken comprehensively, are superior in mind and body to the abstaining nations, and as this result has been achieved in spite of all the acknowledged damage done by the intemperance of successive generations, it might be fairly argued that the superiority would be even more marked than it is, if the alcohol drinking races had practised more self-control in their potations. From a speculation so vast and vague, where very many disturbing causes, climate, products of the soil,

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Kidd, *Contemporary Review*, January, 1879, p. 354.

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Radcliffe, *Ibid.* p. 350.

<sup>5</sup> *Contemporary Review*, November, p. 684. <sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* January, 1879, p. 362.

political convulsions in the past, manners and customs in the present, affect the comparison, no proof can be drawn, as Sir James Paget cheerfully admits, but he only seeks to show thereby that the burthen of the proof rests with those who, though appearances are against them, assert that the moderate use of alcoholic beverages is generally injurious. He also insists that to argue from the poisonous effects of larger doses to the mischievous effects of smaller is to contradict medical experience: "the facts are the other way."

From the second essay, which is mainly devoted to an explanation of the manner in which alcohol acts as a stimulant, we may borrow the very sensible advice to restrict the use of it as much as may be to meal time, and to draw a broad distinction between the requirements of youth and later life.

In Ashantee the younger soldiers, who no doubt stretched themselves on the ground and rested after their march until the camp fires were lighted and their evening meal prepared, did not seem to care much for the ration of rum then served out to them, the rest being of itself sufficient to prepare them for their food. The elder men, over forty years of age, were not only glad of their own rations, but would take in addition those of their younger comrades who did not care for the spirit themselves.<sup>7</sup>

In Dr. Bernays' rambling paper there are many valuable suggestions. It is scarcely enough to tell a poor man to drink water unless we provide him with water which it is possible to drink. It appears that the water supplied to the poor in London is not much, or nice, or good. Again, the beer provided is of every conceivable variety of strength, so that it is difficult to foresee the consequences of drinking a given quantity. But these are economic questions and apart from the main discussion.

We have already spoken of Sir William Gull's opinion. He does not give it in his own words, but endorses as correct a *précis* drawn up by his friend, Dr. Bucknill. He strongly dissuades from the common use of alcohol even in moderate measure. All will heartily agree with him that there is a very great deal of excessive drinking which yet falls short of drunkenness. "One of the commonest things in society is that people are injured by drink, without being drunkards." "A person who carries a great deal of drink and does not get drunk may be even more damaged than a man who does get drunk."<sup>8</sup> How to deal with confirmed drunkards he hardly ventures to form an opinion. The craving, which they have lost the power of resisting, comes on capriciously. A man is more likely to be sober just after a drunken bout than six months later; so there is no special reason for putting him under restraint while his offence is fresh, and it is not easy to incarcerate him till he has offended.

Dr. Murchison, who, in the main, agrees with Sir William Gull, and has nothing better to say of "a glass or two of wine," or "Dr. Bernays'

<sup>7</sup> Dr. T. Lauder Brunton, *Contemporary Review*, November, 1878.

<sup>8</sup> *Contemporary Review*, December, 1878, p. 133.

favourite 'brandied cherries,' when they are taken by a man who, being in good health, does not need them as remedies, than that if "taken occasionally they may do him no harm," sums up in a few words the views which he has expressed upon the utility of alcohol :

1. A man who is in good health does not require it, and is probably better without it. Its occasional use will do him no harm ; its habitual use, even in moderation, may and often does induce disease gradually.

2. There are a large number of persons in modern society to whom alcohol, even in moderate quantity, is a positive poison.

3. In all conditions of the system characterized by weakness of the circulation the daily use of a small quantity of alcohol is likely to be beneficial, at all events for a time.

Thus Dr. Murchison considers that in practice everything depends upon individual constitution. Perhaps, comparatively few persons of middle age in our modern artificial life come up to that standard of healthiness,<sup>10</sup> which, according to the classification just quoted, neither needs alcohol as a medicine nor receives injury from its occasional use. Dr. Murchison speaks of alcohol in general, and illustrates his meaning by reference to wine and spirits without any mention of beer. The ultimate test should be whether Sir William Gull's young and healthy carter (apart from all moral considerations of the danger of acquiring a bad habit) is better or worse mentally and corporally for a little beer.

Dr. Moxon contributes a long and thoughtful, almost too thoughtful, essay: "Alcohol and Individuality, or why did he become a Drunkard."<sup>11</sup> Like Dr. Murchison, he makes everything depend upon individual differences, but unlike him, he thinks that total abstinence is for some, not exceptional but ordinary, men as great a mistake as excessive drinking is for others. He would classify human beings in reference to the alcoholic question, not by the healthiness of their constitution, but by the peculiarity of their temperament. Disclaiming all pretence of psychological analysis, he draws his line of demarcation, if we interpret his meaning rightly, between the men and women who are endowed with a strong consciousness of their own individuality and the men and women who readily fall into their place as units in the great sum of humanity. They may enjoy equal health, and be equally virtuous, but they are differently constituted for our present purpose. Let the former resist the seductions of alcohol, let the latter accept its benevolent help. Defining "common sense" as the "sense imposed on the individual by his fellows," Dr. Moxon lays down his these: "Alcohol weakens common sense in its opposition to individuality. That is its blessing and its curse. Its blessing to the many it blesses, and its curse to the many it curses."<sup>12</sup> He speaks strongly of the curse of drunkenness, as we have already said, but he is also severe upon the opposite extreme. Teetotalizing A, the good man," he says, "to save

<sup>9</sup> *Contemporary Review*, December, 1878, p. 139.

<sup>10</sup> Compare Dr. Kidd, *Contemporary Review*, January, 1879, p. 354.

<sup>11</sup> *Contemporary Review*, December, 1878, p. 140.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.* p. 155.

B, the sot, is throwing good after bad,"<sup>13</sup> and he believes that the men who most readily undertake to abstain are generally the very men to whom it is a grievous injury in matter of bodily health. He gives a case of a poor cooper, who had injured his ankle. "He was pale, undernourished, and tremulous. We judged it absolutely necessary that he should at once have wine or brandy to carry him on through his illness. But he refused to touch anything containing alcohol: he had signed the pledge. Wine was sent disguised as medicine. He found it out, and then would take no medicine. He died in a few days. . . . It induced me to invent the term intemperate abstinence."<sup>14</sup> The last words in this remarkable paper show again, if that were needed, that to disapprove, medically, of total abstinence is not the same thing as sympathizing with hard drinking. "The family-destroying sot is the most pernicious criminal in the land."

Dr. Wilks maintains that "the stimulating effects of alcohol may be regarded as *nil* compared with those which may be styled its sedative or paralyzing ones,"<sup>15</sup> and he thinks that if the popular fallacy on this point were set right, much would have been done to counteract the habit of having recourse to its strengthening influence on all occasions. He says that it is "a prevailing conviction in the minds of English people that alcohol in some form or other is a necessity of life," and he thinks that this is the great mistake which first calls for rectification. Thus, starting from a different position, he arrives at the same conclusion as Sir William Gull, for he says that "if alcohol be not a stimulant, and a direct giver of strength, it need in nowise be taken by the strong and healthy."<sup>16</sup>

Dr. Risdon Bennett says that the difference of opinion with regard to the action of alcohol regards rather the manner in which it acts than the effect which it produces, and that it is useless to deny either its stimulating or its soothing effects: both are realities, and very marked realities. "When a man is maddened by brandy, and with a flushed face, fiery eye, and throbbing pulse, loses all control over his actions, and murders his wife and children, or blows his own brains out, are we not to admit such evidence as proof of the stimulant action of alcohol?" To the useful "distinctions" proposed by his predecessors in the argument, Dr. Risdon Bennett adds yet one more. It makes a great difference, he thinks, whether alcohol is used during or after the daily task. He approves of it as a part of the restorative meal when work is over, but has not much faith in its power of aiding actual work. Not only is the effect of alcohol different for different persons according to constitution, temperament, and state of health, but it is different for the same man at different hours and in different seasons, according to the alternations of work and play.

Many a barrister or doctor in his summer holiday feels that he does not need his customary glass of sherry or port, does not care for it, and does not

<sup>13</sup> *Contemporary Review*, p. 144.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.* p. 143.

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.* p. 158.

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.* p. 161.

take it ; but he no sooner returns to his duties than he becomes conscious that he is happier, more comfortable, and ready for his work by resuming his accustomed habit. I do not believe that such an one is, *ceteris paribus*, a worse but a better life for an assurance office than a pledged abstainer.<sup>17</sup>

Dr. Radcliffe, allowing "for the sake of argument," that water-drinking is all very well under favourable circumstances, maintains that those favourable circumstances are not within the reach of the poor. He is not speaking, as Dr. Bernays did, of deficiencies, whether of quantity or quality, in the water supply, but of the food which must be present if alcohol be absent. He adds from his own experience in hospital and private practice, and we would fain hope that the experience of others may confirm the statement, that "drunkenness or even a tendency to drunkenness is the exception, and not the rule, the comparatively rare exception even." He makes the distinction which was required for completeness in Dr. Murchison's classification of cases, and finds much the same difference between one form and another of alcoholic drinks as that with which we are already familiar between one class and another of alcohol drinkers. Small beer, light wines, cider, perry, meet with his approval, but he sighs for the day when brandied wines will have fled the country, and holds up "dry sherry" to especial reprobation on account of the "silent spirit" therein contained, which is "the worst and rawest kind of whisky."<sup>18</sup>

Dr. Kidd believes that "a large part of the ordinary workers in towns" are subject to some kind of debility, and that for these alcohol in small doses is indispensable, while the few who enjoy perfect health should not take it habitually, but reserve it for medicine. He ascribes his own good health amid hard work for the last twenty-five years to his resolution at the age of thirty to take every day at dinner three glasses of good Bordeaux or hock. He was naturally delicate, and had been till that time an almost total abstainer. The same *regimen* which first gave him health continues to preserve it. He insists very strongly upon a judicious measurement, judged according to the experienced effects in each individual case. In small doses alcohol is medicine, in large doses it is poison. On no account ought it to be used beyond the first stage, the symptoms of which are given as "the quickened state of the nervous system, the livelier mental expression, the gentle warmth of the extremities."

The second stage manifests itself in "the falling temperature, the slight failure of muscular direction and power, restlessness and excitability," and what is set down as of all things most to be shunned is "even the slightest degree of mental confusion or unconsciousness."<sup>19</sup> Dr. Garrod mentions some other symptoms, "flushing of the face, heat of surface, marked quickness of pulse, or subsequent thirst."<sup>20</sup> Dr. Kidd regards the physician as charged in conscience to exert himself to prevent drunkenness.

<sup>17</sup> *Contemporary Review*, January, 1879, p. 343.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.* p. 351.

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.* p. 355.

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.* p. 368.

Dr. Brudenell Carter fully admits "that there are many who can support vigorous life without alcohol," but that also there are some, although he does not wish to determine how many, "to whom it is a necessity if they are to exert the full measure of their powers." He tells us that his own experience agrees with that of a friend of his "well known for the high quality of his intellectual work," who in mixing his brandy and water finds that a third of a wine-glass of brandy is better for him than half a glass, but "cannot do without the third."

Finally, Dr. Garrod puts his contention into four theses which contain nearly all that has been urged by the advocates of temperance as opposed to teetotalism. He is the first who grapples with the difficulty of determining what moderation means, and he gives it as his own opinion, founded upon long and careful observation, "that the quantity of alcohol taken in the twenty-four hours should seldom exceed that contained in half a bottle of claret of good quality; and it will be found that in the case of French bottles, this is very little more than half an imperial pint, or eleven fluid ounces." He tells us that this quantity of claret would contain slightly less than one ounce of pure alcohol, and he applies the rule as follows, reminding us that he is speaking of the maximum quantity which can be ordinarily approved. In brandy, whiskey, and rum, as a rule, there is one ounce of pure alcohol in two ounces and a quarter of the liquid: in gin usually less. In port wine, sherry, Madeira, Marsala, the regular proportion is one in five or six; in Champagne and Burgundy one in ten; in Bordeaux and in Burton ale, one in twelve; in pale ale and stout, one in sixteen; in porter one in twenty-five. Of course these are only approximations.

That whatever may be thought about the legal criminality of drunkenness, the man who drinks hard either is, or before he drank himself into irresponsibility was, both sinful and foolish, few will care to deny. With the public nuisance and the social damage sooner or later Parliament will have to deal. With the personal sinfulness of the miserable wretch preachers and confessors are deeply concerned. With his egregious folly all men in all seasons and places may have their say, in word or writing, and physicians have the earliest claim to mount the rostrum or seize the pen. The folly of the drunkard is extreme because he commits suicide, killing himself slowly and surely, deliberately "dying down" by degrees as the poison works inward, and destroying on his way to a premature tomb the happiness of those who have the misfortune to be dependent upon him. But it by no means follows that because the man who takes much alcohol is very foolish, therefore the man who takes a little is rather foolish. The verdict of our intelligent jury of twelve doctors has pronounced unanimously that a general prohibition of spirits, wine, and malt liquor would be, from a medical point of view, only a partial kindness. Some, the young and healthy, or the excitable and the weak of will, would receive benefit; others, the old and enfeebled, or those who are calm, resolute, industrious, and temptation-proof, but overworked or underfed, would be hurt by the

prescription. On the other hand it is at least equally clear that, though the two bottles of port a day belong to a generation gone by, there is still far more drinking of alcohol in its various shapes than can be justified on hygienic grounds. Each man must be his own physician in this matter. If he cannot trust his discretion to keep within bounds, then for his own sake he must refrain from alcohol altogether. Far better to have a weaker pulse or less power of work than to become a slave. If he has some higher motive of the service of God and the love of his neighbour, and commits himself to tea and coffee and lemonade because the abnormal misery of the poor around him requires in his opinion the strong temporary check of total abstinence, which he cannot preach effectively if his example does not bear out his words, then he deserves the admiration even of those who do not share his convictions. But if he is neither compelled by fears for his own future, nor solicited by the zeal of God's house, to pledge himself to renounce all fermented juices, then he will do wisely to make a few experiments upon himself according to a very sagacious rule laid down by a master mind. Nature more readily persuades us to drink too much than too little. "With due care not to injure himself, the more he deducts from what seems suitable, the sooner he will arrive at the proper quantity."<sup>21</sup>

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### 3.—THE CANON OF ST. VINCENT OF LERINS.<sup>1</sup>

It is a very common custom in the present day to quote words without a very clear conception of their meaning, and we are convinced that nine out of ten of those who adopt as their rule of faith the Vincentian Canon, *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, have only a confused and incorrect notion what its true purport is. Mr. Carter's misty explanation of it in answer to the "Perplexed Inquirer" raises a strong suspicion that he is himself as much in the dark as those he professes to enlighten, and that the cloud of obscure words and vague sentences with which he envelopes it is only a cloak for unconscious ignorance. We therefore need offer no apology for stating clearly and definitely the true Catholic meaning of the Canon, and we recommend our statement of it, which is that of all Catholic theologians, not only to the "Perplexed Inquirer" but to Mr. Carter himself.

1. The words in question are applicable only to Articles of faith properly so called. They are not to be extended to that which we *may* or may not believe, but are to be limited to that which we *must* believe as being a part of the sacred deposit left by Christ to the Church, handed down by the Apostles, to which nothing has been or can be added from Apostolic times to the end of the world. They do not refer

<sup>21</sup> *Exercit. Spirit. Reg. ad victum temperandum*, § 8.

<sup>1</sup> This article is a sequel to what appeared in our last number on the Articles and Correspondence relating to the conversion of Mr. Orby Shipley.

to any purely ecclesiastical tradition, or to any fact or statement which does not date back to the Apostles.

2. These objects of faith may be held by Catholics either with an *implicit* or an *explicit* credence. Every article of the deposit of faith is *implicitly* believed by every Catholic in every age, inasmuch as he is ready to believe everything which is proposed to him by the authority of the Church as a part of the Divine Revelation. He may thus implicitly believe doctrines which he does not, by reason of his imperfect knowledge, recognize as forming part of the original deposit. Thus the Thomist school, who for a time denied the truth of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of our Lady, all the while believed it implicitly, because they were perfectly ready to accept it as soon as they came to recognize it as divinely revealed.

On the other hand, only those articles of the faith are the object of *explicit* belief in which the Catholic recognizes the requisite marks of revelation as, *e.g.*, that they have been formally defined, or if not formally defined, that they satisfy certain conditions which are laid down by the Church as proving them to be a part of God's revealed truth. It is only to the latter kind of belief that the Vincentian Canon is applicable. It lays down certain notes of explicit belief, which enable the inquirer to recognize whether he is bound as a Catholic to accept with loyal and unhesitating faith the doctrine proposed. It is these notes which are expressed in the formula, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. In other words a Catholic must, as such, believe all doctrines which are everywhere acknowledged by the Church of God as a part of the Divine Revelation, or which have always been held by Christian antiquity as such.

The first remark which has to be made on this Canon is that, taken in its entirety, it is true only in an affirmative, not in a negative or exclusive sense. Everything which is held everywhere, always and by all, is necessarily a dogma of faith, but it does not at all follow that every dogma of faith contains in itself all these characteristics. There are many dogmas which for long years were a subject of doubt in the Church; there were others which were for centuries disputed in this or that portion of it, and the range of faith would be reduced to almost zero if it were to be limited only to such doctrines as fulfilled at once all these conditions. This is the curious but not unnatural mistake that is made by Protestants. In their anxiety to be rid of certain Catholic dogmas they make the Vincentian rule exclusive, not seeing that it would be fatal to many of the principal doctrines which they would include in the faith. The inspiration of large portions of Holy Scripture; the possibility of attaining to a natural knowledge of God from creatures; the validity of Baptism by heretics; the universality of our Lord's redemption; the possibility of repentance even after the most grievous sin; and many other no less important doctrines, could be lawfully denied or doubted if all these three qualifications are at once



to be required, since each of the above dogmas was at some time or other called in question by doctors or theologians of Holy Church.

It therefore follows that the criteria laid down are to be taken separately. Each of them by itself is a sufficient test of revelation. If a dogma is universally accepted by the Church as an article of faith at any given period, that is quite sufficient to establish its character as a dogma and to impose it of necessity on every Catholic. If, on the other hand, a dogma which for a time was called in question turns out to have been held from remote antiquity, and never to have been doubted until the discussion was raised, that too is a sufficient test of its Apostolic character.

Thus we see that the three criteria, *quod semper*, *quod ubique*, *quod ab omnibus*, may be reduced to two, since *universal* belief (*quod ab omnibus*) may refer to an universality of *place* at some given period (*quod ubique*), or to an universality of *time* from early antiquity up to the period when from some reason or other a doubt arose (*quod semper*). This reduction of the three members of the Canon to two is made by Vincent himself, who lays down, in the recapitulation of the *Commonitorium* (n. 41), that the two criteria to which we must have regard are the consent of the whole world and that of all antiquity (*diximus universitatis et antiquitatis consensionem spectari oportere*). Either of the two is enough: they are to be taken *sensu diviso*, not *sensu composito*; as separate criteria, not as simultaneously requisite.

Hence the Vincentian Canon is not strictly speaking a rule of faith. It is rather a statement of the notes of those doctrines an explicit belief of which is required of every Catholic. We are not to believe this or that dogma *because* it is universally held or comes down from ancient times—its universality or antiquity is not the ultimate basis of its authority—but we are to believe it because it is a part of the Divine Revelation, and we know it to be a part of the Divine Revelation because of its universality or antiquity. These are external, not internal, characteristics of revealed dogmas—handy and available means of recognizing them, not intrinsic and essential constituents without which they would not be dogmas at all.

Perhaps an instance will best illustrate our meaning. Let us suppose a Catholic before the definition of Papal Infallibility desiring to know whether this doctrine belonged to the original deposit of faith. He takes the Vincentian Canon and seeks to apply it. He asks himself, first of all—Is there an universal consent in the Church on this question? Is there a moral unanimity among Catholics throughout the world that all that the Pope lays down as Head of the Universal Church speaking *ex cathedra*, is necessarily and infallibly true? He examines the testimony of the Bishops and clergy, and finds that though there are some who regard the proposed definition as inopportune, and likely to alienate non-Catholics and prevent their return to the Church, yet that they one and all, from all parts of the world, speaking in their own names and the names of their flocks, agree as to the truth of the fact.

Or if he is not satisfied on this point, if he finds one or another among those who call themselves Catholics, at least in name, doubting or denying the doctrine, he has a second test presented to him by Vincent. He takes up the matter historically, examines the current belief on the subject from early times until the Gallican Church disputed the Pope's infallibility. He finds proof clear as the day, dating down from the earliest centuries, that the Church ever regarded the Vicar of Christ as exempt from error in his dogmatic degrees; he finds Popes asserting the fact unchallenged, Councils confirming it, Bishops in every age and country acknowledging it, and so he is compelled to confess that it satisfies the criterion of antiquity, and therefore belongs to the original revelation made by our Lord to His Church, and handed down by the Apostles to their successors.

Thus explained, the Canon of St. Vincent is no longer subject to the difficulties which the "Perplexed Inquirer" raised in his letter to the *Times*, and no longer affords to Protestants the miserable subterfuge which they find in it to escape from the authority of the Holy See. Nor is there any other reasonable or possible explanation of it. For if we strip Mr. Carter's letter of all its ambiguities and obscurities, his Rule of faith would simply amount to this—that we are not bound to believe anything unless it is at the same time accepted by all who in the present day choose to call themselves Catholics, and, beside and above this, was always held throughout the whole Church with a moral unanimity as a part of the Divine Revelation. Such a rule is at least a convenient one, for it reduces dogmatic truth to a minimum, not to say to a vanishing point. It is a convenient rule for those who glory in the comprehensive character of Anglicanism, but like all other distinctively Anglican doctrines, is only a disguised form of a sort of undogmatic Christianity.

## II.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *Lives of the Cardinals.* By Patrick Justin O'Byrne. January, 1879. Part I. London: Roland Ladelle & Co.

The first of the monthly instalments of the *Lives of the Cardinals* makes its appearance without any explanatory preface, for the subject is sufficiently interesting to dispense with extrinsic commendation, and no one can say that the particulars here gathered together are either unimportant or easily found in combination elsewhere. From the fact that of the first three cardinals selected two are lately dead, and one yet living has closed the years of his cardinalate, we may infer that the series is intended to contain historical sketches of illustrious prelates of the generation which is just passing from the scene of its labours. If it be too much to suppose that every number will be as eagerly read as this which contains the lives of Cardinal Pecci, Cardinal Cullen, and Cardinal Franchi, we may yet feel sure that for the most part cardinals, like saints, deserve mention. For want of some such book as this, many princes of the Church, who have gone to their reward within our memory, at the end of a long career of exalted usefulness, are known to us in little more than name. It seems to us already strange to look back to the time so nearly present, when even our Holy Father, Leo the Thirteenth, whose history we now know by heart in all its stages, was almost a perfect stranger, not only to the readers of the *Times*, but to those men and women in England who now pay him the homage of their love and veneration, and keep him ever present in their prayers. Yet from the early years of his priesthood he was marked out for greatness. The vigour with which in 1837 he put down brigandage in the district of Benevento would not have disgraced old Sixtus Quintus himself. His name was a terror to evil doers, but the people loved him for smiting their oppressors. He had been, all through his episcopal life, which began at the early age of thirty-three, so zealous a promoter of education, and so warm an advocate of all that is good in modern civilization, and he was in high places so conspicuous an example of learning and refinement, that the wisdom of the world, having formed a wrong estimate of his character, hailed the advent to power of an "enlightened" Pope, who would shake hands with Prince Bismarck and swear fealty to a King of Italy.

Cardinal Cullen's life marks a whole era of history in Catholic Ireland. A favourite pupil of the great Dr. Doyle, he went to Rome when he was sixteen years old, and gave evidence at once of his great talent and industry. Nine years later, in 1828, he won his doctor's cap in a most brilliant "defension," in presence of Leo the Twelfth and two future Popes, Cardinal Capellari (Gregory the Sixteenth) and Mgr. Pecci. Cardinal Wiseman also was there, and joined in the attack upon the "young Irishman." Dr. Doyle wanted his old pupil for coadjutor bishop

when he had reached the ripe age of thirty-one, and expressed his wishes in characteristic form: "May God direct them in their choice. I wonder will they have the good sense to elect that boy in Rome—he possesses every requisite qualification, even to being a native of the diocese." Paul Cullen was consecrated Primate of all Ireland in 1850, and he was raised to the purple in 1866.

Cardinal Alessandro Franchi, who was born in 1819, was twice sent to the Court of Isabella to oppose the anti-Catholic revolution, and Espartero, thirty years ago, found in him a determined antagonist. In 1873 he was made Cardinal, and in the following year was appointed Prefect General of the Propaganda. During his five months' tenure of office as Chief Minister of Leo the Thirteenth, before his lamented death on the last day of last July, he had at least found time to show the enemies of the Church that they would find no weakness in his defence of the temporal rights of the Holy See.

"The numbers are published in folio, and the work as it progresses ought to furnish the substance of many handsome volumes. Each memoir is preceded by an excellent portrait of the Cardinal whom it commemorates.

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2. *The Description of Ireland and the State thereof, as it is at this present*, in A.D. 1598, now for the first time published from a manuscript preserved in Clongowes Wood College, with copious notes and illustrations. By Edmund Hogan, S.J. Dublin: Gill; London: Quaritch.

Father Hogan has given us in this handsome quarto volume a very model of careful editing. The printing is admirable, both for its clearness and its accuracy, and the latter quality in particular can only have been attained by immense care in the case of a book containing such a multitude of proper names and ancient forms of spelling. The editing has evidently been a labour of love, in which religious patriotism and antiquarianism have combined, and the result is an abundant proof, in the words quoted from the Four Masters, "that it was a cause of pity (for the glory of God and the honour of Erin) that the race of the Gael have gone under a cloud."

The original manuscript of the "Description" forming the staple of this volume is not known to exist. The transcript used by the Editor was deposited at Clongowes Wood College by the well-known Father Kenny, S.J., in 1814. It is about a hundred years old, but the original is shown by internal evidence to have been compiled in the winter of 1598. It is a description of Ireland as it was at that time by "a man of English sympathies, and no doubt an Englishman and an English official;" and it is pronounced by its very competent Editor to be superior to the best descriptions of Ireland hitherto published. The annotations it has received at Father Hogan's hands complement it with all available information, and in some sense bring it to the present time, for the Editor has been at the pains always to show us which of

the family names mentioned have representatives now living, so that the book is doubly valuable to Irish gentle families.

To us its chief interest is in the evidence it affords of the manner in which Elizabeth's government carried on their war of conquest, and of the consequent condition of the country at that time. We will place a few extracts before our readers, but in doing so we shall consider ourselves free to draw on the text or notes without further acknowledgment than the page in Father Hogan's book in which the passage occurs. For our purpose we may open the book almost at random.

This was the condition of the County Galway. "This County is in a manner unpeopled by reason of the spoils committed in the last rebellion, partly by the rebel and partly by the soldier, and the great famine that followed thereupon, which hath so wasted this county that scarce the hundredth man or house is to be found now that was several years ago. There is in rebellion some of the Kellys and Burkes and O'Maddens, and in a sort all the county saving the town of Galway and the Earl of Clanrickard and some of his friends."<sup>1</sup>

Of the County of Waterford the writer says, "This county in the late rebellion of Desmond was least infected with treasons, yet much spoiled by the soldiers that lay in garrison there, and at this day some few are in rebellion without any man of name to be at their head."<sup>2</sup>

"And, as to Roscommon, "This county is also all wasted, that scarce in twenty miles shall a house be seen. All are in a sort rebels, saving Hugh O'Connor Roe: *but there is neither English nor Irish left for the rebels or soldiers to spoil or prey upon.*"<sup>3</sup>

Of County Louth: "Of late Tyrone and his adherents hath made the whole county desolate, that it might not yield to the English army, whenever it should invade him, any succour or relief, either of men or victuals for men or horses, or any convenient place for men to garrison in, now again reinhabited."<sup>4</sup>

Of Munster in general<sup>5</sup> Sir Henry Sydney wrote in 1566, "I have known Munster as well inhabited as many counties are in England, yet a man may now ride forty miles and find no house standing nor any manurance<sup>6</sup> of the earth." In 1584 "the towns and villages were ruined, and but one in thirty persons was left alive." In 1600 Sir H. Power wrote, "The rebels are absolute masters of the field, and her Majesty's forces here garrisoned in cities and walled towns are in condition little better than besieged. Furthermore, the cities and walled towns are so besotted and bewitched with priests, Jesuits, and seminaries, that they are ready upon every small occasion to rise in arms against our soldiers, and minister all underhand aid and succour unto the rebels."

We take one more instance. "The County of Dublin is very fruitful, and yieldeth great plenty of all kind of corns; but if the rebels fear prosecution, they burn the corn that the subject may not have

<sup>1</sup> P. 139.<sup>2</sup> P. 166.<sup>3</sup> P. 154.<sup>4</sup> P. 3.<sup>5</sup> P. 156.<sup>6</sup> *Manurance*, cultivation; an obsolete word worthy of revival (*Johnson*).

means to relieve the soldiers in the time either of prosecution or cessation; whereupon ensueth extreme misery either to the countryman or soldiers or both, for the soldiers being for the most part disordered and very licentious, will violently draw from the poor herdsman that which should sustain himself and his family, and so doth daily drive him to beg; or if the soldier be restrained, *which seldom falleth out*, he perisheth for want of food, of both which these last years have given infinite examples, and it is to be feared that if the corns be burnt up this winter that there will be little sowing of summer corn this year, and consequently a dearth and plague, which commonly followeth dearth, the next year.”<sup>7</sup>

Now for a specimen of how the war was waged. Sir H. Sydney writes, “Against Rory O’More in 1578 I advanced, being of horsemen and footmen a right good force, but he would not abide me nor [could] I overtake him, but he carried away captive to my heart’s grief my lieutenant, Sir Harry Harrington, my most dear sister’s son. *I made on him as actual and cunning a war as I could.* I beset his cabinish dwelling with good soldiers and excellent good executioners. He had within it twenty-six of his best men, his wife and his marshal’s wife, and Cormac O’Connor, an ancient and rank rebel of long maintained in Scotland. All were killed, his wife and all his men; only there escaped himself and his marshal, called Shane M’Rory Reagh, in truth most miraculously, for they crept between the legs of the soldiers into the fastness of the slashes<sup>8</sup> of trees. The soldiers saved the marshal’s wife.”<sup>9</sup>

Father Hogan notes that, “as Shane O’Neill was subdued by the Scots, Desmond by Ormond, and the Kavanaghs by the Butlers, so were the O’Mores ruined by their neighbours and kinsmen, the M’Gillapatricks.” “M’Gillapatrik, Baron of Upper Ossory, my particular sworn brother,” says Sidney, “was the faithfulest man for martial action that ever I found of that country. He followed O’More with great skill and cunning, and with much or more courage assailed him and made the best fight with him that ever I heard of between Irishmen. Rory was killed by a household servant of the Baron’s, his marshal escaped, and the rebel’s body, though dead, was so well attended and carried away as it was the cause of the death of a good many men on both sides; yet carried away it was.”

Another specimen of the condition of Ireland we find in the following note. “Murtagh Oge M’Sheehy and his brothers Rory and Edmund, from the cradle inclined to mischief, as all that sept hath been, being oft apprehended and imprisoned, and having broken prisons (Murtagh at Limerick, Rory at Kilkenny), after many favours went into open action. Murtagh was marked by nature; he had a strong arm, a desperate villany, and [was] a skilful targeteer. He was taken in a wood killing of porks, and making provision to entertain the rebels of Leinster. Being brought to Cork and arraigned, evidence

<sup>7</sup> P. 43.<sup>8</sup> To *plash*, to interweave branches (*Johnson*).<sup>9</sup> P. 76.

was given against him that he had preyed, spoiled, and murdered about fourscore English families. Sentence was given that he should have his arms and his thighs broken with a sledge [hammer] and hung in chains. So he was executed without the north gate of Cork A.D. 1597. Rory was killed by an Irish Kerne; and Edmund was killed by an Englishman at the spoil of Kilkolman."<sup>10</sup>

We pass to a sketch of a different description, the terms of which require a word or two of explanation. It occurs in a letter from Sir W. Drury to Walsingham about the O'Reillys. "In June, 1579, when I was staying at Sir Lucas Dillon's house, seven miles from Kells, four German barons came, who were visiting Ireland, and said that after having seen Galway, Limerick, and some of the post towns, they would go to Scotland. While they and I were at service the day after Whitsun Sunday, O'Reilly, with his brother Philip and his Uncle Edmund and thirty horsemen well furnished, came unlooked for, to present me a submission in behalf of himself and his whole country [County Cavan], to have his people framed to English manners, his country made shire ground, and subject to law under her Majesty's writ. I thought it good to honour [him] with the title of knighthood. But how strange the view of these 'savadges parsonadges' (most of them wearing glibbes and armed in mail with pesantes and skulls, and riding upon pillions) seemed to our strangers I leave it to your wisdom to think of. And so myself and the train, together with these strangers and O'Reilly with his company, being entertained with the said Sir Lucas, we parted."

We learn from Halliwell that a *glib* was "a large tuft of hair hanging over the face," and he quotes a passage from Stanihurst (1586) that the Irish were very "proud of long crisped bushes of hair, which they call *glibs*, and the same they nourish with all their cunning." The same archæologist gives *pesane* as a "gorget of mail attached to the helmet." Johnson gives a second meaning for *pillion* besides the usual one of "a soft saddle set behind a horseman for a woman to ride on," "a pad, a pannel, a low saddle," with the quotation from Spenser, "I had thought that the manner had been Irish, as also the furniture of his horse, his shank pillion without stirrups."

Of the O'Reillys Father Hogan quotes from Dr. M'Dermot that "it is estimated that there are over 20,000 people named O'Reilly in the County of Cavan;" and speaking himself also evidently of the present time, he says "that there are more priests of that name than of any other Irish name: they number about eighty." It is probable, then, that there is no other name in the world that surpasses it in this respect.

To return to Ireland at the end of the sixteenth century, it is a comfort in such rough and troublous times to find some trace of schools and schooling. Stanihurst calls Kilkenny "the best uplandish town in Ireland, famous for Peter White's school, out of which have sprouted such proper imps, so that the whole weal public of Ireland is

thereby furthered."<sup>11</sup> This, we suppose, is the same as the Reverend Peter White of Waterford, "called 'the happy schoolmaster' on account of his marvellous success in teaching."<sup>12</sup>

Better still is the following, as it is English and Protestant testimony to the excellence of an Irish schoolmaster and to the encouragement he received. "We found in Galway," says the Royal Visitation of 1615, "a public schoolmaster named Lynch, placed there by the citizens, who had a great number of scholars, not only out of that province, but also out of the Pale and other parts, resorting unto him. We had daily proof during our continuance in that city how well his scholars profited under him, by verses and orations which they presented to us. We sent for that schoolmaster before us, and seriously advised him to conform to the religion established, and not prevailing with our advices, we enjoined him to forbear teaching, and I, the Chancellor, did take a recognizance of him and some others of his kinsmen in that city, in the sum of £400 sterling, that from thenceforth he would forbear to teach any more."<sup>13</sup> The sum was simply enormous.

Sir H. Sidney gives us an unexpected instance of scholarship in 1576, in M<sup>c</sup>William Ewghter, who was, he says, "a great man, [for] he hath many goodly havens and is lord of a territory of three times as much land as the Earl of Clanrickard is." His report is, "I found M<sup>c</sup>William very sensible, though wanting the English tongue, yet understanding the Latin."<sup>14</sup>

If we have extracted freely from Father Hogan's volume, it is because we have found it a repertory of information. The Appendix, to which we have not yet alluded, contains some interesting documents, and in particular some original letters written in 1598. In an extract given<sup>15</sup> from a letter written by Father Holiwood to the General of the Society, we have mention made of a list of martyrs that would be invaluable now, but which we fear, from Father Hogan's silence, is not known to exist. Father Holiwood tells Father Aquaviva that not long before Connor O'Devany, the martyred Bishop of Down and Connor, was taken (1612), he gave him a list of the names and the day of death of all the bishops and priests from the time of Primate Creagh, whom he had known to have been put to death in Ireland by the Protestants. Perhaps however it may be in Father Hogan's power to write a detailed life of one of the Irish martyrs of whom we have mention in a note.<sup>16</sup> "Dominick O'Collin, ex-colonel of heavy cavalry in the wars of the League, ex-captain of the Port of Corunna, who became a Jesuit lay-brother in 1598, and was hanged in Cork in the year 1602."

J. M.

<sup>11</sup> P. 66.

<sup>12</sup> P. 164.

<sup>13</sup> P. 132.

<sup>14</sup> P. 140.

<sup>15</sup> P. 285.

<sup>16</sup> P. 294.



3. *Roma Sotterranea.* An Account of the Roman Catacombs, especially of the Cemetery of St. Callixtus, compiled from the works of Commendatore de Rossi, with the consent of the Author. New Edition, revised and greatly enlarged. By the Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D., Canon of Birmingham, and the Rev. W. R. Brownlow, M.A., Canon of Plymouth. Part I. History. Longmans, 1879.

No one acquainted with, or interested in, the subject of the Roman Catacombs will be otherwise than grateful to the authors of this beautiful work, for so far remodelling and enlarging it as to make it almost a new book. The earlier edition was extremely valuable as far as it went, and it has done immense service to Christian archæology, and, indeed, to religion itself, by the interest which it excited and the great mass of information which it popularized. But since that time the great Roman explorer, Commendatore de Rossi, has published the most important volume of his great work, besides a number of essays and monographs in his *Bollettino* and in other periodicals. If these new materials had been embodied in a separate English work, neither that work nor the old work of Canons Northcote and Brownlow would have been complete. We consider, therefore, that great gratitude is due to these laborious writers for having the courage to recast their former work, and to incorporate with it, in its new form, the complete results of De Rossi's most successful explorations and reasonings. The new work is to consist of three volumes, which will cover the same ground as the single volume published some years ago, going, of course, into almost all the various departments of this great subject in far greater detail. The present volume is the first of these three.

To those who already possess the first edition of this work, we shall best describe the additions which Canons Northcote and Brownlow have made, or propose to make, by comparing the contents of the two volumes. The first two books of the present edition correspond more or less to the Introduction and the First Book of the earlier edition. The General Description of the Catacombs is placed as the first chapter of the whole work, and the second book of the new edition, corresponding to the first of the old, has been considerably enriched in its information as to the origin of the Catacombs. The third book, formerly the second, in which the History of the Catacombs is described, has three or four new chapters. The fourth book, which was the third, on the Cemetery of Callixtus, has an additional chapter on the Arenarium of Hippolytus. The fourth book of the earlier edition is left out, as the subject of ancient Christian Art, of which it treats, will occupy the whole of another volume (which is nearly ready), while the Inscriptions of the Catacombs will form a third. The last books of the present volume and of the earlier edition coincide in their subject, the Testimony of the Catacombs. This bare enumeration, however, will give but a poor idea of the increase of information contained in this volume as compared with the former volumes. Some subjects are almost altogether new, and all subjects have been much enriched.

We think that no careful reader of the work will deny its great claims on the attention of all Catholics. When we consider the neglect into which the Catacombs naturally fell when they were disused as places of interment and even as shrines of devotion, and the many other causes which have been so long in operation to obliterate or confuse the silent and unconscious testimony which they bear to the religion of those who made them and who worshipped in them, it would not be surprising if we were told that, after all, their story is too obscure and their records too mutilated to reward the labour which their investigation has cost and may hereafter cost. It turns out, however, that this is not so, and that we are able to trace in them a clear, simple, and consecutive history. Every one knows that we owe this result to the devotion of a succession of most painstaking and sagacious investigators, in the list of whom no name will ever be greater than that of De Rossi. We observe with great satisfaction that the English translators or adapters pass over in well-deserved silence even the name of the ignorant and conceited English writer who has endeavoured lately to cast a slur on the eminent fame of one of the most successful, accurate, and discriminating explorers of ancient monuments that ever lived. One of the writers of the volume before us administered some kind of castigation to the English critic to whom we allude, in the pages of this Review, about a year ago—but there was certainly no need for mentioning him in a serious and permanent work on the Catacombs of Rome.

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4. *Records of the Past*: being English translations of the Assyrian and Egyptian Monuments. Published under the sanction of the Society of Biblical Archaeology. Twelve vols. 8vo. London : S. Bagster.

As the eleventh volume of the *Records of the Past*, containing the last volume of the Assyrian translations, has just been published, we are now able to form an appreciative judgment of the general merit of these monumental translations. It was at the end of the year 1870 that Dr. Samuel Birch, of the British Museum, and Mr. J. Bonomi conceived the idea of forming the Society of Biblical Archaeology, for the investigation of the Archæology, Chronology, Geography, and History of Ancient and Modern Assyria, Arabia, Egypt, Palestine, and other Biblical Lands, the promotion of the study of the antiquities of those countries, and the preservation of a continuous record of discoveries, now in progress or to be commenced hereafter. The first secretary of this Society, the late W. R. Cooper, suggested the plan of translating the most important Assyrian and Egyptian texts, which exist in the various collections of England and the Continent. He invited the most renowned scholars in these branches to contribute their translations, and nearly all the principal translators have, in fact, offered their services for this purpose ; each author is responsible for his own portion of the work, while the general arrangement of the materials

rested with the President of the Society of Biblical Archæology, Dr. Birch. The entire collection of these translations has been received by the public with high approval, and a second edition of the first and second volume was required. This publication was intended both for the public good, to present to ordinary readers new translations of the most important Assyrian and Egyptian inscriptions, and for the service of beginners in Assyrian and hieroglyphic studies, to put into their hands in an easy shape the results in these branches hitherto attained. Therefore no effort at all was made to bring these various translations into one system, and classify them, or to draw conclusions from them for historical opinions, chronology, mythology, or the like. The editor has expressly avoided all these questions, and has simply endeavoured as far as possible to give an exact translation of the inscriptions, and he has added a few explanatory notes only when the whole context required elucidation ; for it is impossible to use these texts or translations for further conclusions without being quite sure of the exact meaning of a passage. Our scholars in Assyrian and hieroglyphic studies agree, it is true, sufficiently well in the main as to the principles of explaining these ancient inscriptions ; but any one who looks more closely at the interpretations of different authors given till now, may easily perceive that a great deal of work is still to be done. And if even now many scholars still dispute about the exact meaning of a passage in a Greek or Latin author or in the Hebrew Bible, it is not to be expected that the Assyrian or Egyptian language should be fully investigated and explained. Besides, the most part of these archaic texts are preserved only in a very fragmentary state, and of very few the local and temporal circumstances in which they were composed are as yet ascertained. Therefore it is easy to conceive that many details still remain to be cleared up, although the chief facts are pretty well established. It is the peculiar merit of this collection that to the greater part of the translations given it assigns the degree of certainty which they possess. This it does by pointing out the passages doubtfully translated, by adding very likely suggestions in difficult passages, and by giving references to the previous publications concerning the same inscriptions. Of course, the translations given are of different value, depending both on the respective authors and on the kind and nature of the document translated ; but in general it may be said that the best known Assyrian and Egyptian scholars have contributed to form this collection, and that the translations duly and fairly represent the actual state of these modern branches of classical philology.

The whole collection is divided into (1) translations from the Assyrian in vols. i. iii. v. vii. ix. xi., to which some translations from Phœnician and Persian are added, and (2) translations from Egyptian Texts in the other volumes, viz. ii. iv. vi. viii. x., and the twelfth, which may be published in the course of this year. It would try the patience of our readers if we were to examine each translation separately, and perhaps we may have later the opportunity of examining some of them ; for the

present it may suffice to mention the authors who have contributed to this collection and to point out the general plan.

Translations from the Assyrian were presented by A. H. Sayce, H. Fox Talbot, G. Smith, Sir H. Rawlinson, M. Rodwell, J. Oppert, W. St. Chad Boscawen, Theophilus G. Pinches, J. Ménant, and Halévy. These authors present to the public the main part of the most important historical inscriptions, as those of the earliest Babylonian kings, the annals of Tiglath-Pileser the First (twelfth century, B.C.), Assur-nazir-pal (called Assur-akh-pal, a. 890—865, B.C.), Salmaneser the Second (a. 865—830, B.C.), Samas-Rinmon (a. 830—817, B.C.), Tiglath-Pileser the Second (a. 744—727, B.C.), Sargon (721—704, B.C.), Sennacherib (a. 704—681, B.C.), Esarhaddon (a. 680—667, B.C.), Assurbanipal (the Sardanapalus of the Greek authors, a. 667—647, B.C.), and the inscriptions of the late Babylonian kings—Nebukadnezzar, Neriglissar, and Nabonidus. Besides these translations, the Persian cuneiform inscriptions of Behistun, Persepolis, and Susa are given in a new revision, an attempt is made to translate the Susian cuneiform texts, and, by way of appendix, is added the Phœnician sepulchral inscription of Esmunezer, King of Sidon. From the other non-historical monuments a fair selection is made to show the extent of the Assyrian and Babylonian literature: there are translations from mythological and magical tablets, from astronomical and astrological tablets, specimens of hymns to various gods, of Babylonian charms and exorcisms, of medical pre-scrip-ts, contract tablets, &c. In short, this collection gives a pretty adequate idea of those literary riches which are for a great part still hidden in the bricks and clay-tablets of the British Museum, only partly exhibited to the public visiting the Assyrian gallery.

To the Egyptian part of this collection have contributed: Dr. S. Birch, G. Maspero, L. Lushington, C. Cook, P. Pierret, Fr. Chabas, J. de Horrack, P. Le Page Renouf, W. Goodwin, Ed. Naville, L. Stern, Eisenlohr, Brugsch, Th. Déveria, Duemichen, Revillout, and Lefébure; names which represent the best explorers of the ancient monuments of Egypt. It is impossible to give a translation of all Egyptian monuments, on account of their great number, but the selection here made gives fair specimens of almost all kinds of Egyptian literature. The most interesting historical inscriptions are communicated as the annals of Thothmes the Third, of Rameses the Second and Third, the Rosetta stone, the Decree of Canopus, &c. Extracts, or whole translations, of the best known papyri are given, as the tale of the Two Brothers, the tale of the Garden of the Flowers, the tale of Setnau; the book of Hades and the book of Respirations are entirely translated. Only the book of the Dead is almost excluded from this collection, because it was too extensive and already published by Dr. Birch in the fifth volume of Bunsen's work, *Egypt's Place in History*. A great deal of the work is devoted to the magical and mythological texts, as, the lamentations of Isis and Nephthys; several hymns to various gods, as, Osiris, Amen-Ra, Ra-Harmachis, the Nile, &c.

If we now examine the collection as a whole, we may certainly congratulate the editor for having enabled ordinary readers to possess themselves of the results of the studies in cuneiform and hieroglyphic inscriptions, which have attracted the attention of so many people, and which were till now for the most part almost inaccessible, because they lay scattered in so many different periodicals, or embodied in large publications only to be found in great libraries. This compilation will be very serviceable to all who wish to obtain a fair idea of this archaic literature without having time to study it in the originals.

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5. *A Benedictine of the Sixteenth Century* (Blosius). By Georges de Blois. Translated by Lady Lovat. London: Burns and Oates; Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1878.

The translation of this work has been admirably executed by Lady Lovat, and we note with pleasure that it has been printed—in a style which does great credit to the printer—at Aberdeen. It is then, we must suppose, connected with the Benedictine movement, of which we hear so much, in the north of Scotland. The Benedictines of Fort Augustus, we should imagine, must look forward to a life of less retirement and greater missionary activity than Louis de Blois, the celebrated ascetic writer, more generally known under the name of Blosius. On the other hand, they must be ambitious indeed if they look forward to producing any writer of equal renown with him. His works are full of sweetness, mixed with solidity of doctrine, and are the most popular remains of the school which drew its inspirations from St. Gertrude, Tauler, and Suso. His name is enough to show the nobility of his birth and the distinction of his family, of which, however, he is the chief honour in the Church. He was born in 1506, and lived not quite sixty years, for nearly forty of which he was Abbot of Liessies, a monastery which he tried at first to reform on the primitive model, but which he afterwards was contented to rule under a more “mitigated” observance, which was still a great improvement on the condition in which he found it. He was highly valued by Charles the Fifth, whose page and almoner he had been before leaving the world, and by Margaret of Austria, who long ruled the Netherlands for the Emperor. He was one of the earliest friends of the Society of Jesus, which he helped very efficaciously. The incidents of his life are not very many, and the French biographer, whose work Lady Lovat has given us in good English, is a little too fond of amplifications and reflections. But the book, as a whole, is a valuable addition to our Catholic literature.

## *Christian Imperialism.*

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WE hear a good deal just now about a new feature, or principle, or policy, which is said to have been introduced of late into the national life of England. A very magnificent name, or a name which ought to be magnificent, has been affixed to this supposed principle, a name which has thus much of convenience about it, that it serves alike the purposes of those who wish to decry and of those who wish to applaud that which it designates, and which cannot be called a mere nickname,—one of those titles which beg the question as to what they are applied to, and which a friend as well as an enemy cannot use without protest. The chief difficulty to the looker on is to discern what is new about the principle in question. There can be no fair objection raised to the statement that the government of the dominions of Queen Victoria ought to be conducted “imperially.” Her Majesty has an Empire, in the common sense of the word, on her hands, which she is responsible to Providence for governing, constitutional sovereign as she is, with an intelligent and earnest regard to the interests, not of one part of it, but of the whole. We have seen this simple statement given as a reason for and an account of what is called an “Imperial” policy. But it can hardly be meant that the fact as to the dominions of the Queen is new, nor, without reproach to former governments and former sovereigns, can it be said that the fact has been practically recognized for the first time, by a particular Ministry in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. If “Imperialism” has, on the other hand, anything to do with a more absolute exercise of the prerogative than is allowed in a “limited” monarchy, it is very strange that the principle should come into life at a time when the relations of the Crown to its dominions at home and in the Colonies are practically far less autocratic than of old. Lord Carnarvon’s lately published address is quite enough to make this very plain. Call our sovereign what you like, she remains one of those sovereigns who “reign but do

not govern" in the Imperial sense of the word. If there was any good to be gained by her changing the shape of her crown and assuming the title of Empress rather than that of Queen, for a part of her dominions, there could be no possible reason against her doing so. Englishmen prefer for themselves the good old names of King and Queen, not because their liberties are more secured by them, but because they have not been dragged in the mud of the iniquities of modern history quite so much as those of Emperor or Empress, which have about them an air of gilt gingerbread. In old days, there was but one Emperor known in Christendom, and all other sovereigns were thought to owe him some kind, at least, of deference. It was a cause of heartburning to the Kings of France, that the Emperors would not address them as "Your Majesty." In those times the title of Emperor was the highest and most honourable that could be borne by a temporal monarch. It was even, in a certain sense, incommunicable to other sovereigns beside the one who bore it by right. Modern history has changed all this. We have had Emperors, not only of France and Russia, as well as of Austria—in which last Emperor was vested, till he abandoned it, the title of Roman Emperor—but Emperors of Mexico and of Hayti, and of Brazil. The name has become not only common but vulgar, and it has in more than one instance symbolized the upstart nature of the dynasties or persons to whom it has been attached, and the mushroom character of the states which these brand-new Emperors have aimed at enrolling among the list of independent governments.

The objection which so many good Englishmen feel to the supposed principle of Imperialism may be traced in great measure to considerations such as those just now touched on. We have had Imperialism of the modern kind in full bloom on the other side of the Channel for a considerable part of the present century. Not only has it failed to take permanent root, but it has succeeded in leaving behind it a very unsavoury reputation. This Imperialism begins by a *coup d'état*, and pretends to found itself on universal suffrage. It stifles the political life and the freedom of the nation. It enslaves the Church as far as the Church can be enslaved, and destroys her opportunity of educating the people. It behaves to the successors of St. Peter in a manner in which violence, personal outrage, and overbearing tyranny, are combined with the lowest

mendacity and dishonesty. Its policy is above all things selfish. It has a dynasty to found, and the blood and lives of millions are squandered ruthlessly to give this dynasty a kind of lurid prestige. It degrades the popular morality, encourages luxury, and tramples on international rights in the most profligate manner. Its diplomacy is shameless in its perfidy, and its internal government favours the "exploitation" of the public interests and revenues by a horde of favourites and adventurers. In its latest example, scarcely an honest man could be found in the country to soil his fingers with its administration. Abroad, no Government could trust it, and its establishment, or re-establishment, was the immediate cause of the enormous armaments under which Europe still groans, just as its unsatiable aggressiveness in the time of our fathers or grandfathers was the cause of the great wars which put the world back half a century in its onward progress, and for our part in which we still have most heavily to pay.

Englishmen may well be excused if they hate the name of a system of government which has written its description in the annals of history in characters like these. We love our freedom, our self-government, our independence of the law where we do not transgress it, and we are proud of the upright manliness and the honourable purity of our public men, of the loyalty of all parties to the Constitution, and that absence of swagger and brag and gingerbread and tinsel which distinguishes an ancient monarchy, to which its subjects are deeply attached, from the upstart creations of universal suffrage working or worked through a well manipulated ballot box. We should resent and, probably, we should very soon make an example of, any one who made any attempt to help on the introduction of what is called personal government among ourselves. Nor would it appear to many of us that any reasonable man with a head on his shoulders could make the attempt. But, if it ever were made, it could only be by an appeal to the same low elements in society which were the instruments by means of which power was placed in the hands of the Bonapartes. Here we do not feel perfectly safe. We cannot deny that there may exist in the country large masses of electors, endowed with the franchise by the Reform Bill framed and passed by the present Premier at the bidding of his adversaries, who may be led away, as the French were led away, by the lust of foreign conquest—all the more easily, as the people of this country have never yet had



to submit to the tyranny of the conscription, and as we enjoy a practical immunity from invasion which keeps the terrors of war at a distance from any experience of our own. The principles of political morality are not very strong, and it is the great blessing of England, up to the present time, that she has never had a ruler, at least since the days of Henry the Fifth, who seriously believed in the possibility of carrying into execution a great dream of foreign conquest. But still we find ourselves the possessors of immense territories, and the rulers of immense masses of men, outside our own boundaries. The principle of aggressiveness may find a better chance of acceptance among us, when it is dressed out in the garb of duty as to the maintenance and protection of dominions which we have received from our fathers. If there is any danger of an imitation of the false Imperialism of which we have been speaking, it must lie in the temptation to a high-handed warlike policy as a sort of necessity of our position among the nations of the world. If such a policy were once to become thoroughly popular, and if it were for a time, as is very possible, to be crowned with success, the people, it is thought, might forget their home politics, and submit to an exaggeration of the prerogative as a necessary condition of the execution of such a policy.

There are not wanting voices which tell us that it may be a part of the policy of an ambitious Minister thus to direct the attention of the people to foreign subjects, in order to distract its gaze from the many burning questions of home policy with which a Government of England in our days ought to deal. This was certainly a part of the policy of the late French Empire. Frenchmen were to be intoxicated with military glory, while the chains to which they had submitted, in the hope of "saving society," were being more firmly than ever riveted on their necks. It is, we fear, but too true that such was indeed the policy which led to the catastrophe of Sedan, but it seems hardly possible that ideas of this kind can prevail in any English head. We have to pay a certain price for the immense services which the country receives from our system of party government and organization. One of the drawbacks to which this system is liable is the freedom with which certain accusations are bandied to and fro on the field of conflict, accusations which it is difficult to imagine serious in the minds of many who allow of them, but which for a time pass current,

and contribute in no small degree to the animation of our political contests. In the speeches of party leaders and the writings of party newspapers, a great many things appear which remind us of the epithets which a schoolboy gathers, or used to gather, out of the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, to give sonorousness and length to his Latin verses. A year or more ago, when Lord Salisbury was supposed not to be sufficiently ardent in his anti-Russian tendencies, it was the habit of one of our leading journals to attribute the hesitations which then, as it was thought, shackled the action of the Cabinet, to "Ritualistic" influences. Over and over again, it was insinuated that Mr. Tooth and Mr. Mackonochie were paralyzing the policy of England. At the close of the debate in the House of Commons on the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, the leader of the party which opposed the Bill told the assembled legislators that the measure was the issue of a conspiracy to overthrow the dynasty. These were very ridiculous charges—charges which can only be excused from wickedness by the heat of the party conflicts in which they were made. It must not therefore be surprising if the example of the late French Empire should have left so much impression on the minds of some politicians, as to suggest that the Constitution may be in danger, when they see, or seem to see, the rowdy elements of the community flattered by an appeal to their taste for vulgar glitter and the meretricious charms of an aggressive military policy. "England now stands," wrote Mr. Goldwin Smith three months ago, "where the paths divide, the one leading by industrial and commercial progress to increase of political liberty; the other, by a career of conquest, to the political results in which such a career has never yet failed to end. At present the influences in favour of the taking the path of conquest seem to preponderate, and the probability seems to be that the leadership of political progress, which has hitherto belonged to England, and has constituted the special interest of her history, will, in the near future, pass into other hands." The writer whom we have here quoted puts, gravely and forcibly, the fear which many others have expressed in language not so moderate and not so free from personality. There can be little doubt that the elements which were so successfully—for the time—appealed to by the Bonapartes, exist in other nations besides the French, and that the position of England in her relations to the East may be supposed to furnish an opportunity

for an appeal to the lust for external aggrandizement. This is enough to constitute the danger in the eyes of the philosophical historian—and then the man of party takes up the facts and fits on to them a charge, more or less grounded, no doubt, on personal antecedents and declarations, but which can hardly apply seriously to either of our great political parties, whatever may be thought about this or that person who may be, for the day, the prominent figure on the political stage.

The lover of his country, who belongs to neither of the political parties into which our statesmen are divided, without denying the services which each of those parties have in turn rendered to the community, may wish with all his heart that England may learn to use her great position in the world for purposes which may be called truly Imperial in the Christian sense of the epithet. For there is a Christian Imperialism, as well as a Pagan Imperialism, and the miseries and iniquities of the late history of France came from the fact that the possessors of power in that country aimed at being Emperors of the type of Augustus and Tiberius, Hadrian or Diocletian, rather than of the type of Charlemagne. It is true that it suited the purpose and the vanity of the First Napoleon to call himself the successor of Charlemagne. But he did that chiefly to excuse his tyranny over the Church, by representing himself as her great benefactor. The type of Empire which lately reigned in the Tuileries was the Roman type, if it would not be fairer to seek for its exemplar in the Courts of the worst specimens of the Cæsars of the Byzantine period. The Holy Roman Empire, of which mediæval Europe heard so much, did not, certainly, fulfil its highest ideal. Neither to the Church nor to civilization were its services what they might have been. Occasionally the Emperors were the very worst enemies of the Holy See in their day. But still the principle of the institution was religious and Christian, and the weakness which marred it was very much to be preferred to that detestable centralization which is the aim and boast of modern Imperialism. We are long past the days of the Holy Roman Empire, but a Christian nation, whether gifted with large dominions or not, can never safely pass beyond the time when Christian principles are the foundation of its system of government. In our days, the power of Government has passed, in a great number of cases, from the Crown to the people in its representative assemblies, and the change, which a Christian philosopher must look upon as a providential punishment on

royal houses, for their many infidelities to religion and morality, has not in any degree altered the true bases and rights of society. It is society, as such, which has been founded by God, and on which He has conferred the rights which are necessary for its existence and well-being, and these rights remain to it unimpaired, whether its form be monarchical, aristocratical, or democratical. Duties correspond to rights in the whole universe which God has made, and when these duties are forgotten or are set aside for the indulgence of lust of any kind, whether of ambition, or avarice, or of the lower enjoyments, it matters little whether it be a people, or an aristocracy, or a sovereign, that runs mad in defiance of justice and morality. If we are to rise to our position as an Imperial power, in the Christian sense of the words, it must be by a policy of justice, of faithfulness to treaties, of respect for the rights of others, of abstinence from aggression on powers weaker than ourselves, of a tender treatment of subject races, of regard to the interests which are higher than those of national enrichment or national aggrandizement, while at the same time we maintain our own rights fearlessly, without cringing to the powerful or lording it over the weak. If we are to show ourselves, in our dealings with the rest of the world, a nation of shopkeepers, we shall certainly never deserve the title of Imperial—but it would be equally inappropriate as applied to a nation of bullies, objecting to the free growth of other “empires” by the side of our own, and insisting that whole regions of the earth must be kept back in a state of semi-barbarism in order that we may be free from anxiety. The Imperial policy of a Christian State can never be selfish, nor can it ever postpone the interests of the Christian religion and of civilization to its own fancied advantage.

The immediate occasion for the present talk about Imperialism is chiefly to be found in the circumstances under which we now hold so large a portion of the richest territory in the East. Judged by the Christian standard, can the policy of England, in relation to India, be said to have ever been truly Imperial? This is a question far more important than all that we have heard of late as to the causes of the Afghan war, or the possible consequences of an advance of our frontier to the North-West. What are the marks, in our government of India, —a department of the Empire which has been committed to a succession of our ablest statesmen,—of a sincere aim at the highest good of the people over whom we reign as the chief

object of our policy ? As to Christianity, no one pretends that we have done anything to help its advancement, except in the way in which the old "Pax Romana" helped it, by securing public tranquillity and open justice. Where are the marks of a Christian Imperialism in our dealings with the Chinese, for instance, or in the new battle-field into which we have rushed in Southern Africa, or in New Zealand, or in Australia ? Englishmen, at the bar of history, will be judged not so much for having worn the purple, but for the manner in which they have worn it, and those who are so fond of proclaiming us an Imperial race, should be the first to show us the duties and the responsibilities of our position, and how to discharge them.

It may perhaps be said with truth that the difference between Christian and Pagan Imperialism consists in two things—in the absence in the former, and in the presence in the latter, of aggressiveness on nations around, and of the principle of the subordination of religion to the secular power. The Imperialism of ancient Rome sounds grandly indeed in the verses of Vigil.

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento ;  
Hæ tibi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem,  
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

But, if this be the only Imperialism, its foreign policy must be one of aggression. It can bear no rival, no neighbour. The wisest of the Roman Emperors, however, did not act on this principle ; they sometimes contracted their boundaries. If the spirit of this Imperialism catches hold of the peoples of Europe, we shall see, more and more, the extinction of the smaller States, and the deadly struggle of a set of giant races, which would end, save for the Providence which rules this world, in the "survival of the strongest" and in one universal tyranny, such as may perhaps be the rule of Antichrist. We need hardly say what will become of popular and personal liberties under such a system—indeed, the prophetic descriptions of Antichrist seem to speak of their destruction. On the other hand, the idea of the Christian Empire was not one of conquest, but of internal peace and mutual defence. It had its one great enemy in the Mussulman power, which came into existence as the rival and scourge of Christendom, and which very nearly accomplished its aim of destroying it in Europe as well as in Asia and Africa. The lust of universal dominion came into the hearts of Christian sovereigns in the bad days of Charles the Fifth and Philip the

Second, and even Louis the Fourteenth. The true Christian Empire was a confederacy of friendly states, small as well as large.

Again, the pagan idea of the supremacy of the State over religion lay at the source of the intense hatred of Roman Imperialism for the religion of Jesus Christ. In this respect there is certainly enough of modern paganism afloat around us. The same self-appointed prophets who are so anxious that we should show ourselves an Imperial race in our dealings with our neighbours, are also strenuous advocates of State education, and of the policy of the entire banishment of religion from that department, as it is supposed to be, of government. We know how this policy has been carried out in Germany and in Italy, and how we seem to be on the eve of the establishment of a fresh monopoly of education in France. On the other hand, Christian Imperialism would certainly show itself most anxious to give every facility to the Church in this, as in other fields, in which it is her vocation to labour. Certainly, we have as yet a sufficient force of religious feeling in the community at large to make it reasonable to hope that we may still preserve what liberty we possess in this respect. But can we see the spirit of an Imperial and Christian people in the inability of two successive Governments, each of them strong and each of them willing to do justice, if they knew how, to face the bigotry and intolerance which oppose the demands of the Irish people for the erection of a Catholic University?

## *The "Jesuit Style" of Church Architecture.*

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THE influence of the religious orders upon architecture during the middle ages was so great, and from time to time, effected such important changes, and led to such remarkable modifications, both as to plans and details, that the history of the art of building from the tenth to the sixteenth century reads almost like a chronicle of the development of those great monastic societies which Divine Providence called into existence, for the defence of Christianity, and the enlightenment of the people.

There can be little doubt that the present form of church common in the West is of Benedictine origin, and that the Cistercians were, if not the first, at any rate amongst the first, to build pure Gothic churches, and that as time went on, the various orders all helped the development of this beautiful style of ecclesiastical architecture. So far, we think, most archaeologists will agree, but there is a large school of writers upon architecture who seem to have taken it for granted that, just as the Benedictines originated the earliest form of Gothic church, and the Cistercians developed it, the Society of Jesus gave it its death-blow, and caused its discontinuance for ecclesiastical purposes, and by these writers the Society is made responsible, not only for the introduction of the Italian style of church architecture into the north of Europe, but even for all the wild vagaries and eccentricities of the "Roccoco" period. So frequently has this been repeated, that it hardly enters into the head of any one to doubt it. But, in point of fact, nothing can be further from the truth, and we think we shall be able to prove that the Society of Jesus, not only had no hand in uprooting Gothic architecture, but that, on the contrary, its members were the very latest builders of Gothic churches, that they continued to use the style long after it had been generally given up, and also that the earlier churches of the Order, both Gothic and Italian, are more remarkable for dignified propor-

tions, grand simplicity of plan, and fine construction than for excessive ornamentation or elaboration of detail. Of course, in the eighteenth century, when architecture, on the Continent at least, went stark staring mad, when all dignity of form was lost in constructing eccentric details, when walls were twisted into all kinds of fantastic curves, when solid stone vaults were made to look as though they were transparent, when columns were made to resemble corkscrews, and capitals shells, when art was so restless that the very statues and pictures of the saints represented them as if they were in a violent storm of wind, which in some cases appears to have blown away their clothes altogether, the churches of the Society were somewhat affected by the degraded taste of the age, but even in the midst of all this debasement and vulgarity, the churches erected by the Society retained much of their dignity of proportion and a certain amount of grandeur.

In order thoroughly to understand the position which the Society took up with regard to church architecture it is necessary just roughly to sketch out the various developments which ecclesiastical building had undergone up to the time of the foundation of the Society of Jesus. After the overthrow of the great Roman Empire, and during the terrible time which intervened between that period and the reign of Charlemagne, the monks who settled in the various countries of Europe appear to have patched up and made use of the old pagan temples as churches. We are told in the *Acta SS. Ordinis Benedicti*, that when St. Columbanus first visited Gaul, he and his companions took possession of an old pagan temple, and converted it into a monastery. There can be little doubt that the architecture of this period was of the very rudest description.

When Charlemagne revived the Roman Empire, he wished also to revive architecture, and we find amongst the churches built by him two distinct types, one the Byzantine domical building, with a plan either round or polygonal, and roofed over by one or more domes, and the other the Roman type, evidently founded upon the ancient classical basilica, consisting of a long nave and aisles, ending in apses, covered with a simple timber roof, sometimes with and sometimes without transepts. In the secular church at Aachen,<sup>1</sup> erected by Constantine (which still exists), he followed the Byzantine type, but in the great monastic church at St. Gall, the Roman, or Basilica plan, was adopted, and

<sup>1</sup> Or Aix-la-Chapelle.



it is not improbable that this distinction between the secular and regular churches continued to exist for some years. Nothing now remains of the church erected by Charlemagne at St. Gall, but fortunately a most interesting plan of it is still preserved in the library of the now suppressed monastery. This plan is evidently of very great antiquity, and is supposed to be the work of a certain Abbot Eigenhardt, who was engaged in completing the erection of the church about the year 820.<sup>2</sup> It represents a regular basilica church, with apses at *both* ends and transepts, very similar, in fact, to the cathedral at Mainz.<sup>3</sup> A very remarkable fact, and one worthy of notice, is that the church is *crowded with altars*, as many as fifteen being marked upon the plan, which most distinctly disproves the assertion so frequently made that "the multiplication of altars is quite a modern Romish practice."

In a very few years the basilica type of church became all but universal in the West, and by degrees developed into the usual Gothic plan, whereas the domical or Byzantine type of building entirely obtained the mastery in the East, and by degrees degenerated into the modern Greek Church and the Mahometan mosque. It is most probable that the immense influence of the Benedictine Order led to the adoption of the basilica plan of church in the West, and the noble style called Romanesque, Saxon, or Norman was in all probability a child of that Order.

The next departure in church architecture which we notice is the introduction of the pointed arch in the latter half of the twelfth century, and with it the birth of that style which we call "Gothic." What the Order of St. Benedict had done for the Romanesque style, the Order of St. Bernard did for the earliest Gothic and the pointed arch. The great abbey churches of Pontigny in France, Rievaulx and Byland in England, Heiligenkreuz and Lilienfeld in Austria, Villiers in Belgium, Riddagshausen in Saxony, &c., all exist to attest the grand ideas of the early builders of the Cistercian Order, allowed by the rule of their founder, neither towers, sculpture, stained glass, nor ornaments of metal, yet Gothic architecture never produced anything more impressive or more dignified than these severe minsters, whose ruins astonish us when we wander through the beautiful Yorkshire valleys or by the distant rivers in Germany.

<sup>2</sup> Of course after the death of Charlemagne.

<sup>3</sup> Or Mayence.

The mendicant orders did not exercise so marked an influence upon architecture as the Benedictines and Cistercians, nevertheless they introduced a very practical form of church, consisting simply of a nave and aisles, the nave being prolonged to the east, so as to form a chancel. Their churches, as a rule, are very plain, and rather slightly built, and have no chapels to the side aisles, except at their eastern extremities. The Dominicans at first seem to have invented a most singular form of church, which was simply a vast barn-like building, divided longitudinally down the centre by a row of arches and lofty columns. They seem, however, to have soon abandoned this plan, and to have built churches exactly like those of the Franciscans and Carmelites.<sup>4</sup> Those at Norwich and Ratisbon still remain perfect, and are noble examples.<sup>5</sup> In speaking of the influence of the religious orders over ecclesiastical architecture, we have directed the attention of our readers exclusively to England, France, Germany, and the Low Countries. The fact is, it is in these countries alone that Gothic architecture may be said to have developed itself, for although there are undoubtedly magnificent Gothic churches in Spain and Italy, they seem rather to have borrowed their ideas from the French and Germans than to have originated anything which had a marked influence upon the style itself, and the more northern nations followed in the wake of either Germany or England. It has often been noticed that the Holy See seems to have exerted no influence upon Gothic architecture, but this may be easily accounted for from the fact that during nearly the whole period when Gothic architecture flourished the Popes were engaged in such serious struggles that they had little opportunity of directing their attention to architecture, though all the churches erected in Rome from the thirteenth to the close of the fifteenth century are Gothic, but of a very peculiar type, and singularly enough the churches erected by the mendicant orders in Italy bear no resemblance to those erected by them in the other parts of Europe.

Now, when the Society of Jesus was founded, Gothic archi-

<sup>4</sup> Singularly enough in Ireland the mendicant orders adopted a plan of church which is totally unlike anything that they have built elsewhere, it consists of a long nave with one narrow aisle, a single transept, generally to the south, and a long and very narrow chancel. It is impossible to account for the introduction of this most inconvenient and eccentric plan of church.

<sup>5</sup> The Dominican church at Norwich is divided now into two parts, the nave forms St. Andrew's Hall, and the choir is used as a Methodist chapel.

ture had entirely died out in Italy and France, and had been replaced by the modern classical style, which we call the Renaissance or Italian. In the Netherlands it lingered only in the details of the gables of the houses, and here and there in some smaller additions made to out-of-the-way churches. In Germany and England, however, although the classical style had been introduced, yet the Gothic had not entirely died out—in fact, the two styles existed side by side, though the most important buildings were erected in the new classical taste. Thus we find the beautiful Belvedere, built by Ferdinand the First, at Prague, A.D. 1534. The new portions of the palace at Prague, 1555, the "Otto-Heinrichs-Bau," in the castle at Heidelberg, 1556, the front of the town hall at Cologne, 1569, and the rood screen of the cathedral at Hildesheim, 1553, are all in the revived classical style.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century, Gothic architecture was almost entirely given up, in both Germany and the Low Countries even for churches, and thus we find the churches of St. Matthias at Breslau, the Stift Haug at Wurzburg, the Carmelite church at Wurzburg, and the cathedral at Salzburg, 1614, are entirely in the classical style, whilst the numerous churches erected by Bishop Julius Von Mespelbrun,<sup>6</sup> in the diocese of Wurzburg, between the years 1573 and 1617, are Italian in style, the only exception being the introduction of tracery into the heads of the tower windows, and here and there, into those of the apses.

Now let us see for a moment what kind of churches "the Society" was building during this period, *i.e.*, from the foundation of the Order to the middle of the seventeenth century, and we will begin with Germany, as we are considering the condition of architecture in that country. The first place in which "the Society" became regularly established was Ingoldstadt, but unfortunately the church which they erected here was rebuilt during the last century, and will thus offer us no help. Probably the earliest Jesuit church existing in Germany is that of St. Michael, at Munich, erected between the years 1583—1591. It is a most noble building, consisting of a vast nave, 60 ft. in span, with chapels on either side,

<sup>6</sup> This noble Bishop greatly resembled St. Charles Borromeo. He was a great reformer of his diocese, and a restorer of the religious orders; he built or rebuilt more than a hundred churches, together with a magnificent hospital, and the University of Wurzburg.

shallow transepts, and a long choir. It is Italian in style, with some modifications, and although rich in detail, free from Roccoco eccentricities, the ornament is kept very flat, and in no way interferes with the general lines of the building, and adds richness to the effect without detracting from the simple and stately grandeur of this most dignified church. It may be advanced against our theory that this was at any rate one of the earliest Italian churches erected in Germany, which is probably a fact.

The next church erected by the Order, which still exists, is at Münster, in Westphalia. This building, together with the college, of which it forms a portion, was commenced on June 3, 1590, completed about five years later, and dedicated to St. Peter. Now, unlike the church at Munich, this is quite Gothic in general character, though some of the details of the exterior are Italian. The interior, however, is purely Gothic, and remarkably good, like all the Gothic churches erected by the Order; in general plan, and disposition, it follows the arrangement of the later Dominican churches, that is, it consists of a long nave and rather narrow aisles, the nave being prolonged to the east, so as to form a chancel, and terminating in an apse. We must here call attention to a feature which is one of the distinguishing marks of the early churches of the Order, and that is that the aisles are two storeys high, the upper storey forming a gallery. This is not treated in the same way as the triforium of the English cathedrals, but the arches of the aisle are, as usual in parish churches, carried up to the clerestory string,<sup>7</sup> but are subdivided at about half the height of the columns by another series of arches, which rest upon the same columns, but do not cut them through, as they are kept back to about half the diameter of the column. The aisles are vaulted above and the galleries below. The nave also is vaulted in a remarkably elegant manner, and one almost peculiar to the churches erected by the Society, that is to say, the ribs are disposed in such a way as to form a series of triangular compartments. The soffit of the vault between these ribs is hollowed out a good deal, so as in section to be like small domes. The effect is very happy, and most excellent from a constructive point of view, as it renders the vault self-supporting, the thrust of each compartment being counterbalanced by the next. This plan of vaulting has been much praised, and deservedly so, as it enables a church to

<sup>7</sup> *i.e.* The line immediately below the clerestory windows.

be built without buttresses. The Jesuit church at Coblenz, erected between the years 1609—1615, is quite a pure Gothic building, with the exception of the western doorway. It is in plan and arrangement exactly similar to the church at Münster, and has the same excellently constructed vaulting. De Lassaulx, the architect to the late King of Prussia, a well-known writer upon architecture, a Protestant and thorough "purist" in his taste, speaks most highly of this and some other Gothic churches erected by the Society. Of the church at Coblenz he says: "It offers a most remarkable example as scientific as it is bold." The tracery of the windows, the ribs and bosses of the roof carved with armorial bearings, the well-moulded arches make this church look as if it had been erected in the fifteenth instead of the seventeenth century.

Of all the Gothic churches, however, erected by the Society of Jesus there is no other which can for a moment be compared to the magnificent church of the Assumption at Cologne. Unfortunately, the name of its architect is unknown; probably he was a member of the Society; be that as it may, in this church the Society has the glory of having erected the very last grand Gothic minster. This noble building consists of a vast nave about 40 ft. wide and 80 ft. high, aisles, as usual, in two storeys, short transepts, a long choir without aisles and three towers, two at the west end and one at the east. The date of the erection was from 1621 to 1629! It would be difficult to find even during the very best period of Gothic architecture, a more impressive and dignified interior than this church presents to view: its proportions are simply perfect, its noble vault great apse lighted by long two-light traceried windows, lofty columns and acutely pointed arches, richly pierced parapets to the galleries and costly furniture, which although Italian, is singularly well designed and suited to the building, form an architectural picture surpassed by very few churches of any date, and one cannot help feeling astonished that in the period of its lowest degradation, half a century after it had ceased to exist elsewhere, Gothic architecture in the hands of a great Order could produce such a splendid building. There is a slight admixture of Italian about the capitals of the columns, and the west front, which is by far the least satisfactory portion of the building, is rather a jumble of styles but still with the Gothic prevailing. De Lassaulx speaking of this church says: "The church of the Assumption of the Virgin deserves to be called really magnificent. Few buildings possess so artistic a plan and such happy proportions."

Kugler says : "The Jesuit church at Cologne is brilliant in design and possesses a most striking interior."

The churches erected by the Society at Bonn and Paderborn are evidently copies of Cologne, and, though far inferior to that beautiful church both in detail and general effect, are wonderful examples of Gothic architecture for the date of their erection. Kugler says of the Church at Bonn : "This building is said to have been erected as late as the year 1700 !" and de Lassaulx says that "like all the churches belonging to that Order (*i.e.*, the Society of Jesus), it possesses good proportions which are, however, somewhat destroyed by the bad style of the period."<sup>8</sup>

The churches erected by the Society at Hildesheim and Aix-la-Chapelle are Gothic buildings though erected during the seventeenth century. The latter church has a series of statues of the Apostles placed against the columns which look like works of the thirteenth century. How they came to be placed in this church is unknown. The churches erected by the order in Germany after the end of the seventeenth century are quite in the revived Italian style; they are, as a rule, spacious and well proportioned and less wild and fantastic in detail than most buildings of the same period. In a most excellent guide book to the river Main,<sup>9</sup> we find the following remark : "This church (*i.e.*, the Jesuit church at Wurzburg) from its noble simplicity, affects the mind far more than the tasteless and gaudy decoration of most of the other churches of the town." The Jesuit church at Bamberg, erected between the years 1686 and 1720, and that at Landshut, are both spacious and rather plain Italian buildings, excellent in proportions and simple and dignified in general effect.

The churches erected by the Society in Austria are far less interesting than those in the north of Germany and Bavaria. They are, for the most part, of a later date, and are consequently in the very debased Roccoco style which seems to have indulged in wilder vagaries and more absurd eccentricities here than in any other part of Europe. However, even in Austria, the Jesuit churches are to be distinguished from all others by their simplicity of plan and dignified proportions. Those at Vienna and Prague are amongst the best examples. There are three churches erected by the Society existing in

<sup>8</sup> This church has recently been given over to the so-called "Old Catholics."

<sup>9</sup> *Handbuch für Reisende auf dem Main.* Von S. Haüle und K. von Sprunes. Wurzburg, 1843.

Prague: (1) the Salvator's Kirche, which was completed in 1634; is a very noble building, consisting of a nave, aisles, with galleries over them, short transepts, apsidal, sanctuary, and two lofty towers at the west end. The proportions of the building are excellent. The interior is less gaudy and vulgar than that of most other churches in the town of the same date, but still it is greatly disfigured by Roccoco absurdities. (2) The Church of St. Nicholas, in the Klienseite was commenced in 1673, but not completed until the year 1774. It is a vast building consisting of a nave, with side chapels, a choir or sanctuary, and one tower. The dome, which is really very fine, is over the altar. The proportions of the building are good, but the detail and general carrying out of the design exhibit great eccentricities. The walls, for instance, are slightly serpentine in plan. This may sound strange to English ears, but it is nothing to some of the wonderful absurdities of the late Bohemian Renaissance, for a church near that of St. Nicholas has windows whose sides form the shape of the letter S, these are united by two other irregular curves so that the whole window forms a kind of scroll. The effect is as though the church had been built of thin paper and violently warped by the heat of the sun. The interior of St. Nicholas is rich in marble and gilding, and striking, notwithstanding its debased detail. (3) The Church of St. Ignatius, which was commenced in 1628, possesses a good front less defective in detail than the churches we have described. It is difficult to see the interior, as it is used as a hospital chapel.

The only Gothic church erected by the Society in the Low Countries, which still exists, and that in a very mutilated and desecrated form, is their former church at Maestricht; it probably dates from quite the end of the sixteenth century, and does not possess that boldness of construction peculiar to the German examples which we have described. The Jesuit churches at Bruges and Louvain are remarkably elegant examples of the Belgian Renaissance style. They consist simply of a nave and aisles, with an apse at the east end, and are in fact a return to the most primitive basilica type of church. That at Bruges is a rather plain building, but singularly noble and pleasing from its excellent proportions. The church at Louvain is far more elaborate, and fitted up with a great deal of most excellent carved wood-work. It is scarcely, however, so imposing as the church at Bruges, though from its great similarity it may be, and in all probability is, the work of the same architect. The

church at Mechlin is similar in plan, though not so good in detail as that of Bruges. The Jesuit church at Antwerp is celebrated for its front, said to have been designed by Rubens, though there is much doubt about this. The date of its erection is 1614, and the interior, which possesses galleries, is far better architecture than the front, and is said to have been designed by a member of the Order, a certain Father Aguillon. Unfortunately, the building was greatly damaged by fire in the eighteenth century. It possesses a very elegant tower and steeple. The Jesuit church at Lierre is a good example of a very simple ecclesiastical building, perfectly plain and entirely devoid of ornament, but dignified and striking from its excellent proportions; it consists simply of a very lofty nave without aisles, a short chancel, and two shallow transepts serving as side chapels.

France does not possess many remarkable Jesuit churches. The only Gothic example with which we are acquainted is that of St. Omer, which is very similar to the German churches, and, like them, possesses the galleries over the aisles and the short transepts, such marked features of the early churches erected by the Society. It is, however, less purely Gothic than most of the German examples and has a larger admixture of the Renaissance in its details. St. Paul's in Paris is a thoroughly Italian church with a central dome and a somewhat imposing front 144 ft. high. The architect was Father Derrand, a member of the Order; and the date of erection was between the years 1627 and 1641. The interior is handsome, though the building does not possess any great amount of originality.

In Italy, the churches erected by the Society, though in many cases very fine examples of architecture possess no features which distinguish them from those erected by other orders or by the secular clergy. Thus, although the "Gesù" is undoubtedly a most noble building, it is only a very perfect example of the ordinary Italian church of the sixteenth century. It consists of a nave of moderate dimensions, chapels on either side, transepts, a short apsidal, choir or sanctuary, and a dome over the crossing. The whole, except the dome, is the work of Vignola, and is an excellent specimen of his style. St. Ignazio is a less pleasing church but possesses one of the best designed fronts in Rome.

The Spanish churches erected by the Society are very sumptuous, but do not display such refined taste as those erected by the Society in other countries. Like all Spanish Renaissance buildings they are too much over-spread with ornament. The



Mexican churches appear to have the same defect. Those in South America appear to be simpler and bolder. The Church of "Bom Jesu" at Goa, the burial-place of St. Francis Xavier, is rather a striking building, consisting of a large nave and aisles, which are in two storeys, as is the case with the German examples we have mentioned; the transepts are of moderate projection. The west front is not unlike that of the church of the Society at Antwerp. It is divided into three compartments in width by pilasters, and four in height, in the centre, by corresponding entablatures. On the ground-floor are three well designed doorways, and above these three square-headed windows, over these again, three circular windows, and the centre portion terminates with a large square panel containing the monogram of the Sacred Name. There are vast buttresses supporting the side walls which are probably rendered necessary from the frequent shocks of earthquakes which have from time to time destroyed the city of Goa.

We think that the facts we have stated, especially with regard to the churches erected by the Society in Germany and Belgium, amply prove that the Society had no hand in the abolition of Gothic architecture; but that on the contrary they were the very latest real Gothic architects, and that under their auspices were produced buildings which are unequalled by any others erected in that style during the same period; that under their direction the magnificent Church of the Assumption at Cologne was erected, which for dignity of effect and beauty of proportion equals churches built during the most happy period of the middle ages, and thus nearly a century after the style had been given up by every one else, *the Society of Jesus produced the last really grand Gothic church*. If the influences surrounding, the prejudices of the people, the want of public sympathy with the style of architecture, the fashion of the day, or the want of stability in the style itself, ultimately forced the Society to abandon it for one which was more popular, and better understood by the age, surely they cannot be blamed for its destruction or disappearance; and we think we have proved that when the Society did entirely abandon the Gothic style, and adopt the Italian, they used that style in a noble and simple manner, and avoided as much as possible the eccentricities and absurdities of the "Roccoco." Unfortunately, surrounding influences were too much for them, and in their zeal to save souls they were obliged to sacrifice their taste and judgment in matters of art.

Let it be understood that we are not arguing either for or against Gothic architecture. We can scarcely say whether we more admire the Gothic Church of the Assumption at Cologne or the Italian churches of St. Walburg at Bruges, and St. Michael at Munich; nor are we arguing in favour of the "revival of Gothic architecture," for although, as has been proved, it was possible to erect a magnificent Gothic church when the style was, so to speak, on its death-bed, that is a very different thing from reviving it after it has been dead for nearly three centuries! Most of the modern churches erected by the Society are in the Gothic style, both here and on the Continent. In the churches recently erected at Amsterdam and Paderborn,<sup>10</sup> the architects have attempted to revive the old plan, with galleries over the aisles. It is, however, to be regretted that they should have adopted such a very early style, and the same may be said of most of the French churches erected by the Society. We again repeat that we have no preference for any one style more than another; but we cannot help considering that those who erect churches for the Society would do well carefully to study such buildings as the churches at Cologne, Münster, and Coblenz, as Gothic examples to be followed; and St. Michael's, Munich, St. Walburg, Bruges, and Louvain, as Renaissance specimens. These buildings were undoubtedly erected by members of the Order, and eminently meet its requirements. The treatment of the galleries, for instance, is a feature that would be of the greatest value for churches erected in crowded cities, as they enable a church to accommodate at least one third more worshippers on the same space of ground. They are also of the greatest use where Colleges or Schools are attached to the churches, as is the case with all the churches of the Order originally erected in Germany: in fact, the Jesuit church and college seem inseparable ideas in Germany. Another feature which might well be copied from the old examples we have named is the large and spacious sanctuary. At Munich, for instance, the sanctuary is about 70 ft. by 40 ft., and at Cologne scarcely less spacious. The method of vaulting also, which is to be seen in the German churches of the Society, deserves careful study; and there are other arrangements and peculiarities, which if not worth reviving, are at any rate suggestive for purposes of study.

H. W. BREWER.

<sup>10</sup> This fine church was unfurnished at the time of the passing of the May Laws, and still remains so. It is sad to see it closed and desolate.

## *A Long Day in Norway.*

### CHAPTER V.

#### ROMSDALEN.

*Friday, July 26.*—We land at Molde, take a farewell glance at the *Jonas Lie*, which once more starts on its homeward way, and resolutely turn our backs upon the ocean to see it no more until we leave Norway.

It is night, but yet our "long day in Norway" is not at an end. We stroll about the little town which skirts the beautiful *fjord*, and from every opening look out upon the tranquil waters of the opposite shore, or inwards upon the lofty hills which rise abruptly behind the houses and leave them scarcely standing room upon the narrow strand. Indeed, the houses themselves seem conscious of this, and, as though in self-preservation, boldly scale the heights and plant themselves singly upon the lower ridges or cling tenaciously to still higher steepes. It is broad daylight at ten o'clock, but all is quiet, save at the little quay where one or two small steamers are discharging a disproportionately large cargo of passengers, who seem to have all their friends and relations on shore waiting to receive them. We seem the only strangers in the crowd and excite no little attention in consequence, it seems, of our Indian ponchas which evidently are a novelty here.

We stroll in the bright calm evening, and especially admire the beautiful flowers in which every garden abounds. The love of flowers and of plants of all kinds is an especial characteristic of the Norwegians. The ivy seems a great favourite: it is copied by the jewellers, and worked into every variety of form. Indeed we remember a party of ladies coming on board the *Jonas Lie* at a station, to see off a friend who brought with her a sprig of ivy in a small pot, which waved gracefully over our head for several nights when we slept upon our upper shelf in the saloon. Now one of the friends had in her hands

another similar flower-pot with a corresponding branch of ivy, which she carried about with her as a bouquet, and carried off again when she returned in her boat to the station. It was evidently a pet flower, and went out on state occasions with its mistress : a thing to prize and to be proud of.

And so in every nook, and in every window, flowers are to be seen : the commonest as well as the choicest ; loved and cherished by this quiet, domestic, and warm-hearted people. The ivy is used, moreover, as a decoration of the rooms in an especial way, which we do not remember to have seen in any other country. It is planted in pots and trained in a kind of trellis work around and over the walls ; a sort of living paper which has a very graceful look, and relieves the glare which perpetual daylight and uncurtained windows seldom fail to produce.

We linger among the bright flowers which cluster around the houses and prolong our night stroll until we reach a bridge which abruptly stays our steps. It is a solid bridge enough, and yet it trembles under our feet ; for the mountain torrent, which is hurled against and tears through it, is thoroughly Norwegian in character, and seems as if it would sweep the bridge and ourselves into the deep *fjord* below. Instead of coming peaceably like an ordinary stream, meandering through a quiet country town, down it tumbles headlong from an adjoining headland, which in turn receives it from a point above, and with all the fierceness of a mountain torrent it runs full tilt against the little bridge, and not succeeding in its efforts to tear it away, it rushes on screaming and foaming into the calm bosom of the Molde Fjord. We linger here, fascinated by the wild scene, until it is time to retrace our steps to our comfortable hotel, where we need no candle to light us to bed, and find no curtains or blinds to exclude the bright nightlight. People here seem to think that if the light will come at all hours, there is no use in trying to shut it out at any time.

*Saturday, July 27.*—A pleasant lounge along the shore on our side of the town : pleasant indeed is the bright sunshine under a broad avenue of trees which dapple the road with miniature suns, and under whose lower branches we look out upon the sparkling waters, the green hills beyond, and the glorious snow-crowned mountains which shut in Molde on nearly all sides. Out come the animals to greet us ; cats and dogs purr and frisk and gambol in the morning freshness. We feel

at home in Molde. Soon after breakfast we go aboard a small steamer which is to carry us to Veblungsnaes. Again the little quay is all alive with people; fishermen sitting among and upon the fish which deluge their boats; market women with vegetables, fruits, and of course flowers, also in boats, and the customers pushing in their boats into the midst of all; for your Norwegian never prefers land when water is to hand, and few seem the places where this mode of locomotion is wanting. Off we steam through the crowd of boats and down the *fjord* we go, further inland than the *Jonas Lie* brought us. Fortunately our little steamer has to call at several points, and so our route lies in all directions and we run in and out, now among the islands, and then into some minor *fjord*, which has beauties of its own that well repay us for our vagabondizing. Great variety of scenery is there: parts are very soft and pretty, rich in colour, and undulating in graceful sweeps; and then, quite abruptly, we round a promontory, and all changes; fierce grim headlands overhang our frail bark which yet glides serenely beneath; at times these close upon us, and there seems no further passage; round another huge cliff we turn, and a narrow channel opens up, which admits us only in consideration of our diminutive size. We begin to think that these inland *fjords* are more wonderful than the coast scenery, and so, with the inconstancy of wanderers, we seem but too ready to give up the old love for the new. If beauty and grandeur can excuse such fickleness, surely the Molde Fjord can urge them in our behalf.

The Molde Fjord do we say? Which is the *fjord* so called, and what are its limits we might ask? for we find that our morning's steam takes us into other *fjords*—the Faune, the Sis, and the Romsdal, not to mention others—so we give up topography and content ourselves with calling the first part of our route the Molde Fjord and the last that of Romsdal. This brings us about midday to our landing-place Veblungsnaes, or as it is more familiarly and conveniently called Ness, to spell phonetically. This the guide-books do not fail to remind us is the spot where a certain Colonel Sinclair with a body of mercenaries landed in 1612 when they decided upon the bold plan of invading Norway and fighting their way across it into Sweden “to assist Gustavus Adolphus against Christian the Fourth of Denmark.” So on these disinterested invaders marched, “ravaging the country on their way.” We shall follow their route to Kringelen, where their march terminated, and they

got more than they bargained for : the outraged people rising up and slaughtering them with a vigour equal to their own, but in a far more worthy cause, and left only two of the mercenaries to tell the tale.

Here pours out to meet us the river Rauma, which is to do good service to us in pointing out the path it has hewn through these grand mountains, and to grace the way with waterfalls, which our experience of last night leads us to expect will be both numerous and abundant.

Naes itself is a pleasant spot, and boasts of an hotel worthy of the name. Said hotel indeed is a kind of boarding-house, as we find when we sit down to a comfortable *table d'hôte* and see the line of boarders file in, look at us, the strangers, and gossip with one another. We are but passers by, and when dinner is over we call for our bill and our carriage and start for Romsdalen, near the entrance of which Naes stands. There are not *carrioles* enough for our party of four ; and so we charter a *trille* to carry us all. This is a double-bodied four-wheeled carriage, with a seat in front for two and another of the same size behind. One of our party drives, and the man who is to bring back the pair of horses at the end of the first stage hangs on behind on the top of the luggage. The carriage is engaged for the journey through Romsdalen, and we post with fresh horses from station to station.

On the chief roads the *trille* is a good carriage for sociable people ; it is cheaper than four *carrioles*, as the cost of our *trille* is less than five shillings, and of course only two horses are required, instead of four ; moreover, the chances of delay at the stations are proportionately diminished.

Off we start about half-past three : some clouds are hanging over the entrance of Romsdalen, which eventuate in showers, but do no damage to the glorious scenery that awaits us. As we approach the giant warders stand forth in all their glory. On the left hand, as though to bar all access, save to such pilgrims as ourselves, stands the Romsdal Horn, one high rock rising five thousand and ninety feet above the level of the sea, and nearly four thousand seven hundred from the road before us.

It has been well compared to a "monstrous shattered steeple," and rises amid a whole heap of snow-crowned, storm-torn pinnacles—well are they named Trolldtinderne, the Witches' Peaks—which separately deserve a notice, but here are heaped

in too great and wild confusion to do more than contribute to the general effect, which is sublime indeed. We drive between and underneath them, and strain our necks to seek in vain their summits which are just now buried in what seems the sky above, but is in truth but bluish clouds.

If this is the shattered steeple, and we may say the west front of one of nature's cathedrals, which the thunderbolts of storms have shattered, surely we are now beside the great nave itself, or, at least, one of its stupendous walls. And what a wall is this which rises straight up beside the road along which we are driving! In many places it stands blank and sheer, four thousand feet, down which a stone might be dropped upon our heads. This thought is suggested not only by its form, but by the huge fragments which cumber the ground—so high indeed that in places the road had to be wound around or tunnelled through them—and by the grim scars, high above in the perpendicular side, which mark the places out of which tempests have riven them. And then the upmost ridge: the clouds or vapours roll away and the jagged edge cuts against the blue sky as though it would wound the heaven it has scaled. And then, as if this was not grandeur enough to fix the scene in the mind and heart, over this four thousand feet of precipice pours down in mighty masses a waterfall, the Mongefos, which not content with this leap, springs from another mountain behind, that makes the whole fall one of five thousand feet. So our grand cathedral, with all these gigantic dimensions, is but a stepping-stone to something beyond, is but a bare rock down which a waterfall leaps. And this serves to give us some idea of the enormous scale on which nature works in Norway. Our road winds upward amid such glorious scenery as this, and we note the heights of some of the adjacent mountains which rise above the grand Romsdal Horn, and instance the Breithorn as "upwards of five thousand seven hundred feet."

Our second station, or posthouse as we should call it, is Fladmark, not at Fladmark, which would imply a house in a village or town, but Fladmark itself, which is a station and nothing more. In a wild, thinly-inhabited country like Norway, the towns may almost be counted on the fingers, while the villages are indeed few and far between. Every householder is a landowner, and is "monarch of all he surveys." Not only the house and land, but the road itself is under his jurisdiction, and he has to keep it in order at his own expense. That there

may be no mistake in this matter, there are posts set up along the road, recording whose land you are entering and how many feet he is to keep in repair. Posting in such a country can only be carried on under a peculiar system, which is something of this kind. At distances of about one or two Norwegian, which is equivalent to seven or fourteen English miles, a farmhouse is selected and made a station by the Government. The station-master has to provide a certain number of horses and carriages for the use of travellers at a fixed charge, with which he has to send a servant of some kind, male or female, who will take charge of them at the next station and bring them home again ; these stations are called *fast*.

There is another clause for which the neighbouring farmers provide the horses by an arrangement among themselves in self-defence ; for, should the required horses not be forthcoming, any may be " requisitioned " from a farm in the district, and in the midst of harvest a horse and man may be called in from work to go several miles to the station, carry a traveller some twelve miles on his way, return again to the station and thence home, when the anxious farmer will receive half-a-crown English for the day's work, and the post-boy twenty-three ore, which is rather less than threepence, for himself. The Government make a small addition to the charge, but anyhow the work of posting is not very remunerative ; a fact which should be borne in mind by hasty travellers, who are more inclined to cry out *Strax, strax* (immediately), when they want horses, than *Mange tak* (many thanks), when they get them.

There is no difficulty in settling the account at the station ; an error may be made in the reckoning, but seldom or never an attempt to overcharge. Indeed, the traveller will know beforehand what is the charge, if he is careful to provide himself with Bennett's *Handbook for Norway*.

Mr. Bennett is a kind of English institution in Norway, and does for land travellers what Mr. Wilson does for sea voyagers, giving them at Christiania all kinds of help and information. Moreover, he issues an annual Handbook, which is somewhat in the style of what old people may remember and young people have heard of, Carey's *Road Book*, but which passed out of use when railways superseded the high roads for travelling ; when, indeed, Bradshaw took its place. It will be some time before the Norges Reiseblad will do the same for Bennett's *Handbook*, though lines are threatened through the route we are now pur-



suing ; so in the meanwhile every prudent tourist will arm himself with this excellent companion. But its use and purpose must not be misunderstood. It is a very matter-of-fact road-book, giving names, distances, and fares, and leaving description of everything, save stations, to other works ; if at times a remark is made, it should not be considered meagre, but be thankfully received as a gift over and above what has been paid for. Armed thus with "Bennett," there is no delay in paying for our horses, and finding nothing to detain us in the station while fresh horses are being put into the *trille*, we saunter on at first leisurely enough, and afterwards with more hurried steps, leaving the carriage to overtake us. There is no danger of losing our way, for there is only one road ; but as we advance the sound of rushing waters grows louder upon our ears, and we hasten on that we may reach the renowned *fos* before we are overtaken.

It is the Mongefos, which we have already mentioned.

Mr. Williams, in his *Through Norway with a knapsack*, has so well described it that we cannot do better than quote his words.

"Looking up, with an effort that strains the neck, to the frowning wall of rock, a torrent is seen, pouring apparently out of the blue ether. It bends smoothly over the topmost edge, as blue as the sky itself, lustrous and crystalline with the light that shines clear through it ; then it is lost, having made a first plunge of a hundred feet or so down into a boiling cauldron, which it has pounded out of the rock by its everlasting thumps ; but again it reappears, shattered to snowy fragments, and, striking the rock once more, spreads out and tears down a long rugged slope, in white fleeces of broken water. At every resting-ledge, clouds of fine spray and mist are dashed forth ; the sunlight tinting them here and there with bands of the glorious iris. Then a great ledge bars its path, and it bounds upwards and forwards into the free air ; and thus bruised and battered to mere water-dust, so fine and light that it struggles even with the slight resistance of the air, it descends with slow, unvarying speed, some four or five hundred feet more ; then it showers upon another slope of rock, spreads into a multitude of little rills, and disappears again, till at last it rushes under the road to join the Rauma, and keep it company to the all-absorbing sea."

Nothing can exceed the accuracy of this eloquent description, save that the author under-estimated the height of the fall, which

he has since corrected. The visible fall is four thousand feet, while the unseen summit is five thousand above the valley. The carriage comes up, and we all unite in wondering admiration. A *fos* like this unfits a person for the complete enjoyment of others of less grand dimensions; but as we drive on, *fos* after *fos* comes into view with new attractions and fresh beauties, so that even the Mongefos cannot rob them of their charms.

The Dontefos, and several others, have a visible descent of more than three thousand feet, and fed as they are by snow-fields and glaciers, which come into sight as we advance up the valley and look back, the body of water in every case is equal to the requirements of such heights, and pours down in accordant volumes.

Our drive is upward, and the River Rauma is ever our companion, if so it can be called when it is going the contrary way; but its companionship is like that of a lively dog, now quiet and demure at our side, now high above us and leaping from point to point in sportive gaiety, and then again plunging out of sight, lost in the recesses below, only to return once more full of life and energy, to greet us before it starts away in another scamper. What life does such a companion give to a lone wanderer, and such to us is a beautiful river which sports and gambols as the Rauma does. Many are its cascades, bold, rash, and headlong, which harmonize with the grand falls from the inclosing mountains—indeed it seems to us as though these latter carry with their water their fierce spirit too, and live on as wild as ever in the cascades in which the river springs and plunges on its way. There is great variety in our upward climb. At times the high mountains close in upon us; again they open out, and bright pasture slopes fill up the front, with the mountains forming a grand background.

Our third station is Ormen, where we arrive about half-past five; and the question is, shall we remain here for the night? Bennett says: "This used to be a comfortable station, with civil and obliging people, but great complaints were made of it in 1877." Here is a warning; and we have to make our first acquaintance with the inside of a station. The wooden house looks grim enough, and no one appears when we drive up. We go in; the rough wooden entrance opens upon a rude staircase, guiltless of a banister; still no one is seen. We go upstairs; the wooden rooms are clean and empty; downstairs it is the same; a large dining-room and some bed-rooms opening into it.

It seems a deserted house. We shout, for there are no bells ; at last one of us crosses the hall and opens another door, and there are the people at supper. No one likes to be disturbed at meal time, and least of all a Norwegian ; but as we have invaded their territory and seem unwilling to rest in peace, the mistress or maid rises to receive us, and we are quartered in our several rooms, and supper is promised in due time. We stroll out, for there are more attractions just now without than within. "The situation is lovely," says Bennett, and he is right in this, if very wrong in the bad character he gives the station. Indeed, it was the beauty of the spot which made us resolve to stay here in spite of the warning.

The station stands at the roadside, but the road itself stands high above the valley through which the Rauma flows, while on the other side of the way rise the hills which overhang the valley and the station too, so that from below the house stands buried in trees half way up a mountain side. A winding path behind the house takes us in rapid sweeps down to the valley below, and on to a strong bridge, which from above looks slight enough, under which the wild river courses. But all through our rapid descent, and now upon the bridge itself, our thoughts and eyes are ever drawn from the beautiful scenery around to the crowning glory of the place, the Vermedalsfos, "a fine triple fall, with a large quantity of water and of moderate height," writes Mr. Williams ; but had he stayed to visit and investigate it, he would have given a very different account from what these few words convey. There are beauties which, like the Mongefos, reveal themselves at once and captivate at a glance ; but others there are which, shrinking from observation, have to be sought out, and more than compensate for all toil in the search, by the charms gradually unfolded : such is the Vermedalsfos.

However, we content ourselves with the first view to-day : the three fine falls which start from one head, and pour their separate streams into the river below. Above, the bend of the mountain recedes, and so what is beyond these three falls has to be sought out by climbing : a pleasant task which we wisely reserve for to-morrow, having a presentiment that it will occupy us for some hours. And, moreover, the mountain air and the rapid drive from Naes have kindled more than curiosity to know what a country station can afford in the way of supper. So we return to the large room and find the table prepared for that meal which is so important in a country where dinner is what

its name implies, the midday's meal—*middags mad*. The days have passed, at least in Romsdalen, when people had to content themselves for dinner with *smørogröð* and *gammelost* (bread and butter and old cheese), and paid for it threepence-halfpenny a head. Our supper table is far better provided. These things are of course included, as they are in every meal; but they are but subsidiary to better things. Fresh fish, roast veal, boiled eggs, coffee, and Bavarian beer succeed each other in rapid succession, or rather, we should say, repeat themselves over and over again, while there seems a chance of a hungry tourist eating or drinking more. Everything is of the best, while the cooking is worthy of the food. But the delicate attention, which is ever busy in looking out for fresh occasions of assistance, and the hospitable spirit which shows itself in the real pleasure with which our operations are regarded, crown the feast and make the Ormen Station a pleasant memory. No more wanderings can come after such a supper; so we stroll along the road, until the watch and not the closing in of night tells us it is time to go to bed.

*Sunday, July 28.*—In this part of the country it seems no matter what your religion may be, for no church of any kind is to be found; and our mixed party of Catholics and Protestants, both American and Dutch, are equally deprived of public service and are left to their own private devotions. When these are over, and an excellent breakfast concluded, we start once more for the Vermedalsfos, and hastening down in the bright, sunny morning, soon find ourselves on the bridge where we terminated our wanderings yesterday. A steep climb leads through a few fields to a saw-mill, which turns to good account the force of the stream, and shows it to be indeed a *fos*. We are soon at the top of the triple fall, and enjoy its magnificence from a bridge which spans the descending stream that eddies in a vast basin and then pours itself over the rocks in three vast falls into the Rauma below. But what from below seems the top of the fall proves to be the base of another equally grand which hangs above it, and is shut out by the rocks and trees from the distant view. Up this we climb over fragments which it has hurled down, and by the help of the branches of trees which in places overhang it; its top is reached, but it is no top at all, only a basin from which it is supplied and which itself receives another and equally grand fall from a still higher point. This basin is very fine; at one point it is narrowed into a mere

opening, almost closed by two lofty cliffs round which the fierce waters rush on clearing the narrow channel, as though, wrathful at the impediment, they would sweep them away in their downward course. Up again, and still another fall; when will this end? We cannot say; only this we know, that we traced upwards in this manner some twenty falls, and then gave up the investigation for want of time. Down this gigantic flight of stairs the river rushes; broad are the steps and high the falls, and wonderfully varied are they in their distinguishing features. And we think what a world of beauty there lies close alongside of our way, as we traverse this wonderful land, and how much we lose by driving through the country and contenting ourselves with the glimpses the road affords. Every traveller feels this, especially at times when he reposes and turns aside, as we are now doing; and yet we all alike rush on, and somehow have no time to see what we came on purpose to see. Does movement itself necessitate movement, and does it create a mental momentum which drives on our wills almost in spite of our better reason?

When we give up our climb we find that we are high above the saw-mill, where we left one of our party to his cigar and meditations; indeed, we are close upon the foot of the great Storhætten, for we have climbed one of its spurs and are sorely tempted to complete the ascent, for we are assured that, in some respects, the view is quite equal to that well-remembered one from the Gornergrat at Zermatt. However, of course we have no time, and so hasten our descent; and yet it is difficult to hasten down, for the trees around us do not grow on the slope of a mountain side, but upon huge masses of rock which have been in times long passed torn from Storhætten, and heaped up in wild confusion into a new mountain. Time has done its usual work, if not in smoothing down these raw materials into shape and order, at least in covering them with moss and coarse grass to hide their ugliness. But this thin veil conceals also the unevenness of the way, and spreads foot-traps at almost every step, which necessitates careful descending. Everything here seems formed on a gigantic scale, and the unevenness of a path is enlarged into pitfalls.

On our return to the station we find our *trille* ready; indeed, nothing had to be done but to put fresh horses into harness, for the carriage itself remained during the night on the roadside. A coach-house seems to be unknown to this primitive people,

as also do extortion and the skill which manufactures a great bill out of simple materials ; for when we pay for our excellent supper, beds, and breakfast, we find the cost does not exceed three shillings and sixpence each person, attendance and a kind of luncheon being also included.

Our Sunday drive would hardly offend a strict Sabbatarian, for it is only seven-eighths of a Norse mile from Ormen to Stueflaaten, where the grand scenery of Romsdalen ends. But these six English miles are all up-hill, and up-hill here means a hard pull up the face of a mountain. We are climbing abruptly out of the valley, and soon shall be on the water-shed which feeds the Rauma. The river is now an object of wonder and admiration : its waters are abundant, and it cuts its way through the mountains in deep ravines from which it springs with terrific leaps into new and still deeper channels. Even from the high road many of these falls can be seen ; but others, still more grand, must be sought out, for they are hidden from view by the perpendicular walls of rock between which they make their rude sport. These cliffs rise high above the waters, not because they are high above the land, but because the waters have worked their way so deeply down into their very heart. So it is that we may drive within a few yards of one of these great falls without noticing it, did not the roar of water at times catch the ear. But Søndre-Slettefossen cannot be thus passed, for a sign-post stands by the road-side and points to a spot, scarcely thirty yards away, whence it may be seen in all its glory. This is the first time that we have seen a *fos* so advertised, and we are, of course, not surprised to find a boy or two idling about, with wild strawberries in quaint baskets for sale, and logs and huge stones ready to be rolled into the water when the travellers are at the appointed points of view.

This *fos* bears a striking resemblance to the falls of the Aar at Handeck in the Hasli-Thal, which is allowed to be the finest cataract in Switzerland, but this one is on a still grander scale. The Rauma provides a greater body of water than the Aar, the breadth is greater, as is also the depth of the cascade.

A bridge has been thrown across the river just in front of the fall, from which the magnificent cascade can be examined in detail. The perpendicular cliffs which the bridge unites are level with the road we have just quitted, and between them the vast volume of water rolls on, as it has done for some distance, along a nearly level bed ; they are of no great height,

for the river is at no great depth beneath them ; but suddenly, and without any previous warning, the river drops down a fearful precipice, at first an unbroken mass, but in its plunge torn, shattered, and hurled upwards in mist and foam. Lean upon the parapet of the bridge and look down into that gulf below, if your brain can bear it, and penetrate that wild convulsion. At times the foam will leap aside, and the torrent will create a wind which will sweep away the cloud of mist and lift the veil which hangs so thick above. Then you will see the wild havoc the jagged rocks make with the waters which flow over so smoothly, as if of glass. There is a struggle of the elements, a writhing of the weaker in the grip of the stronger, an agony which shows itself in contortions, and a noisy whirl which sounds almost like a scream. If ever elemental strife is human it is surely here.

Cross to the opposite parapet and look down, but far deeper, into another scene. The leap has been made, the fight is over, and the beaten waters surge and eddy in their narrow prison. If agony in strife is on the other side, here we have the rage and fury of defeat. The banks of the river are now steep perpendicular walls, rising high above the waters, but still level with our bridge, which is built upon them. Cross the bridge and clamber to the left over the rocks which here are spurs of a lofty range close above us. How calm are the waters in their quiet flow, as though unconscious of what awaits them. Pursue a green path to the right, and sitting down upon a projecting ridge, and grasping a branch of a tree which grows as if for that purpose, look down into the perturbed waters far far below, and then through the bridge at the fall just beyond. The scene is not so overpowering, for the noise is toned down and the confused whirl less dazzling, but the sublimity of the scene is perhaps increased, for it is harmonized into a picture which the broad span of the bridge frames. Truly the falls of Norway are without a parallel in Europe.

The idle people will not let us alone. We must not, however, complain, for generally there is no attempt to lionize such places, and perhaps an idle day may excuse their attention. The fruit the children bring us is fresh and inviting, and even in such a spot strawberries are not to be despised. The stones, which are, indeed, huge fragments of rocks, and the sticks, which are large and whole trees—for nothing on a small scale would tell at such a fall—are hurled into the foaming and

seething waters, the former scarcely increases the tumult, so wild is it already, but the latter are more effective, for they testify to its power: round and round they are whirled, limb is torn from limb, if they touch the rocks they are at once splintered into fragments, and away they go, hither and thither, as though they were dazed and could not find their way, and obtaining, it may be, a momentary rest in a quiet cove, spin round it, and are caught and dragged out by the eddies until they are carried away in the onward rush of the waters.

On we drive, still uphill, for the watershed of the Rauma is more than two thousand feet above sea level. Look where we will to our right, and the Rauma and its tributaries are everywhere. It is a strange district through which we are climbing. Fields there are, it is true, road fences and rocks, but the rocks are in the fields and the fences are high up the mountain side along which our road climbs. Should we jump over a low fence, probably we should fall forty feet into a hayfield, and rolling down it from ledge to ledge, should find the further side another forty feet lower, and conclude our tumbles by a header of a hundred feet out of the field into the wild river below. This is the cultivated part of the scene, but beyond and around this oasis lies a wilder and still more rocky desert, from which every vestige of mould has been long since swept away. It is the iron skeleton of earth; not even rough and craggy, but round, smooth rock, worn down into what would be almost a flat plain, were it not cut up and intersected in all directions by deep crevices, through which the waters work their way seemingly in all directions and without an aim, but ever downwards to the grand Romsdalen we are leaving. Here there are cascades and waterfalls almost innumerable. What hours of adventure might be spent here in exploring these grand scenes, so many of which have to be sought out and discovered; but the carriage is our prison and a foolish plan our tyrant, and so on we drive amid constant exclamations of delight and wonder as each one sights a new cascade and draws the attention of the rest to what is so soon to give place to a more recent discovery.

Stueflaaten is the end of our Sabbath day's journey, and here we sleep. It is a good-sized station, and more imposing externally than Ormen, inasmuch as it has a larger frontage and is graced with two entrances, porched and flighted with stairs. It is difficult to understand the domestic arrangements



of the house. We two are put into a large sitting-room with bedroom adjoining, and so we spread out our maps and guide-books on the table, and throw our overcoats into chairs to give a home look to the place ; but when we come back from dinner we find some other people in quiet possession of our sanctuary, who, indeed, take supper there, and seem quite to expect that we should intrude upon them when we please, and put our boots into their room when we retire to rest.

The public room is got in order for a very fair dinner at no particular hour, but when there seem to be guests enough, and no chance of any more turning up. You may order your own dinner if you please, and fix your own hour, if that gives you any satisfaction ; the hostess listens politely, and hears what you have to say, but when you have exhausted your limited Norse and your linguistic skill, you find that you might just as well have been silent and waited patiently for what they choose to give you and when they choose to serve it. This is at first rather perplexing, but it is fair enough, considering that there is not a superabundance of food, and that there is a fixed price, and that a low one, for every meal. In short, they give you what they can, and when it will best suit travellers generally. After dinner our American clerical friend leaves us, as he has to retrace Romsdalen on an expedition in another direction from that which we and our Dutch friend have selected ; so the *trille* returns, and we are to begin *carrioleing* to-morrow.

But the wild country we have just traversed is still in our minds, and we resolve to devote what remains of the day to retracing our steps at least some part of the way, and exploring more leisurely on foot what we had only glanced at from our elevated seats. Our first adventure is a failure : an inviting gravel path leads us into a sea of rounded rocks, out of which we can extricate ourselves only by returning. So we less ambitiously follow the road down a few terraces—for the descent is too rapid to be worked less circuitously—and at one sharp angle we resolve to go no further in that direction ; for right before us cascades the fiery river in a complication of falls which is simply irresistible. We are at the gate of a farm ; there stands the neat wooden house in the midst of a meadow, now half mown, and two fields beyond runs the river with the grand fall right in front. What is simpler than to cross the fields and enjoy the view ? There is no fear of a savage dog or a surly

owner in Norway ; the only difficulties are the natural ones, and these are curious and characteristic. First the field itself : we looked down into it from two terraces higher up the road, and it seemed accessible only by a headlong leap : so we worked our way down, and here we are at the gate. We enter, scramble over the rocks which rise on all sides and throughout this meadow, and then take a flying leap into the field beyond. This again is bounded by a precipice which drops headlong into the river ; so we turn aside, clamber up the cliff which shuts in the field from the next meadow, work our way carefully round and drop on to a steep slope which sweeps down somewhat less abruptly to the river. Here the grand fall is full before us ; it is at some distance, but yet so fiercely do its waters dash down, that we are wet with spray and have to seek shelter as though from a heavy rain, under umbrellas.

A scramble back over these Norwegian meadows is excellent exercise, but requires no little care to avoid trampling down the grass when leaping and climbing over the rocks which encumber them. Your patient Norwegian will endure many things quietly, but you might just as safely trample upon his toes, corns and all, as upon his meadow land. Now what makes the task of keeping off the grass more difficult than the unevenness of the fields, is the difficulty of seeing it and knowing where it is growing. The crop is so light, and the small blades so widely scattered that you are upon, and almost between it, as you come stumbling down from a young mountain, before you observe that anything is growing there at all. When we have crossed the second meadow we boldly scale the cliff which does duty for a fence, and find ourselves high up upon its summit and once more upon the highroad. A few more scrambles are made, and new falls brought to light, but so deeply buried in the barren rocks that they are not seen until stumbled upon. The hunt is quite exciting, and we seem to require dogs who can scent cascades as truffles are hunted in England.

Would that we could give another day to this wild, fossilized, and fossilified district ; but we have many miles of valley before us ; and so we must return to our station at Stueflaaten and to rest, that we may be ready for the long drive in a carriage to-morrow.

Romsdalen is indeed a glorious dale. The name has a home sound about it, and calls to mind many a grand dale in our own

Lake district. But Romsdalen is emphatically "The Dale," the father, as it were, of the English progeny, which without attempting to rival him, has unconsciously a family likeness, and reflects his greatness on a smaller scale. The whole length from Naes to Stueflaaten is little more than thirty miles, and yet in that space many of the most beautiful waterfalls in Norway are included—not the greatest or the most renowned, but at least several that have no rival in any other country in Europe. The drive has been throughout up hill, and latterly very steep has been the ascent; for we have risen two thousand feet from the *fjord* to this watershed, and throughout the Rauma has never left us; we are now near its source, and to-morrow we shall lose its pleasant society; but the same lake which gives us the Rauma will, we are told, supply us with another bright river, which will descend with us on the other side, and lead us into the far longer dale we have yet to traverse. It may be questioned, as indeed it constantly is, whether Romsdalen is seen to better advantage ascending from Naes or descending to it. Our advice to every traveller is to see it both ways. As we ascended, the wild grandeur gradually and somewhat unexpectedly revealed itself; in descending, the grand range, of which the chief feature is the Romsdalshorn, is ever before the eyes, the background of everything, and the crowning glory of all. This we remarked whenever we turned to look behind us. The snowy mountains are there; and snow of course always gives an additional grandeur to a range. Might we advise, and what we would (and perhaps will) do on revisiting Romsdalen would be to walk the whole distance, and linger several days round the principal falls and cataracts; and that will give all the effect of driving both ways. The road throughout is excellent: of tourists we saw scarcely any beyond those who had landed with us from the *Jonas Lie*, and yet this is the most renowned pass in Norway. The time will come, and that in a few years, when a railway will traverse this dale, climbing to the high station where we are now staying, and descending, as we intend to do to-morrow, into the Guldbrandsdal. This line is now being laid down, and is to be completed in 1883. At present the means of conveyance suffice for the comparatively few that come; but with the railway will of course come, not Norwegian stations with their primitive habits and as primitive charges, but railway station hotels, and the exorbitance and vulgarity which ever attend them. Then the Fos

will be a fashionable lion, refreshment gardens will occupy picturesque sites, and a flaring Hotel de Fos will claim it as its own. So our advice is, go while Romsdalen can be seen in its primitive simplicity, while the *trille* or *carriole* is the only mode of conveyance, and the simple station the only resting place. Nature cannot be vulgarized, but its accessories can; and how these can mar impressions most travellers know but too well.

HENRY BEDFORD.

## *The Native Tribes of North America and the Catholic Missions.*

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### IV.—MISSIONS AMONG THE ALGONQUIN TRIBES.

THE extent of the diffusion of the Algie family has been previously described, and owing to the great number of septs it contained, those only of the north-east can be treated of in this paper. It will be confined, therefore, to the tribes which roamed over the countries called at this day Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the State of Maine, and north of the St. Lawrence, the cold regions extending from its mouth to the Ottawa River. At least a beginning of it must be made, if the whole cannot be completed, at once.

To render the narrative clearer, a preliminary word must be said on the discovery of the country, and the relative positions of the French and the English, when the missions were first undertaken, that is, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. International complications interfered a great deal with the missions.

The Venetian Cabots, father and son, sent by Henry the Seventh of England, had explored, it seems, a great part of the eastern coast of North America; but as no settlement was made, and the narrative of their voyages was so obscure that it cannot now be ascertained what were the countries they had visited, all their labour turned to no account, and England could not lay any claim to their discoveries. Some French craft from Brittany visited the northern parts first in 1504, and others from Normandy sailed in 1508. The only result of their enterprize—an important one certainly—was the discovery of the immense shoals of cod-fish which cover the banks of Newfoundland; and from that time the place became well known to the Bretons, Normans, and Basques, whose small vessels of twenty or thirty tons swarmed over those seas to procure fish for the whole Catholic world during Advent and Lent. These hardy navigators, however, made no settlement anywhere in the name of France.

It was Giovanni Verazzani, a Florentine, who first took possession of the country (as was the custom at the time) in the name of Francis the First. This happened in 1523; and having done so from Newfoundland to Florida, the Italian navigator thought he had placed under the power of France an empire worth having and keeping too. Nevertheless, it was not kept, as no French colony whatever was settled on any part of that immense coast. Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo, however, the very year following, that is, in 1524, began to trade with the natives in Acadia (now Nova Scotia), and soon after all along the St. Lawrence River, from its mouth as far up as Hochelaga, called later on Montreal. He may be called the real founder of the colony of Canada, although no permanent settlement was attempted even by him.

In fact, it was only under Henry the Fourth of France in the year 1604, just a century after the first discovery of the country by Breton sailors, that le Sieur de Monts, Pierre du Gas, with the King's authority and the help of a company of merchants from Rouen, St. Malo, and la Rochelle, formed the first establishment at the mouth of the St. Croix River in Maine. The natives of the neighbourhood were called by the French Etchemins, and belonged to the Algic family, as was afterwards ascertained. The scurvy, however, soon broke out among the new colonists, and De Monts removed to a more favourable spot situated twenty-six leagues farther east, in Acadia, where he found himself surrounded by another tribe called then by the French Souriquois, better known now under the name of Micmacs. They were also Algonquins. This new establishment was called Port Royal, and stood precisely on the spot occupied now by Annapolis.

The grant conceded by Henry the Fourth to De Monts extended as far south as the thirty-ninth degree of latitude, and Elizabeth of England did not seem to mind it. As to the former discovery and occupation by Verazzani, as far as Florida, there is no more any mention made of it. Similarly the short-lived Huguenot colonization of South Carolina under Charles the Ninth appears not to have been remembered in France, which never claimed afterwards Florida for the southern limit of her possessions. The Puritans of New England and the Cavaliers of Virginia had already settled between both points of the north and the south.

De Monts remained only two years at Port Royal; for the

company of Breton and Norman merchants refused to spend more of their funds, as they did not see any return of their money. He went back to France in 1607, and directly made arrangements with Champlain, who undertook to establish French settlements on the St. Lawrence River. As to Port Royal in Acadia De Monts gave it to Potrin-court, called also Biencourt; Champlain thought he had enough of the great country in the north discovered by Jacques Cartier.

The first French mission among the Indians was undertaken at the suggestion of Henry the Fourth, who proposed it to Father Cotton, his confessor, and promised his help. The tribes living in the neighbourhood of Port Royal in Acadia were the first to be evangelized; and Potrin-court, to whom De Monts had passed over the rights which he possessed in that establishment, was to take the missionaries in his vessel. These were Fathers Biard and Enemond Masse, who were ready to start in 1608, but could not do so before the beginning of 1611. There was evidently some difficulty in the way; and this came from two Huguenot merchants who were part-owners of the vessel equipped by Potrin-court. The Countess Guercheville, the zealous protectress of the mission, had to buy their share, and she transferred it to the two missionaries.

Potrin-court, though a Catholic, did not appear to be pleased with the arrangement, and would have preferred secular priests. He did not himself cross over to America, but sent his son, Biencourt, a boy of eighteen, as commander of the expeditions. When the missionaries arrived at Port Royal, in June, 1611, they found there already a French ecclesiastic, who not only gave his care to the French colonists, but attempted also to convert the natives, baptized them, it seems, at random, and soon sent to France a long list of his neophytes—eighty, I think—who scarcely knew they were Christians.

This became a source of annoyance to the Fathers, who were convinced of the necessity of instructing the Indians well before baptizing them, and were constantly reproached by young Biencourt with forming no congregation, and in fact doing nothing. They had already succeeded, however, in preparing the ground solidly, and among their catechumens shone conspicuously the chieftain of the Micmacs, the Sagamore Memberton, who would have been powerfully instrumental in the speedy conversion of the whole tribe, if unfortunately he had not fallen sick and died. He received baptism on his death-bed, and was the first convert among the red men.

The constant vexations of young Biencourt obliged the Fathers at last to leave Port Royal. Father Biard in his rambles had sailed down the coast of what is now the State of Maine, as far south as the mouth of the Penobscot River, and there was an island at the mouth of it, which appeared to him the very spot for a solid religious establishment. The natives of the neighbourhood belonged also to the Algic family, and were subsequently called by the French Abnakis. Their descendants to his day have remained Christian, and form still two small tribes known as the Penobscots and the Passamaquodies. By the good offices of the Countess Guercheville and her friends at the French Court, a vessel was purchased, and sent in 1613 to Port Royal to take the two Fathers Biard and Masse, and transplant them to what is called now Mount Desert Island, at the mouth of the Penobscot. Two new Fathers, Quentin and Lallemant, with a lay-brother of the name of Du Thet, were sent in this new vessel, who after stopping at Port Royal, and taking on board the former missionaries, went with them to form the new establishment, which they called St. Sauveur.

Whilst the French colonists were building the fort and some houses, Father Biard, who already was somewhat acquainted with the Algonquin language, went into the interior of the country, in order to enter into communication with the natives. He soon came to a village where he heard fearful cries, and learned that it was merely the celebrated *medicine* of this people; a baby was dying, and the *jongleur* was exerting himself for its recovery. Biard entered the lodge, went straight to the father of the child, and asked him boldly if he would not allow him to baptize it. The Indian had previously heard of this Christian rite, and without any opposition he placed the boy in the arms of the Father to let him do what he pleased. Biard, having procured water, administered the sacrament to the infant, kneeling at the same time, and begging of God to show His power in behalf of this poor people. Strange to say, the baby ceased to cry, and the missionary having put it in the arms of its mother, it applied directly its lips to her breast, and was soon as well as ever.

It is impossible to express what effect this wonderful occurrence produced not only on this family, but on the whole people of the neighbourhood. A door appeared thus to be opened for the preaching of the Gospel; and when one reflects



that this happened at the first meeting of the Europeans with the Abnakis, who remained afterwards such ardent Christians, and suffered so much for their faith, particularly at the time of the martyrdom of Rasle, there is nothing surprising in the strains of exultation that came so early as this from the lips of the missionaries. Father Biard in his long letter, which is the first among the *Jesuit Relations*, speaks everywhere of the strong attachment manifested by the Indians, not only towards the missionaries, but in general towards the French. These were admitted directly to their lodges upon terms of familiar intercourse, whilst they refused to associate with the English and the Dutch, who began at this time to resent it, particularly the first. This feeling rankled deeply in their bosom and became, long after, the chief cause of the death of Rasle.

At this early time, a tragedy was preparing, prompted also, as was evident by deep-seated animosity, which went so far as to destroy at once all these incipient establishments of France in the New World. Unfortunately our limits prevent us from entering into interesting details. The reader will find them in the previously mentioned letter of Father Biard. Strange to say the blow came from Virginia. It could scarcely have been expected from the Cavaliers, not only on account of their well-known generosity of disposition, and high sense of honour, but also because their colony was far south of Nova Scotia and Maine, and their Governor had no jurisdiction whatever in those waters and lands.

Argal was a Virginian who had no object when he started from Jamestown but to fish for cod along the north-east coast. It has been already mentioned that for more than a century the French from Brittany and Normandy had the habit of coming in great numbers around Newfoundland and the mouth of the St. Lawrence for the purpose of fishing. The English had, it seems, never thought of it; but their colonists of New England and Virginia were too near the spot to neglect it. Argal and his vessel, on the way to the fishing grounds, were driven by a storm towards the coast of Maine, and the gale being over, he addressed by signs a few Indians whom he met on shore to endeavour to ascertain his position and where he could refit. The Indians took his craft for French, and directed him to the new settlement of St. Sauveur, which was quite near. As soon as the Virginian saw himself near a French ship and a French fort, he made up his mind to capture the first and

bombard the second, although England was then at peace with France. He considered the place as belonging to Great Britain. He gave his orders in a few words, made all sail to the spot, and when he came within range, sent his cannon-balls and musketry among the people in sight, without even the formality of a summons. The French were not on their guard, as they could not have foreseen anything of the kind. La Saussaye, the commander, was absent, and it was an easy victory for the Virginian. Several men were wounded, and poor Brother Du Thet, who was then on the deck of the French ship, received a musket shot, of which he died the day following, blessing Heaven that he gave his life in the cause of God.

When La Saussaye returned it was to find himself a prisoner. His strong box had already been opened by Argal, who took from it his royal commission ; and on his return reproached him with being a pirate. La Saussaye called for his box, and of course could not find the document, so that he had to remain under the imputation forced on him by the man who called himself his conqueror.

All this is contained in the letter of Father Biard, and was proved afterwards in England, when the affair was discussed between the French and English. In our day nothing so monstrous could happen except among savages. People now try at least to save appearances, yet it too often is true that the spirit in which they act is still almost the same, and that there is something which looks like a deeper hypocrisy.

We have neither the time nor the patience to relate what Argal did with his prisoners after having secured his booty. It appears at this time incredible that having gone back to Jamestown with a part of those whom he had captured, not only he was not disgraced, nor even rebuked by the Virginian Governor, but he was promoted to the command of several ships, and ordered to go instantly with them and destroy all the establishments of the French in the Maine and Nova Scotia. He fulfilled his commission faithfully, went back to St. Sauveur to make the destruction of the fort more complete, did not forget the first settlement of De Monts at the mouth of the St. Croix River, and finally made a complete sweep of what remained of Port Royal. There was a moment during these transactions when even the life of the *prisoners* was not secure, and poor Father Biard was in peril of being hung as a Spaniard or a Spanish spy, although he had never been in Spain during his whole life.

The kind providence of God, however, disposing everything for the best, carried to England in spite of all obstacles several French Fathers and colonists, and when their story was known, English justice could not but show itself. The damage was paid, it seems, and the establishments taken away from the French were restored. Catholic missionaries could, therefore, evangelize the Micmacs of Nova Scotia, and the Etchemins and Abnakis of Maine. We do not know if the Governor of Virginia was recalled, and Argal punished. It is to be hoped they were. Garneau says in his *Histoire du Canada* that the government of France considered those first establishments as mere private enterprizes, and on this account, we suppose, did not think its honour was engaged. Yet the whole undertaking had originated with Henry the Fourth himself.<sup>1</sup>

As to the various tribes to which the Gospel had thus been announced, and which were destined to be entirely converted, Biard, the first missionary among them, thought that the total population did not exceed 10,000 souls. He estimated the Micmacs at 3,000 or 3,500, the Etchemins at 2,500, the Abnakis (whose name he does not mention) from the Penobscot to the Kenniboc at 3,000, finally, the Montagnais (meaning surely those of the north of Acadia only) at 1,000. This is indeed a much larger population than their descendants of to-day can boast.

The savage outbreak which has been just described left these poor Indians during several years deprived of spiritual instructors. The missions among them were resumed only a few years later. We will take advantage of this interruption to narrate briefly the foundation of those of Canada Proper, that is along the Lower St. Lawrence.

De Monts, in transferring to Potrin-court his rights over Port

<sup>1</sup> All these dark and bloody transactions receive from M. Garneau a colouring very different from the true one. His narrative contains in germ all the accusations brought against the Jesuits by their fiercest enemies. A candid reader will prefer a great deal the full description of those events contained in the *Rélation* of Father Biard. It is the simple language of truth, and cannot be contradicted. The whole subsequent conduct of the Jesuits in those painful missions of New France is, moreover, the most striking proof that the motives attributed to them were obvious calumnies. After the first Apostles of Christ, it is scarcely possible to find in the whole history of the Church men more devoted to the cause of God, more dead to self and ardent for salvation of souls at the price of the most heroic sacrifices. If it were not melancholy, it would be amusing, when the truth is so clear, to read of *intrigues*, of speculations in *pelletries*, of selfish ambition, and greed for power, &c. All this and more is paraded against them in equivalent terms by M. Garneau in the first chapter of his *Histoire du Canada*.

Royal, did not give up the grant which he had received from the French King in Canada and on the St. Lawrence. He even obtained from the State a new acknowledgment of it, limited, however, to one year, and started for a new expedition in 1608, with two ships and a few colonists and soldiers. He took for his lieutenant a young gentleman who was destined to bear the chief part in the enterprize. This was Champlain, and as De Monts, who was a Huguenot, did not continue long in his office of commander, the whole expedition soon rested entirely on the shoulders of his substitute. No greater or fitter man could have been chosen for this arduous undertaking.

Quebec was founded by Champlain in 1608, and this establishment was destined to last. The country, it seems, had changed considerably with respect to its numerous tribes, since the former voyages of Cartier. Neither Hochelaga, which he had found on the modern situation of Montreal, nor Stadaconé, which he had seen on the very spot where Quebec was built, could be any more traced in the country, and no Indian had preserved the memory of them. The tribes also mentioned by the Breton navigator had been replaced by others in appearance very different and less prosperous. This last peculiarity, however, may have been a fancy of the new comers.

Champlain, who begins the narrative of his first voyage by the pregnant phrase that *le salut d'une seule âme vaut mieux que la conquête d'un empire*, could not long leave his new establishment without some spiritual guides both for the French and the Indians. Arrangements were made with the Recollets, a new congregation of Franciscans, and in 1615 three Fathers and one lay-brother came over from France. The Commissary or Superior, Father Denis Jamay remained at Quebec, John d'Olbeau was sent to Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay river, to begin a mission among the Montagnais, and Le Caron, who soon after their landing accompanied Champlain in his first trip to the Hurons, remained among them, and was their first missionary. The very interesting narrative of this last Recollet Father is still extant. The missionaries laid the foundation of their church in Quebec in 1620. Two years previous Pope Paul the Fifth had officially given them the mission of Canada. They had some of their Indian boys sent to France and educated there. Several of the Fathers died in the midst of their labours, and were buried among the neophytes. One of their number, Nicolas Viel, a very learned man, was drowned in

a rapid, called afterwards from him *Le Sault au Recollet*. His death is attributed to the treachery of a Huron.

This is very nearly all we know of these first missions of Canada, until the Recollets themselves called the Jesuits to their aid, and soon after left them alone in the field. The motives which led them to this step, perfectly free on their part, are altogether unknown. At least we do not remember to have seen them stated anywhere. The Montagnais, whom the Recollet d'Olbeau first evangelized, but who remained for ever after him under the guidance of the Jesuits until their suppression, are still all Catholics. They were undoubtedly the lowest tribe of the Algonic family, and the reader remembers still the difficulty Father Le Jeune found to christianize them on account of their nomadic habits, yet they are at this moment as civilized as a fishing and hunting nation can be, and as Catholic as the best children of the Church. They all know how to read and write, and they practise their religion with the utmost exactness and the greatest simplicity. An excellent Canadian priest, who had been the spiritual guide of one of their largest settlements during ten or twelve years, could not speak of them (as he did to us) without showing for them the greatest attachment. He had nothing but praise to bestow on them, and his deepest regret seemed to be that he had left them in their wilderness, near the forbidding country of Labrador, to come and live in the busy and refined city of Montreal.

Charles Lallemant with four other Fathers reached Quebec in 1625. The Huron mission had been abandoned by the Recollets, and the Jesuits settled at Quebec, where they began directly to learn the Montagnais dialect. The following year Brébeuf, one of the companions of Lallemant, was to go to the Hurons, and the whole extent of the former Recollet missions was to be taken possession of. There was the closest union between the two orders; they evangelized together Quebec and the neighbourhood, and their respective houses in the city were both on the St. Charles river, at a small distance from each other. Champlain showed the greatest affection for both Recollets and Jesuits, and everything appeared propitious and hopeful.

This continued during four years, namely, until 1629, when sudden destruction fell upon the new establishment, exactly as before at Port Royal and St. Sauveur. No details can be given here. It is enough to say that a momentary state of war

between France and England during the siege of La Rochelle by Richelieu gave time to an expedition against Quebec from London. French Huguenots and English Protestant seamen and soldiers sailed in a large fleet of eighteen vessels, to attack at once all the establishments of France in America. The strength of the armament directed against Quebec alone was so superior to the resistance which Champlain could oppose that he had to surrender, and in a few months all the progress made in colonization during fifteen years was annulled, and the hopes of missionary enterprise cast down. Canada and Acadia were suddenly deprived of all their missionaries, and everything had to be begun again in 1633. This year is the true beginning of the missions among the Montagnais and Algonquins proper. The first were scattered from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the place called afterwards Three Rivers; the Algonquins proper roamed chiefly around Montreal and along the Ottawa river, though they soon spread towards the West as far as the country of the Hurons. This extensive mission was offered at this time to the Capuchins by the French Government, directly after the conclusion of a treaty of peace with England, by which Canada was restored to France. The Capuchins declined the offer, and suggested that Jesuits should be sent, and the Fathers Le Jeune and De Noue, with a lay-brother, sailed directly after. Brébeuf and Masse returned to Canada a few months later, together with Champlain, who was not present when the Fort of Quebec was surrendered by the English garrison.

In 1635 there were already residences of Jesuit missionaries at Cape Beston and Micton, near the mouth of the St. Lawrence, at Quebec, and in the neighbourhood of the city, and at Three Rivers. The establishment of a house at Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, followed immediately, so that mission centres had been created in the course of two years from the neighbourhood of Montreal to the sea, and their positions had been so well selected that to this day they continue to be points of importance along the St. Lawrence.

The Montagnais and the Algonquins proper, who were to be first evangelized, showed from the start a great deal of docility, and had manifested all along a sincere attachment to the French in the sudden revolution which had placed them during four years under the control of another government. But all the obstacles to their conversion derived from their low social state and nomadic habits, as they have been set forth

in a previous paper, soon convinced the Fathers that to make Christians of them would require a long time, and that the first care must be not to baptize them too soon. They had already under their eyes the example of Pierre Pastedéchouan, as striking a proof of the fickleness of the red man as the curious specimen of it that Mr. Fetherstonhaugh met in the Rocky Mountains. This young savage, whom Father Le Jeune found near Quebec soon after his arrival, had been sent to France by the Recollet Fathers in his boyhood, and baptized at Angers, after full instruction, having for his godfather no less a personage than the Prince de Guémené. He had received an excellent education, and spoke French like a native, and, as he had never forgotten his own Montagnais dialect, good Father Le Jeune imagined at first that he had found in him the very man needed to teach him the language of the country. But unfortunately Pierre Pastedéchouan, after his return to America, had renounced in disgust his French civilization, and become a barbarian again. During the whole period of the English occupation of Quebec, he proved himself worse than a Montagnais, in fact, a true Iroquois by his brutish behaviour and ferocity, so that Father Le Jeune found it extremely difficult to avail himself of his services in the study of the language. The only means he discovered to obtain from him some useful information for the composition of the Montagnais dictionary that he had begun to write, was to give him tobacco, so that he often exclaimed in his own homely French, *O que je suis obligé à ceux qui m'envoyèrent l'an passé du petun !*

As to bringing back Pastedéchouan to the practice of the Christian religion, neither serious talk, nor entreaty, much less the threat of the wrath of God, could be of any avail. He consented, it is true, to go once to confession, but would not receive Holy Communion, saying that if he had done so formerly in France, it was because he was not then in his own country. Worse still, when he saw that Lent was coming, afraid of being obliged to fast if he remained with the Fathers, he left them without taking leave, and went on a hunting expedition, with the hope of eating plenty of meat during the fasting season ; a hope, however, which became delusive, so that he had often to fast in spite of himself. It is useless to follow him in his downward career. The last time we find his name in the *Jesuit Relations* he was at Tadoussac, a wretched drunkard.

This single fact proved to the Fathers what precautions they

had to take before admitting the natives into the Church by administering to them the first of the sacraments. Fortunately a circumstance happened soon after which brought into the neighbourhood of their residences a great number of Montagnais and Algonquins, and enabled them to instruct their neophytes fully before numbering them among their converts. This was nothing else than the fear of the Iroquois. The five nations had begun, it seems, shortly before this time, their predatory expeditions north of the St. Lawrence. It is not known precisely when the spread of their power commenced. M. Garneau pretends that they were at first far inferior in courage to the Algonquins, who invariably conquered them in their frequent encounters, and treated them so cruelly after victory that at last the Iroquois grew bold out of pure despair, and paid back their enemies with a vengeance. But this is not substantiated by any respectable writer. On the contrary, all good authors agree that the Algonquins from the beginning were far from warlike, and owing to their disintegrated social state could not set on foot any expedition able to compete with the well organized and almost centralized Iroquois.

Be this as it may, in 1635 the Algonquin tribes, chiefly the Montagnais and Algonquins proper, were completely cowed down, and showed on all occasions the greatest terror as soon as any band from the five nations was reported to be on its way north. The Iroquois came from the basin of the Mohawk River, collected their forces around the Lakes Seneca, Cayuga, and Oneida, and launching their canoes on what is now the Oswego River, they reached Lake Ontario, crossed it, and fell on the frightened Algonquins on the north side. After this had happened many times, the natives of Canada saw that their total destruction would soon follow, and they could not see any means of avoiding it except by placing themselves entirely under the protection of the French. The new establishments of these foreigners were precisely on the most favourable spots for such a purpose as this. Tadoussac, Quebec, Three Rivers, and a little later on, Fort Richelieu and Sault St. Louis, were all in the neighbourhood of many scattered families of Montagnais and Algonquins proper. These had only to shift their wigwams a little right or left, and they found themselves in the immediate contiguity of some French town. Thus they became almost sedentary, in the sense that there were always a good number of them collected together in a few spots.



Henceforth the missionaries were not obliged to go after them in the woods. Poor Father Le Jeune was near losing his life the first winter he spent with them in the wilderness. The missions among these tribes took henceforth a quite different shape from those usual in North and even South America. The missionaries had not to roam to the same extent. They remained habitually in their residences in the French establishments, and could attend to the Indians whom they found in their native villages a few miles away in the country. From this also the savages imbibed gradually a taste for a more steady life. They began to imitate in many things the French with whom they were in constant intercourse. They frequently witnessed the ceremonies of religion carried on with a certain degree of decorum in the churches built by the foreigners, and they began to forget their superstitions, which were immediately replaced by the rites and sacraments of the Church.

On the other side, the French who founded the various towns of Lower Canada were strongly attached to their religion. If some of them had been lukewarm in its practice before coming to their new country, they found in it an atmosphere congenial to Christianity. The Fathers in their *Relations* for the years 1634, 1637, &c., give copious details *sur les bons déportements de nos Français*. Some of these, in fact, became instrumental in the conversion of the natives; and what contributed likewise to it was the frequent occurrence which soon took place of intermarriages between the natives and the French. This practice soon gave to the new colonists some taste for a rambling life; and all are acquainted with the striking character of those who are called in Canada *voyageurs*. It may be said, consequently, that both parties made concessions to each other, and met half way. All these circumstances contributed powerfully to the complete and permanent conquest the Christian religion made of the aborigines. The process was so gradual and constant that, although it went on uninterruptedly, still it did not look at all like the series of exercises which is called generally a *mission* among the heathen. And it is somewhat remarkable that Mr. John G. Shea, in his excellent *History of the Indian Missions*, does not mention in the table of contents the one among the Montagnais and Algonquins proper, as if there had been no real mission among them. The whole of it has now to be extracted from a multitude of details contained in the *Jesuit Relations*.

It was for the reason given a very slow movement, and the first beginning of it can scarcely now be ascertained. Who was the first adult convert among the Montagnais? We are at a loss to say. As usual the Fathers during several years, as well as the Recollets before them, confined their ministrations to the children and the dying, and a good number were thus sent to Heaven before the first attempt was made at forming the smallest congregation. In reading attentively the letters of Father Le Jeune, which contain the germs of this particular mission, the reader is at a loss to know if the first adult baptized after full instruction was Manitougatche, whom the French called La Nasse, or Joseph Nahakich, mentioned in the *Relation* for 1636, chapter iv.

From this year, 1636, however, the number of Christians increased considerably among the Montagnais and Algonquins. One hundred are mentioned in the *Relation* for 1637, and more than three hundred in the year following. As early as 1634 many Red Indians brought their children for baptism when they were at the point of death, because the parents did not wish them to go to the gloomy place reserved for those who were not redeemed. This was certainly an indication of some spiritual idea taking possession of their minds and hearts. They soon began to feel the need of baptism for themselves, and some of them asked earnestly for it. If they were not seriously sick at the time they were invariably subjected to a strict discipline, not only with regard to the necessary instruction, but particularly with respect to the duties of Christians, which they were required to practise for some time previous to their admission into the Church. This was considered as necessary in order to secure their future perseverance.

Such was the process adopted by the Fathers to form the first congregations among the Montagnais and Algonquins, and the reader can perceive that they were not idle during so many years of preparation. It is graphically expressed by Father Le Mercier in his long letter for 1637, which by itself would, if printed, form a volume apart. "*Nos sauvages sont toujours sauvages ; ils ressemblent aux oiseaux de passage de leur pays.*" We will continue the quotation in English.

Occasionally you see in the proper season such large troops of wild pigeons that you cannot take in at one glance the whole multitude as it sweeps along through the air. At other times they appear only in small bands very different from the first. The same is the case for

other birds, for fishes, and for land animals. Their swarms vary in number from year to year. Our Indians also change and change about. *Ephraim sicut avis volavit*. To-day they come in crowds, to-morrow they will drop in one by one. These are, however, the fruits that have been gathered this year among those who come to dwell in the neighbourhood of our respective residences :

"Last year about a hundred of them were baptized ; this year very near three hundred. The first who received this favour at Quebec was called Tisiko in his language. . . . The second was Satouta, who was christened under the name of Robert."

And after several pages of similar facts, he adds :

We are very careful not to baptize those who are in good health without probation in the rank of catechumens during four or five years. St. Peter, no doubt, did not do it at the beginning of his ministry. Christian prudence, however, requires it, though the period of time sufficient for it cannot be the same for all. There are fruits that ripen at the beginning of summer, others toward the middle of it, some only in the fall, whilst a few are never good to eat before winter. Thus there are some of our Indians on whom I would not confer baptism before six full years of preparation, if even then, etc.

Meanwhile in that part of the country which is now under consideration, the missionaries met occasionally Indians of other races, not only Hurons but even Iroquois. In the desultory kind of warfare which was always going on between those tribes, if Montagnais and Algonquin warriors were often taken prisoners by their enemies of the south, sometimes, nevertheless, they succeeded in capturing a stray Mohawk or Seneca, whom they brought in triumph to their lodges. In general the captive was put to death in the most cruel manner, as is well known. But this never happened before he had been carried from village to village during days and weeks of insult and torture. The missionaries could not for a long time interpose their authority to obtain for the wretched prisoner a milder treatment, and to whatever they could say for that object it was invariably replied by the Algonquins that the Iroquois treated them worse still when they fell into their hands. In that painful situation the Fathers endeavoured at least to save the souls of those poor pagans, and begged of them to prepare themselves for death by Christian instruction and baptism. We do not remember to have seen a single occasion when the Iroquois prisoners refused to listen and to accept the boon proffered to them.

This became in due time the occasion for opening a door to

the missionaries, and introducing them in the very heart of the Iroquois territory. But of this later on.

The short sketch which precedes gives at least a fair idea of the first steps taken for the conversion of the Algonquin tribes, and as the origin of the missions among the nations of the east—Micmacs, Etchemins, and Abnakis—has scarcely been sufficiently described in this paper, it is proper to come back to it, and develop at once the whole series of facts connected with it. This will be the subject of our next communication. The reader meanwhile is entreated not to lose courage in reading this short and dry summary of missions. To do full justice to such a subject, the writer would be obliged to enter into many details which would in the end make up a large volume. When, however, the sequel of events allows us to embrace at once in our view a larger number of tribes, and point out even briefly their conflicting interests and vicissitudes of fortune, their history will be found to possess an interest of its own which has not been sufficiently developed in any record of missions that we have seen. In such works generally the political side is altogether left in the shade, as if it counted for nothing in the general result. The reader is already aware that in this sketch another method has been adopted, which it is hoped will in course of time conduce to a much more satisfactory understanding of the whole subject.

A. J. THEBAUD.

## *Three Causes of Scepticism.*

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### PART THE FIRST.

IT would be a point easily granted by most unbelievers, that, if Christianity, with all its principles, were thoroughly established as true, this would give, at least in general terms, a satisfactory solution to the main problems of life. For it stands to reason, that, if this world is in real fact so comparatively unimportant, and if the world to come is so transcendently blissful for all who do not wantonly throw away the prize within their grasp, then men may readily make up their minds to undergo a fair share of trial on this earth in view of a happy eternity. They may despise time's short troubles, as an English gentleman despises an hour's unpleasantness while crossing the Channel, in prospect of a six-months' tour on the Continent. And, as a matter of fact, the good Christian, whose creed is a reality to him, does make light of life's crosses. In sharp contrast to the unbeliever, he is very content, very happy, and, so far from grumbling at his lot as hard, he is all gratefulness to his Maker for calling him into being under such conditions. He lives out his term of probation "in all patience and long-suffering with joy."<sup>1</sup> Nay, he even tries to put in practice and, according to his measure, does put in practice, the high counsel of St. James, "think it all joy, my brothers, when you fall into trials of diverse sorts."

But, it is objected, all this is sentimentality. It is a kind of spiritual Mark-Tapleyism. The pietist rocks himself into the calm assurance that whatever is is right, and that whatever is to be will be better still; whereas more fearless inquirers are up and at work to find out the worst that bold research is daily revealing. Christianity would be all very well if demonstrated true. But before it can be taken as the universal answer to the sceptic's difficulties it must first answer its own. Here is the question. Meantime our pessimists confess to the nursing of

<sup>1</sup> Coloss. i. 11.

certain aspirations. They would like to believe in a God, all-powerful and all-good. They would like to believe in their personal immortality. The prolongation of dear existence for ever, in a state of perfect bliss, is something far better than living on, merely by way of posthumous influence upon after-generations. But all these lofty imaginings are dashed to the ground at the first putting of the question, "What can we know of such things?" In their declared inability to give any sufficient answer, many have parted with a bright faith that was once theirs, and they have parted, they tell us, in agony. For, their eternal hope once given up, they are left with nothing but a most unsatisfactory present and a future utterly blank.

At the very antipodes to the sceptic stands the Catholic believer. Not that the Catholic is ready to believe anything; but his belief about certain vital points is so immoveably steadfast as never to admit the possibility of a moment's doubt. He claims to be certain of all things it essentially concerns man to know. He was certain yesterday, he is certain to-day, and he has not the slightest fear lest to-morrow throw him into uncertainty. No wonder, then, that he is often addressed by the sceptic in these terms: "I admire your system as a system, and taken on its own hypothesis. It hangs together as a consistent whole. Allowing your premisses, he only shows his ignorance of your doctrine who thinks to find a flaw in your conclusions. For my part I envy your contented lot. I wish I could honestly believe as you believe. I wish your creed were true, and that I was assured of its truth. But the fact is, I steadily believe nothing in religious questions, and very little in profane science, for the matter of that. I am thoroughly bewildered. I read book after book, I find religion attacked on all sides. It is more than a busy man like me—more than any man can do—to study to the bottom all the arguments from philosophy, and geology, and prehistoric research, and comparative mythology, and biblical criticism. I dip into all these subjects, and I come out from my dabbings, feeling as Columbus would have felt, had he tried to solve the problem of a new continent by a succession of attempts to wade the Atlantic. On many subjects I am at the mercy of the writer whose book I am reading. He has explored the sources, or at least pretends to have done so; but I can no more follow after him to see whether he has reported correctly, than I could retrace the course of Mr. Stanley, supposing I had reason to doubt his

statements about African geography. Then, again, among those who agree in telling me to distrust all supernaturalism, there is such conflict of opinion, such shiftingness of views, that I have difficulties as to the grounds of my very difficulties. So that I am beginning almost to glory in adding perplexity to perplexity. I am like a foot-passenger, drenched in a rain-storm, who, being already as wet and dirt-bespattered as he can be, calls out for more rain and more mud, to make the thing more thorough still. I feel a sort of melancholy gratification, for instance, at the avowal of Sir John Lubbock, in his book on *The Early History of Mankind*, that 'the subject is one that no two men would view in the same manner;' which remark the author proceeds to illustrate by differing from the opinions of a distinguished labourer in the same field with himself. And now, the end of all is, that I am an out-and-out sceptic. I believe nothing in your catechism, except the assertion that I shall die. This I have not the slightest misgiving about; it is to me a fact as certain as it is awful. Meantime I am trying to broaden my shoulders to bear whatever burden may hereafter be put upon them. I am simply waiting in sad, stoical resignation for what I must call the turn-up of chance."

Something such as this is the mournful strain that meets the Catholic's ear not unfrequently; and very painfully does it go to his heart, stirring up there deep compassion, and strong desire to lend help, and earnest resolve to make the endeavour, successfully or unsuccessfully. If so many are to be wrecked in sight of our peaceful shore, it is something to have put forth an effort to save, even though the attempt be met with scorn. Any little service, however little, rendered in the cause of belief against scepticism, is, in its degree, a good deed done. In this conviction three lines of thought are suggested as worthy of being followed out. At the same time there is no pretence of treating exhaustively the origin of scepticism. I beg leave merely to invite attention to three obvious causes of that sad mental disease. These may not be the chief causes; no matter whether they are or not; enough if they are causes at all, and if anything here said about them can, by any one, be turned to his own or his neighbour's profit.

I. With the risk of seeming the while to be off the rail, I will introduce my first point by the statement of an error, which I consider so thoroughly parallel with the error I am

directly combating, that what is said of the one may afterwards be applied with equal force against the other.

We all know what an unfair advantage actually present interests have over interests that are future. Of this a conspicuous example is given by the thoughtless child, in whom, if the fault is more fully displayed, it is at the same time more pardonable on the score of age. The characteristic of the child is to live all in the passing hour; a pleasure put off only for five minutes raises a storm of passion, or at least brings down a flood of tears. No amount of warning, not even bitter experience, will keep the child, when it has the chance, from eating the gaudily-coloured ornaments of a Christmas cake, though sickness is known to be the result. A degree removed above the child is the school-boy, who will lay up for himself a store of punishment, if only a few holidays are to come between the misdemeanours and their retribution. And even of full-grown men, in so humiliating an instance as that of neglected self-restraint at table, how very many are slaves to the moment, at least in some degree! In spite of clear foresight that they will shortly suffer for their imprudence, people go on eating of the dish which they like, but which dislikes them; or they are guilty of excess in some shape or other.

Such is the weakness of our nature. And now, say certain objectors, see the folly of the Christian dispensation. It places the sanction of the moral law chiefly in Heaven and Hell. Yet attractive as is the one and awful as is the other, because they are things future, and not only things future, but things belonging to the unimaginable conditions of another world, therefore are they cruelly inadequate for the purpose they are meant to serve. It is a matter of daily experience, that firm faith in Hell and Heaven does not check gross vice. This is as certain as that the drunkard, though not yet a slave to habit, drinks with full knowledge of the misery he will, in time, bring on himself and family. But, continue the objectors, how much more effectual would have been the sanction of the Divine law, if virtue were its own immediate reward, and vice its own immediate punishment. Let it be decreed that the honest tradesman shall become rich, and the dishonest be speedily brought to poverty. Let truth-telling ever meet with honour, and lying with disgrace. Let the fields of the hard worker bear rich crops, and let the sluggard gather no fruits from his land. Let the upright kingdom prosper and let the guilty nation be laid low.



Now if effectiveness were the only aim of God's sanctions, no doubt these suggested improvements would be real improvements. Every one would be virtuous where virtue had all the attractions and none of the deterrents; no one would be vicious where vice had nothing to hold out to its votaries but unpleasantness. So that our adversaries would have all the argument on their side, if, in the course of their reasoning, an unwarrantable assumption had not been made. They assume that the sole guide of God's action is man's greater convenience, or at least man's freedom from inconvenience. How unwarrantable it is to take such a thing for granted, I do not here stop to consider, but I hasten on to examine how the same sort of error finds its repetition in scepticism.

The sceptic's complaint is that he can find no *compelling* evidence for belief. His argument takes this shape: "If God is good and can do what He likes, He should make His own existence and His wishes in my regard unmistakeably clear. I am willing to serve Him on what I call reasonable terms. And I put it, as the first condition of reasonableness, that I should see plainly and without trouble what I am about; I will have no dark dealings. It cannot be expected that I should painfully inquire into obscure orders. Let me be told openly what I am to do, and, if the command approves itself to my judgment, I will obey. Now, no religion comes to me with that obviousness which I insist upon; therefore I give in my allegiance to none of the creeds. As a point of honour, I withhold my belief."

At the bottom of these sentiments, no one will have difficulty in finding the same radically wrong conception of man's attitude towards God that underlies the objections against Heaven and Hell, as sanctions of the moral law. The absolute dominion of the Supreme Being, and the absolute subjection of created beings, are ideas not even faintly apprehended. The term *absolute* is scouted and never fairly taken into consideration, because the conclusion is jumped at, that it must mean arbitrary and tyrannous. The whole system of things is calculated from man as its centre instead of God, no matter though this may throw the entire universe out of harmony, as thoroughly as did geocentric astronomy. Hence the service due to God is estimated, not according to God's rights, but according to man's claim to at least an easy-going life. *The comfortable* in this world is what must, at all costs, be kept sacred. As concerns

belief in God, man is to recognize Him only on condition that God manifests Himself as plain as noonday, without a cloud. If the Deity appears, as He is so often and so meaningfully represented in Scripture, as shining through a mist, then there is to be no acknowledgment of Him till He deigns to clear away all obscurity and show Himself without any concealment. The sun may be behind those vapoury barriers ; but so long as it gives token of its presence only by its generally diffused light, visibly traceable to no one orb, but appearing to come equally from all quarters of the heavens, so long must its individual existence be pronounced undiscoverable as a certainty.

So far, then, we have seen this. The sceptic holds, that there is not evidence enough to make it a duty for him to give in his adhesion to any of the creeds ; and he comes to this decision all the more readily because he takes it for granted, that, if God could speak without enigma, He is bound to do so, under pain of forfeiting all character for goodness. Here we have a principle and a practical conclusion ; though the latter is not wholly deduced from the former, it is much determined by it. The principle, I shall dismiss in a few words, as it is only incidental to the discussion. The practical conclusion is just the point which exemplifies what I am here calling the first cause of scepticism, to it therefore I shall invite more attention. As to the assumption that a good God would never speak with the slightest obscurity I will only put a difficulty to adversaries as a hypothesis. Many of them allow that it is reasonable for virtue, in general, to have something arduous about it, in order to leave room for merit. They would know what to think of a soldier who said, that really he had the virtue of courage in the right sense of that term, though, at the same time, he did not include in his idea of true fortitude those inhuman elements, which the progress of culture would by degrees eliminate, and which certainly are survivals of primitive savagery. It is trial that tests the man ; and on the broad principle that human virtue should entail some sort of trial, agnostics do not usually find fault with the Supreme Being. And now for our hypothesis. Suppose that faith is a virtue. If a virtue, it may have the common characteristic of virtue, that it has its difficulties, though not, of course, insuperable difficulties. This may be so ; indeed, it is not only possible, but much might be said in favour of its probability. Here, then, a grave doubt is suggested, which the

religious sceptic should weigh well. It is his profession to doubt ; let him not shrink from his principle just at the point where it may lead to the clearing up of what he calls his most anxious perplexities. He has to ask himself seriously, insisting on a reply from himself to his own question, whether he has a right to assume, as he does assume, without proof, that the evidence for God's existence would most certainly be stronger, if there really was a Being Whose power and wisdom were infinite? Is it so very sure that if there be such a God, it is His business to say, in terms that no man can possibly misconstrue, what it is that He requires His creatures to do? Or may it be that religious belief is an assurance which may indeed be gained, and gained with certainty, but which, nevertheless, may, through some fault, fail of being gained, or, when gained, may afterwards be forfeited, because it does not thrust itself upon man's acceptance with that masterful self-assertion, wherewith hunger makes its victim admit that he is hungry.

But, putting aside the question, what becomes or misbecomes a good God, let us turn to a simpler issue, and one more to the point in the present inquiry. Let us deal with the sceptic's final conclusion, which, after all, rests only in part upon his charge made against God. Nay this very charge is, in no small measure, founded on the radically wrong conception which lurks beneath the ultimate decision, "I accept none of the forms of religion, inasmuch as none is sufficiently demonstrated." The whole pith of the matter lies in those words, "sufficiently demonstrated." If we examine what these mean in the mouth of the unbeliever, we shall find, that one great cause of scepticism is precisely this, that more evidence is demanded for some assents than can rightfully be claimed. Mr. Greg's late avowal of his doubts is yet painfully fresh in the public mind, What is his lament? That, though he has aspirations about the future, he is "never able to settle into the consistency of a definite enduring creed." And why not? Because he says, "logical reasons to *compel* conviction I have found none." Now against this reason for unbelief, I uphold that not all certainty, to be certainty, need have *compelling evidence* in its favour. Some truths there are, no doubt, which are borne in upon us with a force simply irresistible. But not all ascertainable propositions are of this kind. And the simplest proof lies in the experience of daily life. Beyond this proof it is needless to go. It happens over and over again that intelligent, honest

men work their way to what they know to be sound conclusions, though there is no *compulsion* about the motives that guide their decision. They are intimately aware that, by allowing prejudice to act, by dwelling more on difficulties, by attending less to the positive side of the question, they may easily raise doubts. They perceive that sound judgment rests on a most prudent balancing of inclinations. They are aware that they formed their determination by an exercise of free will, which faculty most conscientiously used its selective power to add strength to some arguments and to set aside others. They *yield* to conviction ; they are not *forcibly driven* into it.

What this paper is concerned with is, not to give the arguments for holding the Christian creed, but to insist on the fact, as a fact, that the rejection of these arguments is grounded on exorbitant demands in the way of evidence. Compelling evidence is asked, and I answer that it is not needful, and my appeal is simply to experience. The mind knows what it can do by what it does, and does legitimately. Evidence without any obscurity is claimed, and I disallow the claim. Evidence admitting of nothing to be said on the other side is exacted, and I say the exaction is unwarrantable. Evidence is required which shall be so solidly and substantially palpable that it can be handled and felt, as it were, with the senses ; and I make reply that not thus should man try to test spiritual truths.<sup>2</sup> There is no justification for the sceptics proceeding : his theory will not work in the daily experience of life among God's intelligent creatures.

To conclude this first point, therefore, I would suggest, as a cause of scepticism well worth consideration, a mistaken view as to what certainty necessarily demands. The unbeliever is over-exacting. His conditions are not only hard for man to fulfil, but, from the very nature of human faculties, they are absolutely and for ever unrealizable by members of our race, no matter what its progress. For, as to the power of religious perception, the course of ages brings us nothing sub-

<sup>2</sup> The following principles, too elementary to be put in the text, are sadly neglected by the sceptic, and need pressing on his attention : (a) All certainty excludes doubt ; not doubt of any kind, but well-founded, prudent doubt ; such as survives even after a view of the whole case, and when misgivings, raised upon partial considerations, cannot fairly be made to disappear before opposing evidence. (b) Doubt once excluded, human certainty varies in intensity and also in kind ; but it remains certainty all the same. (c) Moral certainty should not be tested by criteria applicable only to physical or metaphysical certainty.

stantially new. Our only chance is to see whether we cannot safely allow that some certainty may be had about an object, which yet, in many respects, lies obscured in mystery; and that a truth may be assented to, beyond shadow of misgiving, even while, in detail, difficulties lie over against it, which difficulties can be set aside only on well-ascertained general principles. To illustrate what I mean. We can safely predicate much about electricity, even though its inner nature is a mystery to us. When a conjurer palms off a clever trick upon us, we are sure that he did not do just what he pretended to do, though, for the life of us, we cannot form a conjecture how he did otherwise. So as to Christianity: it is in many respects a riddle to us. But in its favour there are a certain number of spiritual facts, which can no more be denied by the honest, thorough investigator than well-established material facts. These facts the neophyte recognizes for what they are, and, moved by her fair appearances, he goes to meet the Church half-way. He examines her more closely, and, as acquaintance grows, objections dwindle down; at last he yields her his allegiance, not because absolutely he could not have withheld it, but because, on a view of the whole case, submission is the only reasonable conduct. Evidence is not literally compelling: but it is quite enough for what he knows to be the assent of a prudent intelligence.

II. A second cause of scepticism I will begin to treat by the mention of a fatal habit some people have of thinking that a broad question should never be closed. There were persons, otherwise intelligent, who up to the latest stages of the Tichbourne trial, when abundant matter had been furnished to warrant a conclusion, still remained veering about in their opinions, according to the nature of each item in each day's evidence. Sometimes a petty detail arrested their attention and they fixed on it alone, treating it out of all connexion with the rest of the story. At other times they viewed the evidence in the lump, and they said simply that it was a conflicting mass of testimony. They never settled for themselves any points in the controversy; their views gained no permanence, no shape, no clearness. Things struck them in one light to-day and in another to-morrow; and each time that they began to discuss the trial, it was quite uncertain what their tone would be. Observe, I am not quarrelling with any conclusions these people arrived at; rather my complaint is that they made it impossible for themselves to come to any conclusions. They

were, as we say, completely at sea. They appeared incapable of singling out crucial points, and unaware that they ought to look out for such points. They saw, in a general way, that, if there was much to be said against the Claimant, there was much also to be said—or, at any rate, much had been said—in his favour. This was enough to make them waver. They held it a matter of impartiality not to form a decision for good and all; and they quoted the old adage: "Never judge a case till you have heard it out." Then they swelled with inward complacency at their own strict fairness, thanking God, perhaps, that they were not as certain other men.

This example is typical of its kind. The same story may be, and often is, repeated in any controversy that reaches over a wide and varied surface. For, in these, the facts which tell for or against a particular view are simply interminable. Not only so, but one and the same fact may be presented in the most opposite lights. "Only think," says the Christian, "Adam was living in abundance of delights; he was asked merely to abstain from one apple-tree, and he had not the self-conquest to do that." "But one poor apple eaten," says the unbeliever, "and a whole race punished for this petty offence!" Here, then, in the special case of wide-reaching inquiries, we have signalized for our instruction two mutually interacting diseases of the human mind. It loses itself in the bewilderment of a multitude of details; and, taking perverse advantage of the fact, that nearly each detail can be looked at from an unfavourable aspect, it cuts off the chance of putting order into the confused mass of its ideas.

First, let us briefly describe the latter of these two propensities. We know how easy it is to let slip the grounds of an assurance by distracting the attention upon something else. Suppose we have posted a letter for a far-off, out-of-the-way part of the world, and are very anxious that it should reach its destination. We put out of mind the fact that we have had practical experience how sure are the postal arrangements along this route, and we dwell intently on the intricacies of the line of transmission, till we work ourselves up into a state of uneasiness. Or, perhaps, an invalid friend of ours has taken a sea-voyage to America, for the benefit of his health. We receive a telegram saying that he arrived safely an hour ago, much better for the passage. At once we go off to brood over the incredible marvels of telegraphy; the whole thing seems a dream, and we

stare at our despatch, not without discomfort. However, in these two instances there is just concrete fact enough for us to fall back upon, and keep our doubts in the speculative region. But this verification, by past or present experience, is just what we cannot have to set us right in our ill-founded suspicions about truths belonging to the spiritual order. Here scepticism may run riot.

Then, as to the other mental weakness, it puts its victim as if in the condition of one who looks at a show of hands by a vast multitude, surging all round beyond eye-reach. The beholder knows, in the vague, that many voted this way and many that, but how particular persons voted, or on which side the majority lay, he has no idea. Probably every one is, to some extent, familiar with the state of mind that comes of viewing a far-ranging, intricate subject, in a general way, on all sides at once, without uniting the parts into any definite whole. We have only to regard any complex problem in this manner for about ten minutes, and scepticism is our natural inclination. This is the way to breed distrust in the whole of history, to confuse well-ascertained facts in one common doubt with ill-supported narratives; to have misgivings about the events related in the *Anabasis* because we have misgivings about its authorship; to call in question the existence of Herodotus, the father of Greek history, because there is controversy about the existence of Homer, the father of Greek poetry. And in this state we address the Muse of History with Thackeray, though more in earnest than he: "O venerable daughter of Mnemosyne, I doubt every single statement you ever made since your ladyship was a muse. For all your grave airs and high pretensions, you are not a whit more trustworthy than some of your lighter sisters on whom your partisans look down. You bid me listen to a general's oration to his soldiers. Nonsense! He no more made it than Turpin made his dying speech at Newgate. You pronounce a panegyric on a hero. I doubt it, and say you flatter outrageously. You utter the condemnation of a loose character. I doubt it, and think you are prejudiced, and take the side of the Dons. You offer me an autobiography. I doubt all biographies I ever read, except those perhaps of Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Mariner, and writers of his class."

The above are two concurrent agencies in the production of the diseased state of mind that I am considering, I have shortly indicated rather than described them at length, because

no one will have difficulty in amplifying the matter for himself. As a remedy I venture to suggest more courage and more resoluteness to take up judgments and abide by them, in the confidence that they are sufficiently warranted. Of course it is not every subject in which we can make sure of our steps as we go along in that satisfactory manner which is possible in mathematics; though the mathematician, by the way, can stupidly doubt, if, letting go his hold on the rigour of his principles, he takes to considering his problem in the vague, by the test of his power to picture it in the imagination, and to see all its processes at once. But, though mathematics are comparatively privileged, yet, in other matters also, a man ought, as far as may be, to have likewise his settled formulæ, which it never enters his mind to reconsider. Let him but have confidence that certain well-assured principles are within his reach, and, by an effort, he will attain to them. The need of acquiring fixed views is imperative. For, as regards those vast subjects, such as the truth of Christianity, which no human intellect is wide enough to take in at one grasp, there is absolutely no hope of ever coming to any conclusion, even though a conclusion is, in itself, a thing quite discoverable, so long as settled principles are not determined upon for good and all. What is the prospect of geometry if we are to be for ever going back to re-model our axioms, postulates, and previous propositions? And, similarly, what is to come of the philosophy which never can pronounce definitively on anything? Yet such is the practical philosophy of many a modern sceptic. His mind takes the impression of the passing hour, and the impression passes with the hour. He rises in the morning and forms a dejected view of human life. After breakfast he grows more cheerful, and allows that things have some hope in them. Next he takes up the daily papers; while he reads his spirits rise and fall with the character of the news that meet his eye. The war-news make him despair of mankind; but some gleam of sunshine shows forth in the devotion of volunteer surgeons and nurses. The accidents, especially those due to inevitable natural causes, to lightning, earthquakes, volcanoes, and sea-storms, deepen his distrust in Providence. On the other hand, statistics of nature's rich products, instances of heroic human virtue, an eye-witness's account of a visit to Louise Lateau, a well-avouched statement of some extraordinary cures at Lourdes, a review of some work on the history of the Church—these raise his suspicions that there may be a spiritual world, and that its



manifestations may not be altogether wanting in this world of matter. The rest of the day he spends in field sports, and the evening he passes in dining. During this period his thoughts have been elsewhere than on the mysteries of life. But when the hour for rest has come, before his senses are lost in sleep, all the varying moods of the morning return upon him together, soliciting him this way and that, till, in a maze of bewilderment, he falls back upon his old resolve to say neither Yes nor No, but to be simply a sceptic. The candidates for his assent are too many for him ; it is impossible to be compliant towards them all, and he cannot yield the preference to some of them without risk of being unfair to others.

Surely the mind thus tossed by doubts needs to be told how the exigencies of truth do not require that the intellect should ever keep itself open to fresh views about the religious question, in fear lest some new light, dawning hereafter, should find the shutters closed against it. The sceptic must try to bring it home to himself that it is absolutely necessary, and quite within the range of what is rationally possible, to fix, one after another, certain articles of belief, and, these once fixed, never to change them. He may gradually come to see that the Catholic takes up no unjustifiable position when he says, "About the Divine authorship of the Bible my mind is finally made up. I know my reasons for believing what I do believe on this point, and those reasons are decisive. I am certain, and real certainties never change. It is as idle to ask me what I shall do if future discoveries show me to be wrong, as to ask me whether I shall change my views of English history if future research shall show that the Romans never had any dominion on this island. The whole supposition is absurd. Science may lead me to change my interpretation of one or two Scripture texts, dealing with natural phenomena ; but substantially to alter my judgment, it can never give me cause."

Now, it may be said that, in advising the sceptic not to take things in the mass, to clear his ground as he goes along, and not to be ever retracing his steps for the purpose of seeing whether his previous work was done thoroughly, I am only describing a process, and not proving its feasibility or its validity. I answer that to recommend a method which another must follow out for himself, is all that I care at present to attempt. To demonstrate the legitimacy of the successive steps by which the agnostic mounts up from rank atheism to full belief, would require as many special arguments as there are steps to be

taken ; whereas my purpose is altogether preliminary to the actual work of establishing propositions. I am merely noting what seems to me a ruinous error in the course which many pursue ; and I do so in the hope that, perhaps, some one may be led to make experience of a change in his mode of procedure. These are the points I would ask the sceptic to consider, as they stand in the following self-interrogations : Does not my habit of doubt rest much on vague, general grounds, on a sort of universal mistrust based on not very definable foundations ? Is not my indictment against my own intelligence wanting in precision ? Do not my difficulties diminish, when I take them singly, and try to assign to each its exact force ? Can I state them with tolerable cogency to an opponent, so as not to feel sometimes that, if it came to a case of choosing the side I could most easily defend in debate, I should like to change places with my adversary ? Can I say that my thoughts are well-disciplined, well-ordered, moving along their course with even an effort at consecutiveness of purpose ? Or rather is my mind fickle, flighty, exorbitant, so as to be actually apprehensive of its own perversity ? Do I feel that I am somewhat unfair to myself, in not giving my faculties their rational course ? Does it not sometimes shock my native instinct, that I am so chaotic in my views about my own being and its destinies ? Can I really make no beginnings in the direction of a religious creed ? Is my conscience at ease as to these perpetual doubts concerning first principles ? Have I ever seriously tried to fix a few elementary beliefs ? If I took things orderly and resolutely and without prejudice, might I not, besides making a start, also make some advance in the knowledge of spiritual truth ? Have I ever wantonly tampered with beliefs once sufficiently possessed, and so unsettled what ought to have been firm ground to build upon ? Is there no secret pride at the bottom of my incredulity—which pride makes me rash, precipitate, and headstrong, rebellious against the laws that the Creator has imposed on the right working of my intelligence, so that, instead of being well-ordered, my mind, passion-blinded, rushes disorderedly at its decisions and its doubts, not following the calm, clear way which might lead to the knowledge of God ?

Such are the points of self-examination I would suggest to the sceptic ; and having made the suggestion, there I must leave the matter. It remains for him who feels the need to make his own application.

The third cause of scepticism must stand over till another time.

JOHN RICKABY.

## *New Solutions of Homeric Problems.*

### I.—THE STRUCTURE OF THE ILIAD.

#### PART THE SECOND.

IN the first part of the present essay Mr. Grote's theory of the structure of the Iliad was discussed in some detail. It will be remembered that his arguments, derived entirely from the economy of the poem, in favour of the accretion of an Iliad about an Achillean nucleus, were there contested. At the same time the reader was reminded that Professor Geddes, in his recent work, *The Problem of the Homeric Poems*, claims to have brought to the aid of the considerations urged by Grote certain additional arguments, chiefly of a linguistic nature, derived from a careful study of Homeric phraseology; pending the discussion of which, the question of the acceptance or rejection of the Grotian view was left in abeyance.

To this discussion the following pages will be devoted. It must, however, be first observed that Mr. Geddes makes an important addition to Grote's theory, besides bringing additional reasoning to the support of that theory. He not only maintains, with Grote, that Books II.—VII., IX.—X., and XXIII.—XXIV. of the Iliad are of different authorship from the remaining books (which constitute the Achilleid); but he further claims to have made it probable that the former are *by the poet of the Odyssey*. The poet of the Odyssey, the "Ulyssean" poet, is to him the true "Homer;"<sup>1</sup> and the cantos, by addition of which he supposes that poet to have expanded the Achilleid into an Iliad, are styled by him the "Ulyssean" books. It follows that he

<sup>1</sup> He quotes, appositely, some lines of Pindar, who emphatically speaks of Homer as the poet who has given Ulysses more than his due. The words are—

ἔγω δὲ πλείον' ἔλπομαι  
λόγον Οδυσσεύος ἢ πάθεν διὰ τὸν ἄδυπαῖ γενέσθ' Ὀμηρον,  
ἔπει ψεύδεσι οἱ ποταναὶ τε μηχανᾶ  
σεμνὸν ἔπεισι τί.

Nemea vii. 21, seq.

considers the *Odyssey* to be of later authorship than the *Achillean* portion, at least, of the *Iliad*. Further than this, he supposes the author of the *Achilleid* to have been a *Thessalian* poet, while the *Ulyssean* bard, the true "Homer," he thinks, must have been an *Ionian*. To this cause Mr. Geddes attributes the contrasted northern and southern sympathies which he thinks are observable in the two regions of the poems. Thus, after speaking of the preponderance of honour showed to *Ulysses* in the "*Ulyssean*" books of the *Iliad*, he says: "It is remarkable that along with the admiration for *Ulysses* there emerges [in the same cantos] a disposition to make much of the heroes of the south, especially those coming from the *Peloponnesus*. The *Achilleid*, on the other hand, being concerned with the position and fortunes of a northern hero, who has received insult at the hands of the southern chief, may be said to regard matters from the northern point of view, and we can detect the current of its sympathies running on the whole in a counter direction. The *Iliad* turns upon a rupture between what may be called the *Thessalian* element, represented by *Achilles*, and the *Peloponnesian*, or *Argive*, element, represented by *Agamemnon*. In the *Achilleid* the balance preponderates, from the nature of the story, against the southern chiefs, and the *Ulyssean* poet has redressed the balance by interweaving fit activities in which the heroes of the south, and particularly *Diomed* and *Ulysses*, take prominent part."<sup>2</sup>

Such is, in brief, Mr. Geddes' theory of the structure of the *Iliad* and of the relation of its parts. There can be no object in concealing, at the outset, my conviction of the untenableness of this theory and of the insufficiency of the reasoning by which it is supported by Mr. Geddes. At the same time I shall endeavour to state his arguments as fully and as nearly as possible in his own words as the limits of my space will allow. So careful and conscientious a work as the *Problem of the Homeric Poems* deserves nothing less at the hands of a critic.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *The Problem of the Homeric Poems*, § 82, p. 98.

<sup>3</sup> I have throughout adopted Mr. Geddes' terminology, as a matter of convenience; not as accepting either his or any other view which that terminology might seem to imply. It is perhaps hardly necessary to remind the reader of the arrangement given—

*Achilleid* comprises *Iliad*, Books I., VIII., XL.—XXII.

*Ulyssean Books*—*Iliad*, Books II.—VII., IX.—X., XXIII.—XXIV. Mr. Geddes uniformly refers to the Homeric books by the Greek letters (A, B, Γ, &c., for the *Iliad*; α, β, γ, &c., for the *Odyssey*). I have preferred to use the Roman numerals and have ventured to change the mode of reference even in quotations from Mr. Geddes.

Foremost among the indications upon which Mr. Geddes relies in support of his theory is the wider geographical horizon and different geographical standpoint of the Ulyssean poet as compared with the Achillean.

"Outside the Greek domain [the author of the *Odyssey*] knows in Asia Minor not only Lycia, but the Solymi, who seem to lie further away than Lycia, and besides Cyprus he makes familiar mention of Phœnicia and Egypt. The products of the latter country, with its 'very fair fields' (*Odyssey*, xiv. 263), is spoken of in a way that implies some knowledge, more or less direct, of the peculiar agriculture by irrigation under the ancient Egyptian civilization. The Pharos island is vaguely spoken of, and though its position is inaccurately described, the inaccuracy is probably only as much as an ordinary modern mariner might be allowed in describing, on the impression of a single visit, the entrance to a far-away port like Nagasaki or Tahiti. The voyage between Crete and Egypt is one of five days (*Odyssey*, xiv. 257); the unknown 'Beggar' speaks freely of an expedition to Egypt and subsequent deportation to Cyprus (*Odyssey*, xvii. 443), and the familiarity with Egypt is such that a man of the name of *Αἰγύπτιος*, 'the Egyptian,' is a speaker in the *agora* at Ithaca (*Odyssey*, ii. 15.). Further, the author of the *Odyssey* . . . knows of Libya, which he twice names; . . . [and] tells us of the 'Sikels' in the West . . . Finally, along with the knowledge of those outer lands, he has acquired a certain sense of the variety of the human race, of the complexity of human speech, and a disposition to criticize or estimate its quality, according as it was pleasing or otherwise."<sup>4</sup>

Now, "precisely the same extent and kind of geographical vision" may be asserted, says Mr. Geddes, of the "Ulyssean" cantos of the *Iliad*. The Solymi appear in the sixth book; Libya, though not named, is implicitly referred to in the fine simile at the opening of the fourth book, where the advance of the Achæan troops is compared to the descent of the cranes upon their enemies the "Pygmies." Phœnicia and Egypt appear under the same aspect as in the *Odyssey*, and their respective capitals, Sidon and Thebes, are celebrated in like terms; and "along with the mention of Sidonians may be coupled, as indicating Oriental influence, the notices of Cadmeans and Cadmus."<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *The Problem of the Homeric Poems*, § 58, pp. 62, 63.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* § 59, pp. 63, 64.

On the other hand, "the range of the Achillean poet's vision is found to be much more circumscribed . . . and its main region is concentrated round the Northern Ægean." Of Grecian oracles Dodona alone (the oldest of them all) is mentioned. "Cyprus is the most distant locality known to him," or rather the most distant which is distinctly mentioned, "and Lycia, in the south of Asia Minor, seems the boundary, practically, of his vision to the East." "If, however, his acquaintance with the South and East is greatly inferior, on the Northern frontier, and especially in what may be called the Thracian . . . area, his acquaintance is close and minute. He names the *Hippemolgi*, or 'mare-milkers,' evidently a tribe of Scythian nomads, and speaks of the Ephyri with the Phlegyes, tribes whose habitat was placed near the northern frontier, and on the soil of what was afterwards Thessaly."<sup>6</sup>

Again, in the Odyssey and the Ulyssean books of the Iliad is observable "a vague feeling of the complexity of human speech" (illustrated by such words as *βαρβαρόφωνοι*, *ἀγριόφωνοι*, and by the notices of the "variety of tongues spoken in Crete"), of which there is little or no trace in the Achilleid; and on the other hand, "the latent feeling of Hellenic nationality," as contrasted with the outer world (evidenced by such phrases as *πανήλληνες*, *παναχαιοί*), here begins to appear, whereas it is almost, if not entirely, absent from the Achillean books.<sup>7</sup>

Such being the character of the geographical *horizon* in the Achillean and Ulyssean tracts respectively, the evidence which bears upon the geographical *centre* or standpoint adopted in those two portions of the poems is perhaps yet more striking. Mr. Geddes' remarks under this head turn mainly upon the different view and treatment of *Olympus*, *Zephyrus*, and the island of *Eubœa*.

Not only is Olympus more prominent in the Achilleid (being mentioned fifty-six times in the fourteen Achillean books and only forty-three times in the thirty-four Ulyssean<sup>8</sup>), but the spirit in which it is conceived and described in the two tracts is curiously distinct.

"Apart from the otherwise doubtful passage of the Nekyia (Odyssey, xi. 313), where it is no doubt a mountain, and a

<sup>6</sup> *The Problem of the Homeric Poems*, § 63, pp. 69, 70.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* § 61, 62, pp. 66, 67.

<sup>8</sup> Mr. Geddes observes that "in particular the distribution of [the phrase] *Οὐλυμπόνδε* alone is remarkable," occurring as it does *ten* times in Achilleid and once only in Ulyssean books and Odyssey.

Thessalian mountain, *there is no indubitable instance* [in the *Odyssey*] *of its being conceived as a mountain with a definite localization*. On the contrary, there is an increasing number of passages in which it seems to fade away into invisibility and be confounded with the blue heaven itself. In the *Achilleid*, on the other hand, it everywhere preserves its individuality, and, though conjoined with οὐρανός, is not confounded with it." In the *Achilleid* Olympus is νιφάεις, "gleaming with snow," ἀγανίφος, "exceeding snowy," ὑπὸ χρυσεόισι νίφεσσι, reposing "under golden clouds,"<sup>9</sup> and so on; in the *Ulyssean* tract not only are these definite epithets for the most part wanting, but we find at least one passage in strange contradiction with them. "It is the beautiful passage when, though still described as a mountain, it is sublimed out of the region of the visible, no longer a cloud-wrapt, snow-clad mountain, but rather a charmed region of the *Empyrean*, *unvisited by rain or any snow*. . . . The passage has been thus rendered :

Olympus, where *they say* the blessed gods  
 Repose for ever in secure abodes ;  
 Nor stormy blasts athwart those summits sweep ;  
 No showers or snow bedew the sacred steep ;  
 But cloudless skies serene above are spread,  
 And golden radiance plays around his head."<sup>10</sup>

Mr. Geddes surely does not overstep the truth when he says that "the Olympus of this passage is no longer a topographical feature in the landscape, but a picture in the minstrel's eye, and the minstrel who thus sings it has come to regard it as a tradition or inheritance. The introduction of the phrase φασί ('men say') demonstrates this clearly enough."

In the *Achilleid* Olympus is not only not confounded with Ouranos, the expanse of heaven, but is, in at least five places, clearly distinguished from it, while of such distinction no example is producible from the *Odyssey*. Other authors have observed this before Mr. Geddes. Fäsi and Ihne both called attention to the *ideal* character of the Olympus of the *Odyssey*. But Mr. Geddes adds to their remarks the observation that the

<sup>9</sup> *The Problem of the Homeric Poems*, § 155, p. 260.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.* § 156, p. 260. *Odyssey*, vi. 42, seq. It may be observed that the "doubtful passage of the *Nekyia*" above referred to, in which Olympus is "no doubt a mountain and a Thessalian mountain," is an account of the insurrection of the Gigantes against Zeus, when they made their attack upon heaven by piling Pelion upon Ossa and Ossa upon Olympus. I am not at all clear that it is a doubtful passage. If it be accepted as genuine, it markedly violates, and so annuls, another of Mr. Geddes' canons of distinction; for he holds that there is little or no trace of *resistance to Zeus* in the *Ulyssean* area.

usage in the Ulyssean books of the Iliad corresponds with the practice of the poet of the Odyssey, not with that of the author of the Achilleid. Thus in Iliad xxiv. 97, 104, Olympus and Ouranos are treated as identical. Again in the phrases "Ἰδηθεὶ μεδέων and αἰθέρι ναίων (which occur only in Ulyssean passages) Zeus seems to be separated from Olympus in a manner alien from the Achillean poet.

I pass on to the treatment of *Zephyrus* by the poet of the Ulyssean books, as described by Mr. Geddes. He appeals in the first instance to a simile in Iliad, ii. 147, where "the violent action of Zephyrus sweeping over a cornfield" is described. "The inference is," he says, "that the poet's country was a land where the west wind was the formidable one, and this we know to have been the case in Ionia."

Again, in the fourth book: "We have the action of Zephyrus, or west wind, twice described under circumstances that suit only the Ionian coast. In the one (iv. 276) we have the picture presented of the driving Zephyrus as he comes darkening across the deep, and the shepherd drives his flock to shelter. The poet's point of view is evidently that of one looking *west* from some headland commanding the Ægean. Similarly the surging billows beating on the strand under the propulsion of the *west wind* (Ζεφύρου ὑποκινήσαντος, iv. 423) is a sketch from the same standpoint."<sup>11</sup> Two other similes (vii. 63, and ix. 5), both from Ulyssean books, are also referred to for confirmation.

Concerning *Eubœa*, it is noted as remarkable by Mr. Geddes that the poet of the Odyssey and the Ulyssean books considers this island as the most important landmark in the description of geographical directions. Locris, for example, is described as lying "*beyond* sacred Eubœa," a phrase, he thinks, which would hardly be used by a Greek of the Thessalian mainland.

By the side of this more definite evidence from the treatment of Olympus, Zephyrus, and Eubœa, Mr. Geddes places certain more delicate "local mint marks," or indications of a change of local associations in passing from the Achilleid to the Ulyssean cantos or to the Odyssey. Thus illustrations from the *violence of the wind* abound in the former to a disproportionate extent not accounted for by the nature of the subjects treated, but "in admirable keeping with the character of Thessaly, flanked by what Pindar calls the 'wind-roaring glens of Pelion,' and what Callimachus styles 'the fell-blowing skirts

<sup>11</sup> *The Problem of the Homeric Poems*, § 166, p. 286.



of Pindus." So, too, he appeals to "the contrast between two landscapes *under snow*, as depicted in the Achilleid and Odyssey respectively." "In the former it is to be remarked that the snow is described as mantling the whole land to the edge of the sea; in the photograph from the Odyssey it is found only as it were powdering the mountain tops."<sup>12</sup> Again, Thessaly is pre-eminently the land of the *horse*. "The voice of legend and the testimony of history are conclusive as to Thessaly possessing this character. . . . The Thessalian nobles were mainly a Ritterschaft admired ἐφ' ἰππικῇ τε καὶ πλούτῳ. . . . An oracle was said to have given the palm to Thessalian steeds and Lacedæmonian women, a combination parallel to the comparison in Theocritus regarding Helen's beauty, ὡς ἄρματι Θίσσαλος ἵππος." Now, it is in the Achillean cantos that we must seek for elaborate equestrian similes, and it is in the Achillean cantos alone that horses speak and weep, while in the Ulyssean that animal holds a far less dignified position, and equestrian habits are even sometimes alluded to with something of contempt.

It was natural to connect these minor "local mint-marks" with the more direct geographical indications mentioned above. But a consideration which will carry more weight with most of Mr. Geddes' readers is the treatment of Ulysses himself in the Ulyssean books of the Iliad, considered as an indication of community of authorship between these books and the Odyssey itself. Mr. Geddes arranges the evidence in convenient order.

In Iliad ii., it is hardly necessary to say, Ulysses holds the post of honour. "Wherefore should the task of staying the νόστος and repressing the seditious movements of the Assembly be intrusted to Ulysses? Not merely because of his character for eloquent speech . . . but because he was pre-eminently the chosen hero to deal with mutiny and sedition. He is the vindicator of order in Ithaca when he returns, and therefore the Homeric maxim of order, οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίη, is placed appropriately in his mouth, while in his chastisement of the seditious Thersites we recognize a preparation for his treatment of the mutinous crew of the Suitors."<sup>13</sup>

<sup>12</sup> § 150, p. 254; Iliad xii. 280; Odyssey xix. 205.

<sup>13</sup> § 74, p. 82. Moreover, there seems to be here yet another forecast of the Odyssey. Odysseus addressing Thersites describes himself not by a patronymic or metronymic, but as the *Father of Telemachus*, a unique style of designation which is specially noteworthy.

The importance of Ulysses in Iliad iii. is hardly less eminent. He alone is named with Agamemnon in the ratification of the oaths, it is he who with Hector measures the list, and it is his portrait which forms the climax in the Teichoscopy. In Iliad iv. it is an achievement of his which turns the fortunes of the day. In Iliad v. vi. and vii. he is rather more in the background, but only to give place to his friend Diomede. In ix. (the next of the Ulyssean books) he is "selected to be the spokesman of the Greek chiefs in the supplicatory embassy to Achilles," while the tenth book, as has often been remarked, forms as truly the Aristeia of Ulysses as the fifth and sixth books contain that of Diomede.

On the other hand: "In the Achillean books of the Iliad, Ulysses is an important, but by no means prominent character, to the extent at least to which he fills the eye and mind of the poet in the cantos we have been considering. The treatment which he there receives, though generally respectful, is by no means in all instances noble, and in more than one case it is difficult to reconcile that treatment with the just honour of the hero of the Odyssey." His adventure in Iliad viii. "is the most significant index to the case. In the thick of a battle there has been a portent from Zeus, which scares the Greek chiefs. . . . Old Nestor is sore bested . . . and falls into serious danger. Diomede . . . calls out to Ulysses *by name* to come and rescue Nestor. In spite of his loud appeals to stop, and not to turn his back *like a coward* . . . Ulysses is represented as 'rushing away past, and pays no heed.'" "The strangest thing remains—strange indeed if all those cantos as we now have them are from the same author, and 'at one projection,' namely, that this incident is entirely overlooked or forgotten by the same Diomede on the next occasion, when there is a dangerous enterprize ahead (in x.). There is not only no recollection of the awkward conduct of Ulysses two books before, but there is no apology for or allusion to his behaviour by Ulysses," &c. . . . "The whole matter becomes plain . . . when we remember that book x. is from the Ulyssean bard, and viii. is a part of the Achilleid."<sup>14</sup>

It is, however, not merely in the case of Ulysses, but in that of almost all the Grecian heroes that Mr. Geddes sees a clear difference of treatment in the two divisions into which he separates the poems. For example, the Achilles of the Achilleid is mainly the

<sup>14</sup> § 80, pp. 93, 94; Iliad viii. 97, seq.

Impiger iracundus inexorabilis acer

of Horace, the

πάντων ἐκπαγλύτας' ἀνδρῶν

"most tremendous of all men" of the poet who sings his wrath. "There is no touch of ἥθος, or feeling for aught beyond himself and his own honour, and apart from his intense love for his second self Patroclus."<sup>15</sup> "This tremendous being, who is an object of terror in the Achillean books, comes to be in the Ulyssean books, softened and humanized, and made an object of admiring . . . interest." In vii. we are told of his having granted funeral honours to a foe, Eëtion. In ix. he is found soothing his spirit with music; in xxiii. he is the courteous and chivalrous President of the Games;<sup>16</sup> while the pathetic element in his character culminates in his reception of Priam, in xxiv.

Turning from Achilles to Helen, we are reminded that: "In the Achilleid it is remarkable how seldom this heroine is referred to, and then somewhat disparagingly. . . . On the other hand, when we pass to the Odyssey and the Ulyssean cantos, there comes quite an efflorescence of epithets in her honour, and we seem to pass into an entirely new zone of sentiment regarding her. She is portrayed in the most affecting situations, and under the most agreeable and moving incidents, and the only disparaging epithets she receives are those employed by herself. . . . Thirty-one occurrences of decorative epithets can be cited, and of these the Achilleid contributes none."<sup>17</sup> The last statement, however, is incorrect. In *three* out of the five passages in which Helen is mentioned in the Achilleid she has the "decorative" epithet καλλίκομος (fair-haired). In one of the other two instances her name and that of Paris are mentioned by Hector with marked absence of reproach where the occasion would certainly have called for reproach rather than for a "decorative" title. And no less does the context justify the epithet ῥηγίδανός in Iliad xix. 325. Nor, I think, even were the occurrences more to the point, could a statistical argument be fairly based upon a couple of instances.

<sup>15</sup> § 84, p. 101.

<sup>16</sup> "The funeral games usher in an agreeable change. . . . He appears as director of the festivity, adorned by all the gentle graces of courtesy and humanity" (Mure *Lit. of Greece*, vol. i. p. 290).

<sup>17</sup> § 87, p. 108. They are Ἀργείη, Διδὸς ἐχγαῦτα, δῖα γυναικῶν, εὐπατερεῖα, καλλίκομος, κόρυς Διδὸς, καλλιπαρῆος, λευκώλενος, and τανύστεπλος.

A similar argument has been drawn out by Mr. Geddes in reference to Hector, Diomedes, Ajax, and several lesser heroes.

*Archaica* forms another head of argument with Mr. Geddes, which he discusses under the two principal subdivisions of *Mythology* and *Manners and Customs*. In reference to mythology, Mr. Geddes' contention is, as might be expected, that the nature-myth element is far more prominent in the Achilleid than in the Odyssey or in the Ulyssean tracts of the Iliad. For example, an enumeration and classification of such phrases as Διὸς αἰγαί, Διόθεν βέλεμεν, Διὸς μάστιξ, Διὸς ὄμβρος, and the like (expressive of the government of Zeus over the forces of nature) show an occurrence of such phrases twenty-one times in the Achilleid as against twelve times in Odyssey and Ulyssean books taken together. On the other hand, the ethical attributes of Zeus predominate, according to Mr. Geddes' analysis, in the Ulyssean region. In the Achilleid the gods bleed when wounded, in the Ulyssean fifth book we are distinctly told that the gods are bloodless, and that they have in place of blood a fluid called *ichor*. (On the other hand the expression ἀμβροτον αἷμα, i.e., "immortal" or "divine" blood, in the same book would seem to neutralize this indication.)

The special *cultus* and ceremonial appropriate to the several gods again appear to be better defined and further developed in the "neozoic" region. "It is," says our author, "precisely what we should expect from the general run of the evidence that specialities of this kind would not appear in the remoter poem."<sup>18</sup> But a more important point of difference in this same region of mythology is the following, viz., that "The Olympian dynasty of Zeus, though in possession of supremacy, is regarded in the Achilleid as having recently acceded to this supremacy, and only after a struggle with rebellious and not yet entirely subjugated powers. In the Odyssey and Ulyssean cantos of the Iliad, the dynasty of Zeus is in undisputed possession of the world, and the references to rebellious powers are all but entirely vanished."<sup>19</sup> For example, "While Zeus is everywhere styled the son of Kronos, it is only in the Achilleid that this Kronos is felt and conceived as a distinct personality. In the Odyssey and Ulyssean cantos the name of Κρονίδης is purely titular, and Kronos has faded into a shadow." Again, "The symptoms of possible rebellion against Zeus, like the memories of opposition in the past against Zeus, are confined to

<sup>18</sup> § 104, p. 143.

<sup>19</sup> § 100, p. 130. But see note 10 above.

the Achilleid. In evidence may be mentioned the myths of Briareus, in i., the threatened disaffection of Athené, in viii., the secret plotting of Poseidon, in xiii. All these phenomena suppose the resistibility of Zeus, a notion of which it would be difficult to find a trace outside the Achilleid."<sup>20</sup> Another indication pointing in the same direction is that "The conception of the Olympians in the Achilleid is one full of *unrest* . . . and . . . *hyperbole* is made the main expression of the godlike and divine. In the Odyssey and Ulyssean cantos they are represented under more of a quiescent aspect, and with the hyperbolic element comparatively subdued."<sup>21</sup> Thus Zeus shakes Olympus with a nod (i. 528), can push all the gods from their seats (i. 580), tosses them about the hall (xiv. 257), suspends Heré with anvils at her feet (xv. 19), can draw earth and sea aloft into the sky (viii. 23), threatens severely to wound Heré and Athené (viii. 418), and so on. No parallel instances, we are told, are producible from the Odyssey or Ulyssean books.

Further evidence is ranged, as has been said, under the subordinate heading *Manners and Customs*. "If," says Mr. Geddes, "It can be shown that the Odyssey represents on the whole a newer and later platform of social arrangements, and that the Ulyssean books presuppose the same platform as the Odyssey, while the Achilleid exhibits an older social type at an older stage, further important light will be derived upon the whole question."<sup>22</sup> Mr. Geddes is here enabled to avail himself of an old argument of the "Chorizontes," those who believed that the Iliad and the Odyssey were by different authors, and who "thought they saw signs of greater refinement . . . in the Odyssey, and asserted that an interval of some generations was necessary to account for the rudeness and barbaric splendour in the one poem, the luxury and taste in the other." But the Professor maintains, of course, that the division was made by them at the wrong place.

His arguments deal with an array of subjects quite too numerous to be discussed here. Expressions relating to Architecture, Furniture, Dress, "General Artistic Advancement," "Comfort and Diet," Hospitality, Labour and Commerce, Rites and Formalities, and lastly to Marriage, are in turn subjected to investigation. The last of these headings yields perhaps the most interesting results. We are reminded that "In very ancient and rude times, at a certain stage of human society, it is

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.* p. 131.<sup>21</sup> § 101, p. 132.<sup>22</sup> § 111, p. 160.

the use and wont, according to the anthropologists, that the bridegroom captures his bride . . . or he purchases her from the father or the family to whom she belongs. . . . It is in comparatively later and more refined times that the bridegroom woos and wins the bride, and instead of receiving a purchase price, receives with the bride a dowry. *The former is the sole mode in the Achilleid. The latter begins to occur when we pass out of the Achilleid into the Ulyssean area.*"<sup>23</sup> And, it must be admitted, Mr. Geddes produces some interesting evidence in reference to the use of the technical terms *μείλια*, *dowry*, and *ἰδνα*, properly *purchase price* (though used later as equivalent to *υσιδνα*).

But it is time to pass from a somewhat lengthy analysis to a very brief criticism. For although I am far from having set forth the full array of Professor Geddes' elaborate collection of evidence, enough has been said to possess the reader with the principles of his argument; enough too, I venture to think, to constitute a sufficient basis for an answer, on the whole adverse to his theory.

The backbone of such an answer seems to me to lie in the suggestion that Mr. Geddes has mistaken that most important element the *balance of parts* in the Iliad for evidence of a double authorship, and in the reflection that the "Ulyssean cantos" constitute, by admission on all hands, the *ornamental* part of the poem. They contain those scenes and episodes which the hypercritics reject as not "necessary to the plot." It is then only natural that they should have many features in common with the great peace-poem, the Odyssey, just as the comic parts of *Henry the Fifth* have (without needing an elaborate theory to account for the fact) a great deal in common with the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

It was long ago noticed that, as might have been expected, those books of the Iliad which are most rapid in the plot-development are least loaded with simile; and it must be evident, even to a person who has not read a line of the Iliad, that if we extract from that poem the part which is more closely connected with a given hero, Achilles, it is not unlikely that another hero, Ulysses, will appear with less relative prominence in those books than in parts of the poem where he has the field more to himself. That Ulysses should be pre-eminent throughout the Iliad was of course not to be expected.

<sup>23</sup> § 120, p. 189. The italics are mine.

That he should be pre-eminent in the absence of Achilles is at least as natural on the hypothesis of a single authorship of the two poems as on that of Mr. Geddes. The prominence of Ulysses in the non-Achillean books was quoted by Mure as an instinctive forecast (so to say) of the *Odyssey*. Again, that Hector should be at one moment boastful, at another timid, that he should be cruel to foes and tender to household friends, only exemplifies what, on a lesser scale, are the commonest contrasts in life. That Achilles should change his mind in the course of the action is of the essence of the action itself. Once more, that books and passages which give prominence to Ulysses, a seafaring hero, ruler of a rocky island wherein are no horse-pasturing fields, should be redolent of the sea, while those which deal with the leader of the Thessalian myrmidons should in their similitudes show equestrian tendencies, is, if the case could be thoroughly substantiated, so far natural as hardly to require an apology.

But to descend a little more to detail in reference to some at least of the chief points of Mr. Geddes' argument. And first, for the apparent variation of geographical horizon. It would be an affront to the reader's good sense to insist at any length on the congruity of a greater freedom of geographical allusion in the poem which deals with the

ἄνδρα . . . πολύτροπον δὲ μάλα πολλὰ  
πλάγχθη . . .  
πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἶδεν ἄστυα καὶ νόον ἔγνω

than in one dealing with an episode in a siege. On the other hand it is but natural that the ornamental parts of the stationary poem should in this as in other respects approach more closely to that epic whose life is in its variety. Mr. Geddes lays some stress on the mention of the Hippemolgi, Phlegyes, and Ephyri in the *Achilleid*, who are nowhere alluded to within the Ulyssean era. But when we remember that each of these tribes is mentioned once only, and still more when we consider the context in which they are alluded to, the argument seems to lose all its force. In *Iliad* xiii. 5, we are told that Zeus (being on Mount Ida) turned away his gaze from the Trojan plain and regarded rather the lands inhabited by the tribes of the north. Where else, under the circumstances, should he look? But observe the passage more closely—

Ζεὺς δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν Τρῳάς τε καὶ Ἑκτορα νηυσὶ πέλασσε  
τούς μὲν ἔα παρὰ τῇσι πόνον εἴ ἔχμεν καὶ διζῶν

νυλαμείως, αὐτὸς δὲ πάλιν τρέπει ὅσσι φαιινῶ  
νόσφιν ἰφ' ἱπποπόλων Θρηκῶν καθορώμενος αἶαν  
Μυσῶν τ' ἀγχιμάρχων, καὶ ἀγαυῶν Ἰππημολγῶν  
γλακτοφάγων, ἀβίων τε, δικαιοτάτων τ' ἀνθρώπων.

The concluding line supplies an ethical as well as a geographical reason for the mention here of a tribe so out-of-the way or mythical as not to be alluded to elsewhere. The father of gods and men turns with something of relief from the scenes of bloodshed on the field of Troy to the "peaceful milk-dieting Hippemolgi, the most just of men." Again, later in the same book a pair of warriors are compared to Ares and Phobos setting out from Thrace to war against the Ephyri or Phlegyes. Against whom else should they set out? The case is precisely parallel to that of the simile in which the cranes are alluded to as warring against the pigmies, an instance appealed to by Mr. Geddes as illustrating the Ulyssean geographical horizon. Would he have the Thracian Ares to attack the pigmies, and the cranes to take a sudden flight to the north, for the sake of preserving geographical impartiality? The instances are so isolated, and so entirely in place in their respective contexts, that it is difficult to see how the shadow of an argument can be drawn from them. Imagine an analogous argument drawn from the single mention by Shakespeare, of

The cannibals that each other eat,  
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

So much for the geographical *horizon*. As for the geographical *centre*, or point of view, it was long ago remarked, and indeed could hardly have escaped observation, that "In each poem the more detailed topographical notices relate naturally to the countries in which the scene of action is more immediately laid."<sup>24</sup> That an Asiatic standpoint should be adopted in descriptions of winds and in allusions to the direction of islands is so entirely what might have been expected, that it seems to me little less than absurd to base any argument upon the fact. Is it seriously to be thought that a poet will draw all his similes from the neighbourhood of his birthplace?

The very instance quoted by Mr. Geddes from Spenser as illustrating his position, would rather weigh, if it had any weight at all, on the other side. "Spenser," says Mr. Geddes, "in his

<sup>24</sup> Mure.



*Faëry Queen*, which was composed in *Ireland*, gives note of his actual surroundings in the following parallel—

As when two billows *in the Irish soundes*,  
Forcibly driven with contrarie tides,  
Do meet together, each aback rebounds  
With roaring rage."<sup>25</sup>

Even supposing Homer to have been a Thessalian, it would be absurd to question that he was at least sufficiently acquainted with the Troad to draw illustrations for an *Iliad* from the scenery there, and from the behaviour of the winds on its coast, as Spenser looks to the Irish sea for a simile. And we must observe that Mr. Geddes makes no contention for the prevalence of distinctively Thessalian wind-images in the *Achilleid*.

Mr. Geddes, it may be remembered, bases an argument on the use of the word *Παναχαιοί* in the *Iliad*. It occurs in seven Ulyssean passages, whereas there is but one instance of it, and that, says Mr. Geddes, is a doubtful one, in the *Achilleid*. Now an examination of these eight passages has accidentally afforded a curious illustration of the insecurity of such negative arguments drawn from the non-use of a particular word in a certain set of books. Here are three of the passages in question—

(1) *κίκλησεν δὲ γέροντας ἀριστῆας παναχαιῶν*,

(2) Hector says, in his second challenge to single combat—

ὕμῃν μὲν γὰρ ἔασιν ἀριστῆες παναχαιῶν,  
τῶν νῦν ὄντινα θυμὸς ἐμοὶ μαχέσασθαι ἀνώγει,  
δεῦρ' ἴτω ἐκ παντῶν, κ. τ. λ.

(3) Nestor says, upbraiding the chiefs for their remissness in accepting the above challenge—

ὕμέων δ' οἵπερ ἔασιν ἀριστῆες παναχαιῶν  
οὐδ' οἱ προφρονέως μέμαθ' Ἐκτορος ἄντιον ἐλθεῖν.<sup>26</sup>

Of these passages the third is evidently a mere echo of the second; just such an echo as Homer delights in. But besides this, it appears that in four out of the five remaining instances the word occurs, as in the three cited above, at the close of a line, and in the phrase *ἀριστῆες παναχαιῶν*, "the bravest among all the Achæans."

Now on reference to the *Index Homericus*, it appears that the word *ἀριστῆες*, which we find thus closely connected with

<sup>25</sup> P. 280.

<sup>26</sup> *Iliad* ii. 404; vii. 73, 159.

παναχαιοί, on the one hand occurs just so often in the Achillean books (six times) as to deprive it of all pretence to be a "Ulyssean" word, while on the other it occurs in precisely such phrases as suggest that the presence of παναχαιῶν in the passage quoted and referred to above is, as far as our subject is concerned, a pure accident, due to an exigency of the metre. In three cases (Iliad i. 227; vii. 184; ix. 421) we have lines ending with the phrase—

ἀριστήσιν Ἀχαιῶν

in another place we have ἀριστῆας Δαναῶν; and again a line ending ἀριστῆας καλίσαντες. Now these instances show a tendency on the part of the word ἀριστῆς to find its natural place as the last word but one in a line, and to be used in connection with national appellations in the genitive plural. Every reader of Homer knows that he has a habit of using certain words always or generally in the same metrical collocation.<sup>27</sup> Instead then of finding here any corroboration of Mr. Geddes' theory, I can only discover the not very striking fact that ἀριστῆας παναχαιῶν is the metrical equivalent of ἀριστήσιν Ἀχαιῶν, and that Homer used the longer or the shorter word (παναχ. or Ἀχ.) according as the ἀριστῆς occurred in the accusative or dative case.<sup>28</sup>

The argument drawn from the varying treatment of Olympus, though at first sight more specious, may, I think, be dealt with mainly on the same principle. Most of the Homeric epithets of Olympus are, though very appropriate, yet so far otiose and interchangeable that in nine out of ten cases the occurrence of one rather than the other is a matter of the merest metrical accident. How far Homer yields in his use of words to what we may almost venture to call a metrical jingle, may be illustrated from three early occurrences of the form Οὐλύμπιο in the Iliad.

<sup>27</sup> This has been recently made prominent by Mr. D. B. Monro in his excellent edition of Iliad i.

<sup>28</sup> Since writing the last sentences I observe a letter from Mr. Sayce in the *Academy* for February 1, in which he speaks of the two passages, Iliad x. 429, Odyssey xix. 177, as "later" compared with Iliad ii. 681, and xvi. 233, on account of the different use of the name *Felasgi* in the several cases. I cannot see why there should not have been at one and the same time a Grecian tribe or tribes and an Asiatic tribe or tribes bearing the same name, and this too alongside of traditions giving to that name, in due context, the connotation, almost, of *prehistoric*. Suppose a man in the historic Roman times to have heard of a theory like Schleicher's of an old Italo-Keltic stock. He surely might talk of Gauls in Gallia and of Gauls in Galatia, and of his old Gaulish (Italo-Gallic) ancestors. I cannot see that there is any ground for Mr. Sayce's assertion of the relative lateness of the second pair of passages. But his argument is perhaps as good as any of Mr. Geddes'.

- (1) βῆ ῥα κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρνῶν αἰῖσα.
- (2) ἦλθες ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο, μέγας δὲ σε θυμὸς ἀνῆκεν ;
- (3) ἦλθον ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς.

These three instances occur within sixteen lines of one another in the seventh book (vii. 19, 25, 35), the word having been used but twice in that form before. In all three the word occurs in the same collocation. In fact, this form of the word is found, I think, *only* in this position, or else closing the line, in which latter case, whether we have πολυδεϊράδος Οὐλύμποιο or πολύπτυχον Οὐλύμποιο depends entirely upon the number of preceding syllables, and not in any way upon the degree of vividness with which the mountain is present to the poet's mind.

This occurrence of a form thrice within sixteen lines, which has been used twice only in twice as many hundreds of preceding lines, illustrates again the fallacy of merely statistical arguments in discussing a subject like the present. The number of instances is far too small, and the influence of surrounding context far too great, to justify the use of statistics, except with extreme caution, a caution which in fact must commonly amount to a careful comparison of the several passages in question. Caution in the use of statistics is especially necessary in the case of a poet who indulges to so great an extent in epic commonplace as does Homer. In a vast number of cases apparently striking results will be found to be the effect of mere accident, or to flow naturally from the general structure of the poem or from the more immediate context. Mr. Geddes' statistics, moreover, as we have had occasion to notice in speaking of the epithets of Helen, are not always accurate; and even where they are formally correct they sometimes have, it seems to me, a misleading tendency. Thus he tells us that "The remarkable expression regarding Zeus *Ἰδηθῆν μεδίῳ* [ruling from Ida] looks as if the Pierian Olympus was not so essential as the seat of the gods. It occurs *four* times, and only in the Ulyssean cantos." Now although it is true that the phrase *Ἰδηθῆν μεδίῳ* occurs only in the instances here referred to, the key to that expression lies, if I mistake not, in two or three Achillean passages. At the beginning of the eighth book it is circumstantially related how Zeus, the better to observe the fighting, drove his chariot through the mid regions of the air from Olympus to Ida—

*Ἰδῆν δ' ἴκταν πολυπίδακα, μητίερα θεῶν,  
Γάργαραν, ἔνθα τέ οἱ τίμινος βωμός τε θυήεις.*

Presently we are told—

Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ Ἰδῆθ' ἐπεὶ ἴδε, χῶσατ' ἄρ' αἰνῶς.

Here, surely, we have the very clearest description of Zeus "Ἰδῆθ' ἐν μεδίῳ, watching the battle and ruling from Ida, "where he had a shrine and altar," just as Apollo watches from *his* shrine on the Trojan citadel. In the eleventh book again we find that the father of gods and men

Ἰδῆς ἐν κορυφῇσι καθέζετο πιδήσεσσις  
οὐρανόθεν καταβάς

and from Ida where he sits, he sends Iris to do his behests among the armies. To lay stress on the fact that the word *μεδίῳ* is not used here, though the acts which that word sums up are described, would be, to say the least, an over-refinement. But the case is even stronger than this if, as I contend, the key to the supposed "Ulyssean" expression "ruling from Ida" really lies in these Achillean passages in which Zeus is described as habitually taking up his position on that mountain, the better to observe and regulate the fortunes of the war. To clench the argument, observe, first, that in the second of these Achillean passages, Zeus comes to Ida, not (as on Mr. Geddes' theory he ought) from Olympus, but οὐρανόθεν, "from Heaven;" and secondly, that the description of his journey from Olympus in the earlier Achillean passage referred to is precisely parallel in its expressions to the descriptions in the Ulyssean fifth book of a similar journey performed by Athena. In both cases the start is from

ἀπροτάτης κορυφῆς πολυδαιράδος Οὐλύμπιοιο.

In both the journey is made

μεσσηγὺς γαίης τε καὶ οὐράνου ἀστερόεντος

the only difference being in the goal, Athena making for the plain, Zeus for the mountain;

αὐτὸς δ' ἐν κορυφῇσι καθέζετο κῦδεϊ γαίῳ,  
εἰσορόων Τρώων τε πῶλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.<sup>29</sup>

Nothing, I think, can be clearer than that, in this case at least, the Achillean and Ulyssean points of view are identical. Again, Mr. Geddes insists upon the phrase, ῥιον Οὐλύμπιοιο, "the peak of Olympus" as "Ulyssean." The equivalent and more expressive phrase, ἀπροτάτη κορυφῇ πολυδαιράδος Οὐλύμπιοιο, which we have just

<sup>29</sup> Iliad viii. 1, 46, 51; v. 754, 765.

met with in an Achillean book (it occurs twice in Ulyssean cantos) is explained away as "probably traditional." It may be added, with reference to the predominance of *definite epithets* of Olympus in the Achilleid, upon which Mr. Geddes' insists, that precisely the same phenomenon occurs in the case of Ida, the mountain of the Troad. Its standing epithets are, πολυπῖδαξ, occurring six times in Achilleid, once only in Ulyssean books; μητὴρ θεῶν, of which there are three instances, all Achillean, πολέπυχος, ὑλήισσα, πιδήισσα, ὑψηλή, one or other of which occurs in five passages, all Achillean. There is nothing in Mr. Geddes' theory to account for this arrangement, to which I appeal, however, not as directly supporting any rival hypothesis, but as the ground of an apt *retorsio argumenti*.

But to pass on. An instance in the Nekyia (Odyssey xi.) which contradicts two of Mr. Geddes' canons is set down as doubtful. The fine simile of the horse in Iliad vi. 506, which would seem to be in conflict with another of these criteria, is explained to be only an imitation of another simile in Iliad xv. 263. There is no arguing against gratuitous assumptions. The parallelism between the two passages, if a reason must be found for it, might perhaps equally well be referred to the same instinctive irony which dictated the mimicry of Iliad ii. by Iliad ix., and the repetition of the attempt at reconciliation of Iliad ix. in the nineteenth book. Mr. Mahaffy remarks, in reference to another point in Mr. Geddes' case, that "what one side calls inconsistencies, say in the characters of Diomedes, or Hector, or Ulysses, the other side explains as deep psychological insights into the changing moods of human nature;" and even apart from this I cannot but think that Colonel Mure's elaborate exposition of the permanent traits in the oratory of the several heroes altogether outweighs the "slicing" arguments of Mr. Geddes.<sup>80</sup> Again, Mr. Geddes' elaborate argument from the varying use of the term ἴδνα is vitiated by what seems to me an important piece of special pleading. It is not denied that in the Odyssey and Ulyssean books there are unmistakeable instances of marriage by purchase, though these are explained by him to be instances of a "survival" from the more primitive manners of the Achilleid, or a reminiscence of older times. The argu-

<sup>80</sup> I regret not to have by me Mr. Gladstone's recent article in the *Nineteenth Century* on "The Slicing of Hector," and to be unable to discuss at length Mure's very able analysis of the characteristics of Homer's oratory, *Literature of Greece*, vol. ii. In what has been said above on statistical arguments, I have drawn upon some remarks of G. Curtius, Professor Sayce, and Mr. Gladstone.

ment then, such as it is, turns entirely upon the *exclusive* practice of marriage by purchase in the Achilleid. "We reckon up," he says, "five clear instances of marriage by purchase in the Achilleid, and no clear instance of any other mode." But there is a very clear instance indeed. In Iliad xxii. 51, Altes, King of the Leleges, sends his daughter with *much wealth* to be Priam's wife. This is met or explained away by the statement that "the polygamous relations of Priam are so abnormal, that it is hardly safe to draw an inference from a solitary case." I prefer to think that the true explanation of all the phenomena is that the practice in reference to marriage varied according to the relative position of the families between whom a union is contracted. Commonly the union is so far an advantage to the suitor that he pays a high price. This is especially insisted upon and emphasized by the poet when the bride is a king's daughter and the suitor a lesser chieftain, as when Iphidamas marries the daughter of Kisseus (Iliad xi. 243), or when Othryoneus woos Cassandra (Iliad xiii. 366). On the other hand, Agamemnon, in Iliad ix., not only offers his daughter to Achilles without exacting *ιδνα*, but promises to make over with her the lordship of seven towns and countless wealth besides. So Altes gives his daughter to Priam, and on similar terms Alcinous, in the Odyssey, offers his daughter to Ulysses. In like manner, the pseudo-Ulysses, in the same poem, speaks of having got a bride, the daughter of a wealthy house, not for a purchase price, but

εἵνεκ' ἑμῆς ἀρετῆς

"because of my own good worth." Still in the Odyssey, as in the Iliad, the *practice* is *ιδνα πορεῖν*: special arrangements are due to special circumstances.

Once more, in reference to Mr. Geddes' assertion of the comparative absence of "unrest" and "hyperbole" in the treatment of the gods in the Odyssey and Ulyssean books, what are we to think of the groan of Ares in Iliad iv. 860, which was like the shout of ten thousand men in battle, or of Athena's advice to Diomedes to attack and wound Aphrodite and Ares, or, lastly, of the scene described in the lay of Demodocus in the Odyssey? But in fact, the characteristic of "unrest and hyperbole" is perhaps too unsubstantial a criterion to admit of precise application. It is something like Mr. Geddes' assertion that the Achilleid is wanting in the elements of pathos and humour; as if there were no pathos in the complaints of Achilles to Thetis,

and as if there were room for anything but "*grim* humour" (which particular form he concedes) in the condensed action of a tragedy. The varying "consciousness of the complexity of human speech" is another of these unsubstantial criteria.

But it is unnecessary to pursue the inquiry further. My subject is *New Solutions of Homeric Problems*. I have endeavoured to set before the reader as clearly as possible Mr. Geddes' *New Solution*, and also a specimen of the sort of grounds on which it seems to me refutable. More than this, it is not necessary to weary the reader's patience by attempting. With a few brief remarks I will conclude.

In judging of Mr. Geddes' theory, a good deal depends on the independent probability of that theory as urged by Grote. Any one who thinks that Mr. Grote made out a good case, will perhaps be of opinion that Professor Geddes has added to its likelihood by the interesting results he has brought to light. But to one who thinks that Grote from his own point of view failed to make out a case, I can hardly think that a study of Professor Geddes will bring conversion.

It must also be remembered in reading Mr. Geddes, that while he has every right to urge the *cumulative* nature of his proof; a fact equally important on the other side is the great complexity of the conclusion he has to make good, a consequence of which is that not every argument which seems to tell in favour of one part of such conclusion must be accepted as bearing on the whole. Thus the argument drawn from the honour paid to Ulysses in the "Ulyssean" cantos does not apply directly to books v., vi., xxiii., or xxiv.; the Zephyrus argument has no bearing on the last two books of the *Iliad*, while the twenty-third book in particular, so largely taken up with horse-races, would seem to be almost in contradiction with Mr. Geddes' assertion of the non-equestrian tendencies of the Ulyssean section of the poem.

Finally, it will be remembered that the theory I am contending against makes the *Iliad*, as we have it, to consist of a nucleus with *added cantos*. Had Mr. Grote and Mr. Geddes contented themselves with saying that the poem is probably based on an earlier and shorter lay recording the wrath of Achilles (for it is clear that in the words of Professor Jebb, "the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* belong to the end, not to the beginning of a poetical epoch"), a lay which has been recast and embodied as Shakespeare recast and embodied old plays in his immortal

tragedies and comedies, I should see no objection. But, "No amount of mere piecing or 'cooking' will give us an Odysseus or an Achilles, save in the sense in which Shakespeare pieced his Lear out of the 'Leir' of early legend, tacked on to the 'Paphlagonian Unkind King,' or 'cooked' Othello out of 'Un Capitano Moro.'"<sup>31</sup>

The second of the *Homeric Problems* spoken of at the outset of this essay is that of the *Epoch of the Poems*. "Presuming still to call by the name of 'Homer' the genius who did for Achilles and Odysseus that which Shakspeare did for Othello and Lear, the question is, when could he have lived?" With this question I hope to deal in a future paper. The discussion hitherto has turned upon the theories of Mr. Grote and Professor Geddes: the question now in prospect will of course have to be treated mainly in reference to the writings of Professor Paley.

HERBERT W. LUCAS.

<sup>31</sup> Hayman, Preface to *Odyssey*, vol. ii. p. lxxxii. Since going to press I find I have been betrayed by Leber's *Index Homericus* into an error. The form *Οὐλύμπιος* occurs five times in the first six books of the *Iliad*. The principle of the argument, however, remains.



## *Gleanings among Old Records.*

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### IV.—MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND, AND CLAUDE NAU.

Few historical problems have been discussed with greater pertinacity and warmth than the questions which affect the moral character of Mary Stuart. By her advocates she has been regarded as the type of nearly every excellence, while to others she has become the ideal of every vice and the embodiment of every crime. Among her contemporaries, one party held her name up to execration as an unclean thing; while, on the other side, men whose evidence is no less trustworthy, have no less vehemently asserted her honour and proclaimed her innocence. The accusations of Knox and Buchanan are repelled by the vindications of Leslie and Blackwood, all of whom were well acquainted with her Court, and had frequently conversed with herself. Under such circumstances it was difficult, even in her own day, to decide as to her guilt or innocence; and in time men grew weary of a dispute which appeared to be interminable. The discussion, which for long had been carried on with varying success, began to lose its former interest; and the friends and the foes of the Scottish Queen were contented to await the production of new evidence which should throw clearer light upon the subject, and warrant the re-examination of the entire question.

Time passed, and a new class of controversialists entered upon the field, men whose inquiries revived the curiosity and the sympathy of the public in regard to the character of the Scottish Queen. The confident assertions and rash conclusions of Mr. Froude were met by the calm and judicial precision with which the charges brought against her were examined by Mr. Hosack and the Rev. Father Morris. The recent discovery of a remarkable document in France has once more stimulated our interest in the question. An ancient manuscript volume, containing an account of her trial and execution, has recently been found at Cluny, the site of the celebrated Benedictine Abbey of that name in Burgundy. It contains a copy of the Journal kept by M. Bourgoing,<sup>1</sup> Mary's phy-

<sup>1</sup> M. Bourgoing is no stranger to us, being frequently mentioned as one of the Queen's household (see Labanoff, vii. 250). She did not forget him in her last will (Lab. vi. 490). In the Record Office (Papers of Mary Queen of Scots, xi. 21) is a letter written by him, in which he mentions her failing health, dated at Sheffield, 1st May, 1580.

sician, who, as we know from independent sources, shared with her the concluding portion of her imprisonment, and remained with her until the hour of her death. This narrative has recently been published by M. Chantelauze,<sup>2</sup> whose careful examination of its statements proves their general accuracy. It is a work of great interest and value. As seen in its pages, Mary's character, never deficient in dignity, commands our increased respect ; by it we can better understand the difficulties of her position and sympathize with her more fully in the trials through which she passed, and by means of which her spirit was at once ennobled, purified, and sanctified.

Important, however, and interesting as is Bourgoing's Journal, it is not to this narrative that we desire on the present occasion to solicit the attention of our readers. We wish to lay before them some account of a manuscript volume hitherto unnoticed, from which we propose to derive, from time to time, and to print in the pages of the MONTH, several important contributions towards an estimate of Mary's character, truer and juster than any which may have as yet appeared before the public. The best description which could be given of this volume in a few words would be to prefix to it the following ideal title: "Collections towards a history of the reign of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, by Claude Nau, her French Secretary."

Several questions respecting such a document as this professes to be will at once suggest themselves, and until they are satisfactorily answered these Memoirs—or by whatsoever other name they may be known—can be regarded as of little value. It will be asked, Who was Nau, and what is his character? What were his sources of information? or, in other words, How did he become acquainted with the statements which he has recorded? In what condition have these old papers come down to us? Where were they found, and where are they now kept? And lastly, Can we see them and examine them for ourselves, and form our own independent opinion of their worth and general character?

Such inquiries as these are perfectly legitimate ; we now proceed to discuss them in detail.

Among those persons who had known Queen Mary in the days of her prosperity, and were contented to share with her her weary captivity in England, was her French Secretary, Raullet. After having served her long and faithfully, he died at Sheffield very suddenly in August, 1574.<sup>3</sup> His death was a great loss to her, for he had been a trusted friend as well as a wise counsellor. She discovered, about the same time, that her finances had fallen into lamentable disorder ; her dowry from France was paid very irregularly ; the contributions which had

<sup>2</sup> The title of the volume is as follows: "Marie Stuart, son Procès et son Exécution, d'après le Journal inédit de Bourgoing, son Medecin . . . par M. R. Chantelauze." Paris, 1876, 8vo.

<sup>3</sup> Mary to the Archbishop of Glasgow (Lab. iv. 216).

been promised by foreign princes had long since ceased,<sup>4</sup> and her agent, Doulu,<sup>5</sup> had proved himself careless, or dishonest, or both. Not only was a new secretary wanted, but also a new treasurer; and she desired to unite, if possible, the duties of these two offices in the same individual. The Archbishop of Glasgow, her Ambassador in Paris, placed the difficulty, at her request, before her relatives, the Cardinal of Lorraine and the Duke of Guise. Without delay they offered the appointment, such as it was, with all its dangers and responsibilities, to a young man named Nau, and Nau accepted the offer.

Claude<sup>6</sup> Nau was born of a good family which had originally settled in Lorraine, but which, following the fortunes of the aspiring House of Guise, had for some years past domesticated itself in Paris. The Cardinal of Guise had taken Claude under his protection and employed him as his secretary; but being ambitious, Claude studied law, and practised in the courts of Parliament in the capital. At the time of his appointment to serve Mary he had attained a fair eminence in his profession; and higher promotion and increased wealth promised speedily to follow through the influence of his powerful patrons. Though still a very young man, he must have stood high in the opinion of those who selected him to fill a situation of so great responsibility and difficulty, and we shall see that he retained their good opinion to the end of his life. He was a Catholic, and his children did good service to the Church after him.<sup>7</sup> By the Guises he was presented at the French Court, and in due course he was accredited by Henry the Third to the English Government as Mary's new secretary.

Elizabeth was in a bad humour when he arrived, and she did not receive him graciously. We still possess the letter<sup>8</sup> which he carried

<sup>4</sup> If sent, they had been intercepted (see Lab. vi. 413, vii. 206); in the latter of which passages Nau assures Elizabeth that for twelve years not one single penny had been received from this source by Mary.

<sup>5</sup> On Doulu's mismanagement, see R. O. *Mary* x. 77, 91, and a letter from Nau to his brother-in-law, in MS. Cot. Cal. c. iii. 500.

<sup>6</sup> The following summary of the dignities attained by Mary's secretary is given by M. de la Chenaye Desbois, *Dictionnaire de la Noblesse*, t. x. p. 698. Paris, 1775, 4to. Claude Nau de la Boisselière, counsellor to the King, auditor in the Chamber des Comptes, Secretary of State and Finances by Queen Mary, on his return from her service was nominated Counsellor and Intendant of Finances, and lastly, Secretary in Ordinary of the Chamber by Henry the Fourth, by Provision, 1st July, 1600. By the same sovereign he was ennobled by letters dated at Fontainebleau, in May, 1605, in La Cour des Aides, and again registered 12th September, 1738. The family still existed when the work cited above was published. See also L. Paris, *Indicateur au Grand Armorial Général de France*, par Charles d'Hozier, ii. 126. Paris, 1865, 8vo.

<sup>7</sup> Two of his sons became priests of the Society of Jesus, and were men of mark in their day, viz., Nicolas, born at Paris in 1603, and Michel, born at the same place in 1631. The latter was the author of several works, illustrative of the history and antiquities of the Eastern Churches, which attained considerable reputation. See M. de la Chenaye Desbois, x. 698; and De Backer, i. 508, vi. 396.

<sup>8</sup> The Queen's autograph signature is prefixed and her signet is impressed. She says that since the death of Rollet the Queen of Scots, being destitute of a French secretary, has by her own letters and by means out of France desired her, Elizabeth,

with him from her when he entered upon his duties in the household of the Scottish Queen. It is addressed by Elizabeth's dictation to Mary's keeper, the Earl of Shrewsbury; and as it was left open, Nau might read it, and probably he did so. The English Queen in it reminds the Earl that as Raullet had been guilty of "certain evil offices," she had been in no hurry to sanction the appointment of his successor; but that the bearer, Nau, "having been chosen and sent, hath promised that he shall carry himself in that even manner that becometh an honest minister." It would be only prudent, however, she thought, to remind him from time to time of the duties of his office, and the Earl should take heed that the new official did not walk in the steps of the deceased Raullet, his predecessor.

Nau entered upon the active discharge of his duties as secretary to Queen Mary in the earlier part of the year 1575, and he served her in that capacity until her death in 1587. Recommended as he was by her uncle, doubtless he was well received, and soon found himself in a position of trust and responsibility; nor was it without its difficulties and annoyances. The daily routine of the household, strictly marked out by the Privy Council, and as strictly enforced by the Earl of Shrewsbury, cannot but have been harassing and irksome by reason of its undeviating monotony. It brought him, however, into frequent intercourse with his mistress. Many hours must have been spent daily by him in her company, for he deciphered the ciphered letters which reached her, and received her instructions as to the terms in which they should be answered. He had her entire confidence, was admitted to participate in her secrets, discussed with her all her plans, and was employed in the management of several delicate transactions. Large powers were intrusted by her to the exercise of his discretion, and in every respect he had a considerable influence in her counsels. Yet, when we consider the limited amusement or occupation which was at the disposal of this imprisoned household, they must have led a dull existence. Their walks were limited within a narrow circle round the house, and even then only for a brief time during the course of the day, and never without the presence of a keeper.<sup>9</sup> For the women of the party there was the unfailing resource of the needle, an occupation of which they never grew weary; and Mary has left behind her numerous proofs of the industry and skill with which she exercised the various arts of the sempstress. If dull for the women, for the men it must have been almost unsupportable.

Under these circumstances, as nothing could be more natural, so nothing can be more likely, than that the household should find occupation in the telling of histories, real or fictitious. What more

to suffer another to come to supply that place about her, "which we have hitherto forborn to grant for diverse good causes, and among other for the evil offices which her other secretary did there, whereof you are not ignorant." It is dated at St. James's, 29th March, 1575, and is preserved in MS. Lansd. 1236, n. 47.

<sup>9</sup> Papers of Sir Ralph Sadler, ii. 361.

probable than that, as they gathered round the fire in the winter, or sat together in the summer twilight, they should ask their mistress to tell them some of the stirring incidents of her early life? What histories could be more exciting than those which she had to recount of the splendours of Paris and Fontainebleau, or the terrors of Amboise, Holyrood, and Lochleven? In contrast with these she would be thankful to recall the holy calm in which she spent the days of her first widowhood at Rheims, a peaceful and happy home in which she gladly would have passed the remainder of her life. And next, we can imagine, without any violation of propriety, that the little circle of questioning friends might turn the conversation so as to introduce Murray and Lethington, Lindsay and Morton, Rizzio, Darnley, and Bothwell. Is it too violent a supposition to imagine that her secretary, moved by incidents at once so touching and so terrible, incidents, too, in which she who was speaking had borne the chiefest part and endured the longest suffering, that he should endeavour to secure the outline of what she was even then telling them, and while she was yet speaking that he should attempt to reduce it to writing? That, at his earliest leisure, he should bestow upon his unfinished draft the revision, the correction, the expansion which he was conscious it needed? That, where he doubted, he should ask for information from the authority most capable of giving it? I see no difficulty in believing that some such mental relaxation as this occurred to them; the difficulty with me would be in believing that such an obvious means of rational amusement should not have suggested itself, and should not have been welcomed. The difficulty lies in believing that such was not the case. This is the probable origin of the history of Queen Mary as designed by Nau, the faint outline of what he intended should in time become the portrait of his mistress. But he was not permitted to look upon its completion. The work at Chartley was rudely interrupted, and a few mutilated fragments are all that at present remain to us of Nau's *Memoirs of the History of Queen Mary*.

Such was the author of this narrative; such apparently were the circumstances under which it was written, and such the claims which it has to our attention. It is the production of a man who occupied a position of trust and honour in Mary's household, and who lived with her eleven years beneath the same roof. The manuscript is in his handwriting. We are now in a position to advance one step further in the inquiry, and to endeavour to trace the history of these papers, from the day on which they were written to our own. Where are they now, and how did they come into their present keeping? To answer these questions, it is necessary that we should accompany Nau to Chartley.

The change from Tutbury to Chartley (December, 1585) was most acceptable to Mary. Born in the end of 1542, she had now only just passed middle life, and under ordinary circumstances it might have been expected that many vigorous years were still before her. But sorrow and sickness, joined to the rigours of her long imprisonment, had

broken down a constitution never very robust from her childhood, and she was now rapidly becoming a prematurely crippled invalid. But as the winter of the year 1585 passed away she began to rally. With the brighter spring days came new strength and energy, and by the middle of summer, she found herself able to take exercise on horseback. Life looked brighter around her. Even her keeper, Sir Amias Paulet, generally so stern and repulsive in his manner and conversation, seemed to relax, so much so indeed as to propose that she and her whole household, male and female, should enjoy a day's sport by hunting the stag in the neighbouring forest.

The<sup>10</sup> invitation of course was gratefully accepted. Mary pined for the fresh air and the bright sunshine, which she knew to be essential to her health ; her young attendants were full of the anticipation of a good gallop over the turf and a blithe dance on the greensward. All promised themselves a pleasant holiday, and young and old set out in high spirits. The party consisted of the Queen, her keeper and his son, Nau and Curle, the two secretaries, besides many others. Mary being well mounted, in the pleasurable excitement of the moment, had, unknown to herself, ridden a short distance in advance of Paulet, but discovering her error, she drew up, awaited his arrival, and apologized. He received her explanation with courtesy, and then informed her that a messenger from the Queen of England desired to speak with her in private. Knowing by the experience of twenty years the probable meaning of such a message, the heart of the prisoner must have sunk within her. Her worst fears were soon realized. Sir Thomas Gorges dismounted, and informed her that several grave accusations had of late been brought against her. Such conduct on her part as that now laid to her charge was unexpected ; it was unfortunate—indeed, it was almost incredible ; but there could be no doubt about it, for the Queen had assured herself of the truth by the evidence of her own senses. Mary therefore, he continued, need not be surprised if certain of her servants, who were found to be implicated in the affair, were removed from having further dealings with her. This was the message with which he had been intrusted by his royal mistress. Sir Amias Paulet would let her know the remainder of the Queen's pleasure.

After a few words expressive at once of her surprise and her innocence, Mary and her party prepared to return homewards. As Nau rode up to her side to offer his condolence and receive her instructions, Sir Thomas Gorges rudely pushed his horse between him and his mistress, declaring loudly that he should not come near her. Curle, the other secretary, was treated in the same violent manner. A scuffle appeared to be imminent. Nau, though well mounted, was nearly unhorsed in the confusion. To have offered any resistance would have been useless as well as dangerous to the Queen's party. Had

<sup>10</sup> The incidents connected with this event are derived from Bourgoing's Journal, and many of them are new to our history. He formed one of the party upon the occasion.

a skirmish ensued, a chance thrust from a sword or the accidental discharge of a pistol would have freed Elizabeth from many an hour of anxiety, nor would Paulet have inquired too curiously whose hand had done the deed. In Paulet's opinion the day's sport had been successful. Mary's two secretaries, Curle and Nau, could do no further service to their mistress and no further mischief to Elizabeth, for they were now prisoners in the hands of the English Government. From that hour Mary never again saw them. They were sent to London, in order that they might be examined by the Privy Council, and there they remained until the completion of the tragedy at Fotheringhay.

At last then, after this interruption, the Queen and her party set out on their way to Chartley. So at least they thought, but they were mistaken. Too much excited to take any very particular notice of the road they were going, they concluded that all was right, since they saw their keepers a little in advance of them. Presently, however, they began to doubt, and Mary, having questioned Paulet on the subject, he frankly told her that she was not on her way back to Chartley, but that he was taking her to a new place of residence.

Mary dismounted, and seated herself on the ground, declaring that she would not advance one step further in that direction. Paulet attempted to persuade her, but in vain. He argued that she was losing her time and wasting her strength; that sooner or later she would be driven to yield to his wishes; that the house which had now been provided for her was much superior in every respect to that which she had left, and that all was meant by Elizabeth and himself in the spirit of kindness. Mary was unmoved. At length he gave her to understand that if she drove him to it he was prepared to resort to violence,<sup>11</sup> and that so she should; if not willingly, then by force. At last she yielded to the entreaties and arguments of her people; and her own discretion told her at the same time that further resistance was undignified, and must be useless. As if at once to warrant his own conduct, and to apologize for it, Sir Amias now produced his instructions, signed by Elizabeth herself, which authorized the imprisonment of her two secretaries, and the removal of herself from Chartley to some place of surer custody.

The house now selected for her confinement was Tixall, the residence of Sir William Aston. It stood at no great distance from Chartley, to which, in every respect, it was inferior. On her arrival there, she found that only the scantiest preparations had been made for

<sup>11</sup> This was no idle threat on the part of Paulet, nor did it proceed simply from the violence of his own brutal temper. The following passage occurs in some instructions, signed by the hand of Elizabeth herself, respecting an intended removal of Mary upon a previous occasion: "And in case she shall refuse to go with you according to our direction, pretending sickness or some other impediment, in that case our pleasure is that you shall by force place her in some coach or litter, as to you shall be thought meet. This being ordered, without any further delay or excuse whatsoever, you shall take your way with her towards Ashby" (See *R.O. Mary*, xi. 2, where this paper is erroneously placed under 1578, as appears by Sadler ii. 352).

her reception ; that no change of clothing, not even the most necessary articles for daily use, had been provided ; and that she was about to be exposed to the most annoying inconveniences. Ill, wearied, and agitated as she was, she asked for pen and paper, in order that she might make known to Elizabeth the indignities to which she was being subjected. Paulet declared that she should not send from the house any communication of any kind whatever ; and when she begged that he would come to her, or permit her to wait upon him, he returned for reply that he would do neither the one nor the other.

In the meantime Elizabeth's agents were not idle at Chartley.<sup>12</sup> On their arrival there they secured such of Mary's servants as had remained behind their mistress, and locked them up in separate rooms, so that they could not speak with each other. They took possession of the keys of every door, chest, closet, desk, or other place of deposit which might contain papers or other objects of importance. The search was afterwards resumed more carefully and thoroughly. Four justices of the peace were occupied in it for two long days, at the end of which three boxes, filled with documents, consisting chiefly of Mary's most private correspondence, were sent off to Windsor for the inspection of the Queen and her Privy Council.

This crowning calamity might apparently have been avoided, for it had been foreseen. Nau had of late warned his mistress more than once of the possibility of some such attempt being made upon her papers, but he did not succeed in persuading her of her danger. About seven weeks before Babington was apprehended, as many as twenty-one or twenty-two packets of letters,<sup>13</sup> which had long lingered on the road, reached her on the same day. All of them referred to matters of the highest importance. At that time her prospects of escape had grown brighter, and she believed that the hour of her deliverance was at hand. She even discussed with Nau what should be done with this large mass of compromising correspondence when the moment for escape should arrive. He advised that it should be destroyed without delay, and he seems to have had the best of the

<sup>12</sup> On August 21st, "at 9 of the clock at night," a person of the name of Nicasius Yetsweirt, in the confidence of Elizabeth, writes in the following terms to Secretary Walsingham : "I have declared unto her Majesty the contents of your honour's letter I received this evening, and her Highness liketh very well the order taken for the safe bringing of Nau and Curle, and the things that Mr. Gorge and Mr. Wade hath charge of also, besides ; which I perceive be caskets of writings. And her Majesty being very careful to have these caskets safely brought, though I told her that according to her pleasure signified unto your honour in my letter this day you had dispatched a discreet person to assist Mr. Gorge and Mr. Wade in their charge, yet her Highness is scant satisfied with that, and would have you to provide yet better herein, and specially that the said caskets might be brought under sure conduct by some sure person before ; for her Highness esteemed more of the caskets and of the things contained in them, than of Nau and Curle. For in comparison little she esteemeth them in respect of the caskets" (R.O. *Mary*, xix. 50).

<sup>13</sup> These seem to have been the packets which had been accumulating in the hands of the French Ambassador during the last two years (See Lab. vi. 342).



argument. "If," said he, "you escape, you must do one of two things. Either you must take these letters away with you, or you must leave them behind you. You cannot promise to yourself that in the danger and excitement of the moment you can do the former, or that your friends can do it for you. To leave them behind would be most imprudent. It would sacrifice the lives and estates of those who have put both in jeopardy for your welfare; and it would reveal many plans and devices, past, present, and future, which should assuredly be kept secret. And if these letters happen in the meantime to be seized by our keeper, then Curle, Pasquier, and I are sure to be hanged."

Still Mary was not convinced. She could not bring herself to believe, she said, that Elizabeth would condescend to meddle with her private letters, nor subject her to the indignity of causing them to be examined by others.<sup>14</sup> Besides, she thought that she was sure of having such ample warning of the approach of danger as would give her time to remove, to secrete, and, if necessary, to destroy the fatal papers. We have seen that she was no match for Cecil and Walsingham, and that Paulet's device for the day's hunting placed her letters and her life in the hands of her enemies.

When the Privy Council got possession of this correspondence, they subjected the whole mass to a careful examination. They selected from it, in the first place, such documents as were likely to be most useful in carrying out Elizabeth's cherished plan for the trial and condemnation of her rival. Through what hands these papers passed, to what treatment they were subjected before they were produced in court, is unknown. It is not easy to discriminate between the genuine, on the one hand, and those which were interpolated, or falsified, or forged, on the other. But this we know, the evidence upon which Mary was condemned came from papers which were said to have been found in her own keeping.

After the more important legal documents had been culled out by the law officers of the Crown, the remainder underwent many vicissitudes. Cecil selected from it such as pleased his taste or gratified his curiosity, and he deposited them in his own private library in Hatfield House, where they remain to the present time. Very many were sent to the State Paper office, and these were incorporated with the Public Records of the United Kingdom. Others, which appeared to be of no immediate interest or curiosity were for the time disregarded, and after passing from hand to hand, were ultimately absorbed in the collections of such antiquaries as Bodley and Laud, Harley, Rawlinson, and Cotton.

<sup>14</sup> Mary erred through life in attributing to others the feelings and principles by which she herself was actuated. She was not aware that as far back as the year 1581 Elizabeth had issued a warrant, under her own hand, to the Earl of Shrewsbury and others, instructing them "to seize upon all her writings and letters, both in the custody of herself and also of her secretaries, and of any others that deal with her secret affairs," if necessary using violence to obtain possession of the same (See the instructions printed in Sadler's State Papers ii. 355).

This, then, is the early history of that collection of papers of which Nau's Memoirs of Queen Mary originally formed a part. We may now proceed to give some information as to the present condition of these Memoirs, and to specify the libraries in which they are actually deposited and where they may be examined at the present moment.

By far the larger section is to be found in the Cottonian Collection of Manuscripts in the British Museum; a few leaves, separated from the rest, of which they originally formed a portion, may be seen in the General Record Office. These two portions of the work are very fragmentary. Roughly speaking—we shall be more precise hereafter—such of them as refer to the intended Biography of Mary begin with her birth in 1542, and continue without interruption until her departure from Scotland to France. Of her childhood, education, and early married life, the information is very scanty. Passing over her return to Scotland and her marriage with Darnley, the incidents which led to the murder of Rizzio, and the manner in which that tragedy was accomplished, we reach the point at which the narrative is resumed, and at which its interest is at the highest. The events which immediately followed the murder are told in considerable detail, and are full of novelty and interest; and they continue to possess the same value until shortly after the Queen's arrival in England. Here the information once more flags in its continuity and its importance, and soon afterwards it ends abruptly. Of the history of the later years of her English captivity no trace has been found. Hence, we are led to accept one of three conclusions as to the origin of these deficiencies. Either these missing portions of the book were never written—or if written they have perished—or, lastly, they are safely stored up in some Library or Record Office, in England or upon the Continent, where their recovery will reward the research of some more fortunate inquirer.

It is somewhat remarkable that the importance of these papers, although they must have been inspected by hundreds of intelligent and inquisitive eyes, has never yet been recognized; and that now, at last, public attention is directed to them after the neglect of three centuries. The reasons for this neglect are not far to seek. Nau could write a very beautiful and legible hand when he pleased, of which we have many specimens in the British Museum and the Record Office; yet there occurred circumstances when it was impossible for him to bestow either time or pains upon the mechanical act of writing, and then his hand becomes a scrawl, which at times it is almost impossible to decipher. Writing, as we believe he did when he penned these Memoirs, from the dictation of one who was speaking rapidly and under the impulse of the moment, we need not wonder that the penmanship is no better than it is. The attempts to correct the defects of the first draft too often increase the difficulty. Interlineations, cancels and additions follow; the original construction of the sentence is lost, and distraction and confusion is the result. With such a page before him we need not wonder that the reader should abandon the attempt, unless

he has already assured himself that the intrinsic value of the text will repay the labour which is required to decipher it.<sup>15</sup>

There is yet another reason not without its weight, which may help to explain the obscurity in which these Memoirs have been allowed to slumber on the shelves of our great Public Library. In the catalogue of the Cottonian Manuscripts they are entered under the following uninviting title: "An historical treatise concerning the affairs of Scotland, chiefly in vindication of Mary, Queen of Scots. French. A fragment." There was little inducement to spend time over a collection of papers of which the handwriting and the subject matter are equally unpropitious; and we may forgive the student if, with a feeling of relief, he passed on in search of something more attractive.

In a previous section of this narrative we have seen that Queen Mary's private correspondence was carried off from Chartley to London; and that, by virtue of a warrant from Elizabeth, it was accompanied thither by Nau and Curle. In themselves the papers were exceedingly valuable, but they might be made to become more valuable if interpreted by her secretaries. Their assistance would be especially important in the preparation of the evidence now at last about to be produced in Court against the Great Criminal. Nau and Curle knew the history of every single paper; they could explain each covert allusion; they could elucidate the many mysterious passages, which without their help must remain unintelligible. All this they could do; but would they do it? Probably they would refuse at the first, but Elizabeth could employ many potent arguments when it suited her interest to use them. She desired the conviction of Mary; and the rackmaster and the hangman would help her to attain her purpose.

Of Curle we have nothing to say; he does not fall within the scope of our present inquiry. Of Nau, nothing so satisfactory as we could have wished, though the details which have come down to us are more abundant and more minute than might have been expected. The following particulars have reached us as to the manner in which he is said to have passed through the period of danger and trial which intervened between his own arrest and the beheading of his Mistress.

All direct correspondence between Nau and the household at Chartley was cut off from the beginning. If any attempt to exchange letters were made on either side, it failed. It was supposed for some time that he had been put to death, a conjecture which was by no means improbable.<sup>16</sup> Presently came tidings that he was in safety, well treated and comfortably placed in Walsingham's family; and that

<sup>15</sup> I may here perhaps be permitted to mention that when Tytler was writing his *History of the reign of Queen Mary*, I pointed out this work to him as worthy of his notice. He has quoted it only once (*Cott. Cal.*, b. iv. 104, b. see vol. v. p. 365 of his *History*, ed. 1845), and as far as I know he is the only author who has cited it. He afterwards told me frankly that he could not afford time to bestow upon the study of such a crabbed piece of penmanship.

<sup>16</sup> Phellippes the decipherer, writing to Walsingham, on July 19, 1586, hopes that the Queen will hang Nau and Curle. *R.O. Mary*, xviii. 61.

he had bought these privileges by giving important information against his Mistress. Walsingham took care that Mary should be told of Nau's treachery; it would be a pang to her even if she did not believe it, and that was something. Possibly, however, it might lead to important results. The inference which it was expected she should draw from the treachery of her Secretary was obvious. If, through him, the English Law Officers had penetrated the mysteries of her correspondence with the Pope and the King of Spain, with Morgan and Paget, Babington, and "the six gentlemen who were to do the deed," her position was indeed desperate. Why should she in the face of such overpowering evidence make her situation yet worse by continuing to deny her guilt? Would not it be wiser and safer at once to admit her treason? to humble herself before the woman whom she had plotted to dethrone and murder? to appeal to her cousin's known generosity and tender heart, and sue for pardon? Had Mary been the criminal that Walsingham and Cecil wished to prove her to be, this possibly might have been her line of action. But she was unmoved; and no confession of guilt, no cry for mercy, came from the prison-house of Chartley.

As time went on, so evil reports against Nau gained ground. He still continued to reside in Walsingham's family, where, as it was said, he was contented and happy. Within a month previous to Mary's execution, the Secretary of the French Legation in London, one Chérelles,<sup>17</sup> writes about him, in these terms: "M. Nau continues in good health and spirits, an inmate in the house of Mr. Walsingham. I fear, however, that in the end he will pay dearly for his board and lodging. I suspect he is being cheated. This good treatment which he receives troubles me and makes me uncomfortable. I should much prefer that he had less good cheer and more liberty." The impression continued to increase until it was very generally accepted among Mary's friends. It was reported at Chartley, that during all this time he was employed in selecting and preparing the materials which were to be produced against his Mistress at her so-called trial. Such seems to have been her own conviction, and she expressed it repeatedly and earnestly. When she was told that she was about to be executed upon the following day, she inquired whether Nau was still alive, and on being told that he was, exclaimed with vehemence: "What! shall I be put to death and Nau escape? Nau is the cause of my death! I suffer in order that Nau may go scatheless!" So strong was this impression on her mind that she recorded it in her last will. As originally drawn she had been liberal to her two secretaries,<sup>18</sup> but the payment of their bequests was now made contingent upon their vindication of their fidelity.<sup>19</sup> Nau had sent certain papers to her from

<sup>17</sup> R.O. *Mary*, xxi. 2. This Chérelles was a traitor to Mary, whose interests he sold to Walsingham, to whom he sent copies of her letters, several of which in his writing are till extant. See Morris's *Letter Books of Sir A. Poult*, pp. 85, 86.

<sup>18</sup> Lab. iv. 537.

<sup>19</sup> Jebb. ii. 631.

London in proof of the falsity of the charges which had been brought against him; she now forwarded these to the Duke of Guise with the request that he would examine into the question to which they related. We shall presently see with what result.<sup>20</sup> Mary's last hours therefore were embittered by the thought that Nau, and Curle, and Pasquier had deserted her and by their treachery had helped on her condemnation.

Nau's conduct subsequently to Mary's death seemed calculated to strengthen these suspicions. He did not visit his old friends at Fotheringhay, not even upon the occasion of the funeral of his mistress at Peterborough. Long before the other members of her household could get permission to return to their respective homes, a passport from the English Government enabled Nau to reach France. Evil reports followed him. It was stated that when he was taken prisoner at Chartley twenty thousand livres, all in hard cash, were found in his baggage, along with thirty costly mantles, each fitted for the wear of a nobleman.<sup>21</sup> He crossed over from England in a little boat of his own, taking with him ten thousand pounds; and during the passage he was heard to lament the necessity of having to leave behind him as much more. His property in France amounted to one hundred thousand livres. And these large sums he had contrived to amass, said his accusers, within the space of twelve years.<sup>22</sup>

If such were the accusations brought against Nau, he had something to say in his vindication. On his arrival in Paris, he presented himself in the first instance before the King, and next before the princes of the family of Guise. He produced various letters and other papers in proof of the uprightness and fidelity of his conduct, and begged that the charges which had been brought against him might be investigated. After a careful inquiry, the Duke of Guise declared his conviction that Nau had been falsely accused, and he embodied that conviction in a judicial document now before us. The duke had heard, he says, the history of these recent transactions in England, and had inspected the many proofs vouching for Nau's integrity, which he had produced, in the

<sup>20</sup> See *La Mort de la Reigne d'Ecosse*, in Jebb ii. 661. This treatise, printed in 1589, was written, as is stated by its author, from information derived chiefly from the servants of the deceased Queen. Its hostility to Nau is very conspicuous.

<sup>21</sup> On the 2nd of December, 1586, Nau sent to Walsingham a list of certain articles which he says he wanted "for his necessities." It is too long to be given entire, but the following extracts lead to the conclusion that at this time Nau felt pretty easy in his mind as to his own safety. He asked for six shirts, a dozen new handkerchiefs, a dozen collars with cuffs to match, half a dozen collars with six pairs of cuffs, a dozen pair of socks, a dozen large handkerchiefs, half a dozen new night-caps, a jacket with wrought sleeves of velvet, a long mantle of black taffeta, furred throughout, a small mantle without sleeves, a long mantle of black cloth, a pour-point of black satin, two pair of boots, two pair of shoes, four yards of black cloth, one hat of taffeta, one hat of black beaver, six pair of gloves, a silver cup and cover, a cup of silver, a book in Italian called *Diari Veglie*, two volumes of the *Lives* of Plutarch, in Italian, the smaller works of Plutarch, a book in English, *Of resolution of lyffe*, and a Breviary (R.O. *Mary of Scots*, xx. 36).

<sup>22</sup> Jebb ii. 661.

writing of the late Queen of Scotland and M. de l'Aubespine, the French Ambassador. The Duke expresses his entire satisfaction at the Secretary's conduct, and his belief that the garboils that had sprung up had been brought about by English trickery. The accused, whom he had known from his youth, has always borne a good character, and been well affectioned towards the house of Lorraine, in which he has been educated. "Therefore," continues his Grace, "let Nau have his salary, his pensions, and all his other rights as counsellor and secretary to Queen Mary. Let him also have all the moveable property which he can verify as his own, and which, at this present time, is in the hands of other persons, her late Majesty's servants. Especially let him have certain rings and other articles of gold, which he had placed in her cabinet for greater safety at a time when she thought she was going to escape; and which these servants affirm to have been by her divided among them; possibly in the belief that Nau had been put to death by the English. In this case, however, he must give an equivalent."<sup>23</sup> At the same time the Duke wrote to the Archbishop of Glasgow, Mary's Ambassador in Paris, highly commending the long and valuable services of the Secretary.<sup>24</sup>

It appears then from these documents that however much Nau's integrity may have been questioned in England, in France it was officially declared to be unsullied. Who would venture to throw a doubt upon the fair fame of the man whose honour was vouched for by such a mass of evidence?

Here, then, at this point it might be supposed that our interest in Nau should cease, and that we may leave now him in the quiet possession of the wealth and the honours which are said to have attended him in his own country. To our surprise, however, he appears before us once more, and this even as late as the year 1605. In that year he addressed a memorial to our King James the First, in which he vindicates his character from the charges which had been brought against him nearly twenty years previously. A copy of the paper which he presented, or was prepared to present, to James is still extant, and from it we gather a few additional particulars respecting his former residence in England. We do not, however, forget, while reading it, that he is here telling his own story in his own vindication.

He asserts that when he was brought before the Privy Council of England, and questioned as to certain facts connected with his mistress, he refused to admit the jurisdiction of the Court, and demanded that he should be put upon his trial, if he had offended, before his own sovereign, the King of France. This having been overruled, he made certain statements to the effect that, in regard to the charges on which Mary was accused, she had incurred no guilt because she possessed no

<sup>23</sup> Dated 15th of October, 1587. A copy, authenticated by Nau, is preserved in the Cotton MS. *Cal. D* 1. f. 89, b.

<sup>24</sup> *Ibid.* f. 89, b.

freedom of action. Ballard's plot was known to her only by letters written by Ballard himself, and as usual addressed to Curle. These letters did not speak of the design as something on which Mary might deliberate before decision. There was no room for deliberation ; the time for action was at hand. Already had the attempt about to be made in her behalf been agreed upon by Spain and the Netherlands, and by certain friends in France, all of whom were on the move. Everything had been decided, therefore, long before Mary, or any one near her, had heard one word upon the subject.

When at last Nau was compelled to plead, he disputed, he says, every inch of the ground. Upon one occasion he went so far as, in his obstinacy, to deny his own handwriting, which appeared in the draft of a letter given by him to Curle that he might translate it into English ; and this draft Curle had imprudently left, along with the translation, in the Queen's cabinet, where it was found. Upon his denial that the writing was his, Walsingham became furious. He crossed over to that part of the room in which Nau was standing, insulted him grievously, and shook his fist in his face more than once. The late Lord Treasurer interposed and rebuked Walsingham gently for his violence.

If he be accused of having made certain admissions which were prejudicial to the Queen, he asserts that he made no admission whatever upon any point which had not been previously proved by other evidence. He never revealed any of her secrets except such as had already been discovered. In his last appearance before the Court he discussed the sentence which had been pronounced against her, and showed that it was calumnious, supposititious, and falsified. Again Walsingham broke out into a tempest of fury, became abusive, charged him with speaking against his conscience, and read certain confessions and depositions made by the criminals recently executed, and also of some of Mary's servants, hoping thereby to make him retract what he had asserted. But instead of doing this, Nau repeated his arguments, and cited Walsingham before the tribunal of God to answer for such calumnies and falsehoods as these. He requested that his protest might be engrossed in the Acts of the Assembly, and frequently asked the registrar to see that this were done. The Lords took care that his depositions should never reach the late Queen Mary.

The last will of his mistress is cited against him, and he is told that she doubted his integrity at the last. Yes, she doubted, because she was misled ; but she did not venture to affirm his guilt absolutely. She suspended her judgment until the doubt should be cleared. Had she believed him actually guilty she would have said so ; and such was her nobleness of character that she probably would before her death have sent him her forgiveness. But in truth she was misled by the crafts of the English, aided by the false reports introduced into her household by the agents of Queen Elizabeth. One of her servants yet alive may call to mind how she has spoken of their mistress in the presence of the others at dinner and supper, calling her "traitor, and

double traitor," and how she repeated scandalous stories about her familiarities with Sir Amias Paulet.

The idea, Nau proceeds, that he has been bribed by Elizabeth is utterly without foundation. He protests, upon his share in Paradise, that the only thing which Elizabeth ever gave him was a little portrait of herself, framed in ebony, worth about ten crowns, after he had resided at her court for some months. On his return he gave it to his mistress. As to Mary, he cannot charge her with want of liberality; but perhaps she owed more to him than he did to her. He can say with truth that during the whole eleven years he had the honour of serving her, he never received from her a thousand crowns "extraordinarily." He did not neglect her interests. Under his care her finances greatly improved; she cleared off more than four hundred thousand livres of old debts, she paid all the wages of her servants, with scarce any retrenchment; she made handsome gifts to various friends in England and Scotland; and at her death, she left in her coffers a large sum in ready money.

From these facts Nau deduces several inferences, which are obvious and reasonable, but upon which it is unnecessary to enlarge as having no direct bearing upon the real question before us.

Here, then, I bring my argument to a conclusion. If I have been so fortunate as to induce my reader to accompany me through these details, I hope I shall have shown, in the first place, that certain papers containing various new details respecting the life of Queen Mary Stuart are still extant; further, that there are conclusive arguments for affirming that these papers are in the handwriting of her secretary, Claude Nau, that they were written by him while he resided in her family; and that they were probably corrected by her authority and under her direction.

In future articles I shall attempt to show the bearing of this new information upon the history of Scotland in general, and the history of Mary Stuart in particular.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

<sup>26</sup> This was probably in November, 1584. See R.O. *Mary*, xiv. 34, 42, 46, 47, 50, &c.



## *Anemone.*

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### CHAPTER XXII.

#### THE YOUNG LORD.

ABOUT a fortnight after the birth of Alice's child and the return of Mr. Westmore to Osminster, the bells of the church at Arden's Clyst were set merrily ringing by the news that came down from Foxat, that Lady Clyst-Arden had given birth to a son and heir. The joy of the people on the estate and in the neighbourhood was very sincere indeed. John had been very much beloved, and Blanche was idolized. It was looked upon as a sort of compensation in full for the loss of the lord that, after so much suspense, his place was taken by a son. Some few people rejoiced, because they thought that the title was now safe not to pass to the old Catholic "pervert," whom no one had ever seen for so many years, and of whom, and of whose religion, so many strange stories were afloat. Some few others looked upon the event as a disappointment to Mr. Geoffrey, who was popular, but not so much so as his cousin had been. The greater number rejoiced for the sake of Blanche, the young mother, who had had so much to suffer, and who now seemed likely to have her grief assuaged and consoled.

The day after the birth of the young lord, however, there came an anxious time. It got wind that the little boy was ill, and that his mother's state was critical. No one could have doubted the love generally felt towards the family, who could have seen the many ways in which the people manifested their concern. If the children in the parish school were playing and laughing as usual, there were hardly any other hearts in the little town and the neighbouring homesteads that were light. The farmers went about finishing up their harvesting, preparing for the apple-crop, and the like; the women and girls were scattered over the fields in which the latest corn had been

reaped; but the last bit of news from Foxat was the one thought uppermost in all minds. Every pretext that could be devised was readily seized for an expedition along the broad lane—it was little more—which led first to the lodge gates of the domain, and then, after passing some way through the park, turned off half a mile from the house and breasted the gentle slope on the top of which Foxat was nestled. There was a delicacy about the poor people as to going direct up to the house—but any servant who was sent on an errand was waylaid and questioned, and the motions and gestures of Dr. Gay as he rode homewards were eagerly scrutinized. He said little, but shook his head. That day was a Saturday, and after sunset, under the light of a glorious moon, the news reached the little town that the child was still alive, and that there were better hopes. So the cottagers put their children to bed, and made their usual preparations for the Sunday—the best clothes were put out, and the more substantial food was got ready. Some of the shops—for Arden's Clyst boasted of just as many as were necessary, and a few over—were open late, and people were flitting to and fro under the moonlight, the silvery calm of which seemed not only to deck out the thatched roofs of the long street and the old church tower with a beauty which they did not possess by day, but to hush and soothe the anxious hearts of the whispering neighbours as they bid one another good-night, after repeating again and again that there was better news. Arden's Clyst was a primitive little place, and before it was ten o'clock most of the lights in the upper windows of the cottages were put out. The Vicarage stood at the upper end of the town, and was almost the nearest dwelling to the lodges of the park. At half-past ten a note came down to the Vicar from Foxat, and soon after his servant went and knocked up the old sexton in his cottage hard by. There was a hurried conversation for a moment, and then the old man took his keys and was off to the belfry door. In a moment the large bell of the church peal rang out a single toll. A minute after, the toll was repeated, and so it went on, a loud, sweet, mellow, but melancholy voice, sweeping on over the whole country side. Many a child woke up from its sleep, the cottage doors were opened, and, one after another, people ran to the belfry door to hear "who it was." There were old people in the parish known to be near their last gasp, there were children in fevers who could hardly hope to recover, one of the chief tradesmen had long lain at the door of

death, and a long catalogue of the names of bed-ridden old dames was read out in church every week. But all knew that the bell tolled for some one else. In a few minutes the message from the belfry spread over the little village, which woke up again into a restless, bustling, but hushed life for half an hour. Then all was still again. No one thought of the Catholic custom to which that toll witnessed, but all in Arden's Clyst knew that the young lord was dead.

All, hardly excepting the most implacable Dissenters, were in the church the next morning. The Vicar forgot his peculiar creed, and spoke to them a few plain, hearty words about the loss which had fallen on the family to which they were all so deeply attached. "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." He was a simple man, the Vicar, with a bad doctrine which he had been taught and which he had not found out for himself, but which he was too fond of dinning into their ears. On that Sunday he could not tell them about the glorious lot of the baptized child, taken away in the fresh bloom of his innocence, and of the ineffable blessings which he was at once to enjoy in the presence of God, for the sake of Him Who had once become a Child and then died for him on the Cross. The world on the other side of the grave was to him, as to most of his hearers, a blank, dark world, as to which something might be conjectured, but nothing certainly known. But he had a vein of piety in him which made him tender and affectionate, and he could speak of the love of God for little children, and how this love was so often shown by His taking them away at once. But it mattered very little what the good Vicar said. Every one there had come to church to join in a common act of mourning, and the tears of his audience flowed as fast as if he had been the most eloquent of preachers opening the heavens themselves by the light of faith.

Then, after a day or two more, the great family vault in the churchyard was opened. A great treat, this, for the children. It was inclosed by a high but not massive railing, and they could peep through and see the inside, and some of the coffins already there. The vault had not been opened for several years, since John's father and mother, who died within a short time of each other, had been laid there. It got about how dry and clean the vault was, and that the names on the coffins could be read. Then the older people began to talk of the family, of those whose names were made out, of the first lord, his lady and their

children. The old lord, first of the title, was almost a mythical personage now, around whose name were clustered a number of legends of stateliness and magnificence, of great people coming down from London to stay at the park, who were fond of port wine and cards, who swore terribly, and were not great at field sports, but were still heroic—for had they not been young men in the time of the great war when the French were expected to land, and the whole of South Devon was ready to receive them and eat them up before they could get back? The second lord, John's father, had been of a different stamp, and it did not require so much of antiquity to remember him, with his genial welcome and openhanded kindness to rich and poor alike. There were kindred tales about the two Ladies Clyst-Arden, whose coffins were to be seen by the side of their husbands—the first "Lady" especially, who had made the care of the poor her occupation while her husband was managing public affairs. Blanche was said to resemble her, and thus the gossips came down to her and her cousin.

Mrs. Arden, on whom and on Geoffrey the arrangement of everything for the funeral fell, was anxious to have it performed in the simplest manner possible. She thought that some of the children in the parish might take their turn in carrying the little coffin to the churchyard, and that the whole ceremony might thus be made to wear as bright an air as possible. But after some discussion, all this was given up, and the funeral ordered with something of pomp and circumstance. In order not to disturb Blanche, whose state was extremely anxious, the body of the little lord was taken down to the great house in the park the day before the funeral, and thus he entered the house in which he had been destined to reign in state, in order to leave it for his grave. It was there that the few friends who were invited, assembled on the bright September morning which had been fixed, Geoffrey doing the honours of the house, with Anemone and her brother, who had come at Mrs. Arden's request, to help him. Mrs. Arden stayed with her daughter, but the two little girls rode and walked after the coffin with Anemone. Everything was kept very quiet till the funeral hearse and carriages left the lodge, but outside that spot the road was thronged with people, and some of the neighbouring gentry who had not liked to intrude on the deep grief at the Hall, as well as a number of the farmers of the district, joined the procession, which swelled as it passed to

the church, gathering behind it the crowds as it went along. The shops of the little place were all closed, and few indeed who could be present failed to be there.

To Catholics, the funeral service of the Church of England is dreary in the extreme. No doubt the words are beautiful, for they are the words of Scripture, and Scripture must be beautiful as well as true and sublime. But the Catholic instinct is chilled and offended by the absence of every single trace of prayer for the soul of the departed—as if the one important thing in the world, under such circumstances, were not the judgment which that soul has had to undergo, and the means of helping it to pay the debt of punishment which it may have incurred. But these thoughts do not rise to the minds of Protestants, least of all would they be in place in the case of a child who had died two days after his birth. There was a little singing, in which the children did the chief part, though their voices trembled and were almost choked. And, if the purpose of the service was to be gained by the moving all present to uncontrollable tears and audible sobbing, that service certainly fulfilled its end.

Anemone and John Wood, the chief strangers present in a conspicuous place, naturally moved the curiosity of the crowd. It seemed to be her fate at this time to be connected in people's minds with the house of Clyst-Arden. She had come simply out of kindness to be with Blanche in her sorrow, and now she became the prominent figure in the funeral of the young lord, sharing the public interest with Geoffrey himself. It seemed as if she had taken Blanche's place. John felt all this more than his sister. Anemone glided through it all with a simple unconscious grace, thinking of every one but herself, and not supposing that other people thought less humbly of her than she did. But it so happened that the circumstances of the family and property made it inevitable that the state of things which had existed at Foxat for the last few weeks should come to a sudden end.

We have spoken of the young lord as a baptized child, and it is as well that it should be mentioned how he came so to be. Neither Mrs. Arden nor, we are almost afraid to say, Geoffrey thought of the immense boon for which he was absolutely dependent on the charity and faith of those around him. In the greater number of good Protestant or Anglican families the tradition still obtains, in accordance with which it is thought

quite reasonable to defer baptism for some weeks after birth, except in cases of special emergency. As soon as there came to be any fear as to the health of the new-born babe, the one person in the sick-room and in its neighbourhood who showed any anxiety about his baptism was Anemone. She spoke of the danger to Geoffrey, but Geoffrey, for once, seemed not to feel with her. He said the Vicar might be written to, but that he was not the sort of man to be in a hurry. Anemone was more pained than she liked to avow to herself by his apparent indifference, but she said nothing more, and made a quiet resolution that she would christen the child herself. She was no theologian, and she had never been told in so many words, nor had she read anywhere, that baptism might be administered by one who was not a clergyman. But she reasoned in her own mind, much as Blanche had reasoned about confession, and she hung about the door of the room in which the child lay, watching her opportunity.

Her trouble, however, was not indeed all in vain, but it was superfluous. When at last she found a time when she thought she might slip in unobserved, she saw the nurse, about whom Alice had consulted Father White, take the child in her arms, and, in the most business-like manner possible, as if she had been washing it or giving it some food, pour water three times over its head, saying at the same time, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The nurse coloured when she saw that Anemone was watching her. She laid the child gently down, and then turned to the young lady. "Poor little one!" she said; "he will not be long for this world. Thank God! he is not the first whom I have made safe for Heaven, and I hope he may not be the last."

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

### BREAKING-UP AT FOXAT.

SOME little attempt was made to hide her child's death from Blanche, but she soon discovered it. Her state had been dangerous before, and she now passed into one of those stages of delusion and mental overclouding which are not very uncommon after childbirth, when there has been a great strain of sorrow or care on the mind. Dr. Gay at first made light of it,

and thought that it might be dealt with at home, if she were kept very quiet. But after a few days he changed his mind, and told Mrs. Arden that the best chance of her daughter's recovery lay in an immediate removal from her usual surroundings, in separation even from her children and mother. And as she was not unable to bear a sea voyage, he recommended one of the admirable French Homes for the Deranged, where a patient, such as Blanche, might have a little residence of her own, under the care of some good religious. Mrs. Arden was surprised at this recommendation from an English doctor, but when it was backed up by Geoffrey she gave way. It happened, oddly enough, that Lucy Arden had visited this place in her tour in the North of France, and had written a very glowing eulogium upon it to her brother. The preliminaries were soon settled, and Geoffrey and Mrs. Arden were to start as soon as possible on the sorrowful journey with Blanche. John offered to take the children home with him, while Mrs. Arden was away, and this offer was gratefully accepted.

Geoffrey left Foxat before Mrs. Arden was quite ready, and was to return to fetch her and Blanche. He had to see the lawyers in London, as it was now certain that his uncle Laurence was the fifth Lord Clyst-Arden. He had to be informed of his accession to the title, and his orders must be taken before anything else could be done. It looked possible that he might have to be hunted up in his retreat in the Holy Land, and Geoffrey felt inclined to take the journey himself, even if a confidential clerk of the family lawyers had to be sent with him. Everything looked sad, gloomy, and uncertain. He felt unhinged and dissatisfied, as well as crushed by the blows that had fallen so quickly in succession upon him and Blanche.

Anemone had but little time for conversation with him before he took his leave. People who are thrown together under circumstances like those which had lately passed, become intimate of a sudden, even if before they have known little of each other. Geoffrey felt his separation from Anemone keenly, even amid all the serious cause for thought which was furnished by the condition of Blanche, her children, and the property. Nothing passed between them which it belongs to our history to record, except a short conversation soon after Dr. Gay had given his advice about the removal of Blanche.

Anemone had expressed her surprise at the advice thus given. It seemed strange to her that the Doctor should see

no objection to placing Blanche under the care of the Catholic Sisters, who managed the establishment in question. Geoffrey answered that such people were the best fitted for such a charge.

"You see," said he, "these people live in an atmosphere of prayer and of self-sacrifice for the love of God and of their neighbour, and one cannot but think that a special grace of peace must rest upon their labours. Then, again, high spiritual influences have seemingly great power in the case of those who are mentally deranged, and so I should trust these religious people more entirely in dealing with such cases, than in the care even of the sick, or the poor, or children ordinarily. I don't like it altogether; I don't feel I can submit myself to it; but I cannot deny that there is a mysterious power about the Catholic priesthood and, in a measure, about the Catholic religious, which is something that exists nowhere else. I have heard it said that the presence of a priest has been felt in a lunatic asylum as a soothing influence. Somehow, it seems to me natural that it should be so. I can't explain myself, or argue about it—but when a man like Gay recommends this kind of treatment, I am glad of it. I hate the idea of the private asylums and the like which we have in England. There may be many of them very good in their way, but I shrink from them, for one whom I love like Blanche. But, somehow, I feel as if I could trust her to these French nuns, little as we know about them. It is putting her in the hands of charity, not of people who make their living by it. I can't reason about it, Anemone; but I feel happy in this, and I should feel miserable in the other case."

The parting of the distant cousins was almost tender. Geoffrey took her hand in both of his, and held it a long time. "I shall never forget these weeks, Anemone," he said. "They have had their terrible sadness, but they have also had their great happiness. When we meet again, you will see if I have forgotten them."

Anemone and her brother had been separated for many weeks when he came to Foxat, and it was natural that they should have a great many things to talk over during the quiet hours when they were necessarily left very much to themselves after Geoffrey's departure. It was thought right to keep Blanche as quiet as possible until she could be removed to France, and the doctor objected to her seeing her children or Anemone. So the brother and sister were more together during



these few days than they had been for many a long year. John idolized his sister, and nothing had ever come between them until his engagement and marriage.

John was curious to find out what was his sister's mind with regard to the subject which had become an ordinary matter of discussion at his home, that is, her relations to Geoffrey. She was usually as open as the day, but on this point she either had nothing to tell or was determined not to say anything. John could not make out which of these two alternatives was the truth, so he left it alone, saying to himself that women were better at that sort of work than men, and that Mary and the two younger sisters would soon get to the bottom of the mystery.

There was much more to be said about Alice's affairs. Anemone had written to her on hearing of the birth of her child, and had had no answer. A second letter had no better fate, and when she wrote to Emily to inquire whether Alice was ill, she received an enigmatical answer that Mr. Westmore thought Alice better at present without any correspondence. Emily was too loyal to her father to tell all that was to be told, and at the time at which she wrote, it was certain that he was bitterly angry, but Alice's state of health was still so precarious that the severe measures on which he had secretly determined had not been put in execution. Anemone seldom cared much for the newspapers, but it was very strange that the announcement of the conversion of the new Archdeacon's wife had never struck Geoffrey's eye. Anemone learnt from her brother what had happened.

"He will lead her a life of it, depend upon it," said John. "He's bound to do it. Those parsons can't afford to have any one about them a Romanist. They sail too near the wind themselves. There'll be an end of Ritualism at Osminster, at all events. But that poor Alice! I pity her from the bottom of my heart. She seems, however, to have acted in a sly, underhand manner." He then told her the circumstances, as far as he had heard them.

Anemone defended Alice warmly. "I think," she said, "people who do what Alice has done are accused of acting silyly, when they act in the only way in which it is in their power to act. If it is their duty to do what they do, and of course they think it is, they must do it as best they can. Alice told me herself that she had married Mr. Westmore on the understanding that she was to be free to act on her convictions."

"If that is true," said John, "she was a goose, that is all, if not worse. She should have done it first, and married afterwards: only, of course, Mr. Westmore would never have married her."

"It seems hard to speak in that way," said Anemone. "He did marry her, knowing what might come. She was in great straits at home, and under a sort of persecution, and she had not made up her mind. She married Mr. Westmore, thinking, and having reason to think, that he would not prevent her doing what she thought right, when the time came, if it did come."

"Again, she was a goose, at the very least," said John. "Such things ought never to be put off, and to marry in such a state of mind is wrong. Come, Nem, you know you would never have acted in that way."

"I suppose that I should never say that I would, certainly," she said, thoughtfully. "But we must be merciful in our judgments, and try to put ourselves in the place of those who act under great difficulties. No doubt she would wish now that she had settled her religious difficulties first. But I hope she will be kindly treated."

"Well, at present she is very ill, and no one can think of anything else. But I don't envy her lot if she gets better. Mr. Westmore is a hard man, and he will never brook what is independent of himself in his own wife. Besides, as I said, he can't afford to be kind. Those parsons go a great deal by what people expect of them, and I know that some of them are fearfully bitter. Some of them have turned their wives and daughters out of doors for this same thing."

"Well, if Alice ever wants a home, I should like to give her one," said his sister. To this John made no answer for a time. It was the first word that he had ever heard her say which seemed to imply that her home might be apart from his—though Anemone had not meant it in that sense.

"Geoffrey says"—she began, after a pause, but her brother interrupted her almost pettishly. "It's always 'Geoffrey says,'" he broke in. "I hope he has not been putting anything into your head about these Romanists being right. I've heard him argue on both sides of the question at two different times." This was, if not exactly accurate, at least, "founded on fact." Geoffrey was very fond of taking up the side that was run down by others. But Anemone was only going to tell him of the

remark Geoffrey had made, that all religious questions ran up into that of the Church.

Her temper was so sweet, she loved her brother so much, and knew him so well, that it did not cost her anything to lay her head on his shoulder—they were strolling in the garden at Foxat on the day before leaving it—and tell him that it didn't matter what Geoffrey said, but that he must not be sharp with her. He kissed her, and then told her that people thought that "what Geoffrey said" did matter a great deal, in her case. "You must not come out so often with 'Geoffrey says' when you get home, Nem. It's a sort of habit you've got into, as I've noticed these last days. You've been sitting at his feet, if he has not been sitting at yours. Cissy and Rose will give you no peace if you talk about him too much."

"They may give me as little peace as they like," she said, laughing. "All the world seems to be conspiring against me. Blanche has been telling him that I am fond of him, and me that he is fond of me. It's like *Much Ado about Nothing*."

"Yes, but then that ended, my darling, in the happy marriage of the two parties concerned."

"Well then, my own John, we will have a new edition in this case. Geoffrey has never shown me more than a true cousinly or brotherly love, but it is a great privilege to hear him talk, and he has taught me an ocean of things. As for me, I don't feel as if I should ever be off your hands as long as you will have me."

"But you must marry some day and some one," he said. "You owe it to your property, in a sort of way."

"Nonsense! old man," she cried, "the property must take care of itself, whatever I owe it. It will only go on to you, or the others, and that is all I should wish to do with it. By the bye, I want to ask you one or two questions." And then they began to discuss some matters of detail—as to which she had lately heard from her agent.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## THE OLD LORD.

BRIGHT as was the moonlight which had bathed the roofs and streets and trees in the village of Arden's Clyst on the evening when the heir of the Ardens died, it was not so bright and intense as that which, about a month after that time, lit up the promontory and monastery of Mount Carmel and the broad sea which lay almost motionless at their feet. It was in the early morning hours, long before the dawn, that two Carmelite friars passed out of the massive gate of the grand pile of modern building, the existence of which is owing to the energetic devotion and industry of two famous brethren of the Order, one of whom, after the ruthless destruction of the monastery by a Turkish pasha in 1821, travelled all over Europe to raise funds for its restoration, while the other associated himself to him in the management of the expenditure of the large funds thus collected for raising in what is practically a desert country, without artisans or industrial knowledge, the great building which has received so many travellers and been the home of so many holy lives and prayers known only to Him to Whom they were addressed. The two friars had leave to go and say Mass on the spot of the sacrifice of Elias, at a distance which involved a considerable journey, and they were obliged to start at an hour early even for Carmelites. They had to take with them all that was necessary for the celebration of Mass, with a small supply of provisions for their meal after their devotion had been satisfied.

One of these pilgrim monks was Father Laurence of the Assumption, of whom our readers have already heard something. His health had revived somewhat in the Holy Land, on the upland, park-like ridge which gives its name to the Order of which he was a member. But he was still prematurely old, broken down with hard work and privations under the sun of India, and his silvery hair, bent form, and wasted limbs made him look as if he belonged to the generation of his father rather than of his brothers. There was a gentle, gay serenity about him, too, which gave the impression of a servant of God who had not much longer to wait before he was called to his reward.

His companion was a contrast to him in many ways. Father Sebastian of the Mother of God had been a dashing cavalry officer, who had fallen in with Father Laurence in India. He was the son of a convert of high family, and had been educated at Stonyhurst. On entering the army he had led a careless life, and had been much courted in gay society. He always spoke of himself—whenever he did speak—as of a brand plucked out of the fire; but his life, even at its worst, had been pure. Many of his oldest friends shook their heads at him, and his father had not heard without many a pang of the temptations to which he was exposed in the lax society of an Indian station, where religion and faith of any kind, as well as morality, were openly scoffed at by the highest authorities. Perhaps the revulsion produced by so much that was bad, had a good effect on Captain Grantley. But his angel of good counsel was Father Laurence, with whom he fell in, as has been said, in the course of his duty, and whose beautiful character fascinated him. All that was good in the young man's soul seemed to have a sudden and immense increase of strength given to it by the contact. The two became firm friends, and after a couple of years' acquaintance Father Laurence had the great joy to see his pupil, as he might well consider him, leave the army to enter the Order of Mount Carmel. The younger Father had but lately finished his studies and been ordained priest, and he had obtained, as a special favour, leave to spend a few days with Father Laurence at the monastery before returning to work in England. He had earnestly begged to be allowed to go to India, but his Superiors saw in him the promise of great success if he were sent back to his native country.

Thus it came that these two Fathers set out on the morning of which we are speaking, for the spot which is hallowed by tradition as the scene of the famous sacrifice of Elias. Father Laurence was ordered to ride a mule, which served to carry also the vestments and the like which were necessary for the purpose of saying Mass, and the younger Father walked by his side. We need not follow their footsteps, all the more as the first part of their pilgrimage was performed in strict silence. They passed the Druse village, and made their way to the little building, but seldom used, which is planted near the spot of the sacrifice, and there they celebrated and served Mass in turn. The sun was well up before all this was over, and after a slight refecton, which the Superior had ordered them to take on

account of the delicate health of the elder Father, they rambled about the wide sweep of ground, under the highest ridge, in which the strange trial between Elias and the false prophets was made. They visited the well, from which the water for the trenches is said to have been drawn, and here Father Laurence pointed out to his companion how the ridge which they had just left seemed from that spot to have two peaks or horns, apart from each other, as if they had been made for the rival altars on which the sacrifices were to be offered. Then they sat down a long time, gazing over the plain of Esdraelon before them, Tabor distinctly visible, and the mountains in which Nazareth is nestled. They had been allowed some days before to make a rapid excursion to the "flower" of Galilee, and had been able to gaze into the basin of the sea of Tiberias, and they had come back with hearts full of great joy and thankfulness.

It was soon time to turn homewards, and on the journey they conversed freely all the way. Father Sebastian was in hopeful enthusiasm as to the work in England, which he was about to enter on, but his companion was too full of the history and character of Elias to talk about anything else. He had found out that the Turks themselves had a great veneration for, at least, a great fear of, the prophet who was to return to the world in the latter days, and that the name of Elias had more than once been helpful in saving the monastery from plunder. The traditions connecting the Order of Mount Carmel with the school of the prophets over which Elias presided, seem slight and unimportant to superficial inquirers, but to this devoted son of Mount Carmel they were very real and very true. It was all but impossible, he said, that the schools of the prophets and their manner of living should have been allowed to fall altogether into decay, even through all the period of desolation through which the Holy Land passed in the days of the captivities. Then he considered that there was authority enough for the existence of something very like the religious life, even in our Lord's time, in the case of the Essenes. But to him the question was not so much a question of actual authority and proof, as of a necessity inherent in the Christian and partially in the Jewish system, for that refuge and home for a certain class of souls which religious life alone can furnish. Then he went on to the traditions as to the devotees on Mount Carmel in the time of our Lady, and thus supplied the only link which was wanting between his own Order and the greatest of the prophets.

His friend listened to him almost in silence, speaking only enough to draw him out more and more. Never had he enjoyed Father Laurence's conversation so much, and he was indeed sorry when they reached their home and went down into the cave of Elias, which is under the church, to thank God and His prophet for the privileges they had enjoyed that day. It seemed to him as if he had come to the end of his happy intercourse with Father Laurence, from whom he was to part in a few days.

Soon after their return to the monastery, Father Laurence was told by his Superior that two English gentlemen had arrived in his absence and were eagerly anxious to see him. He excused himself at first on the ground of fatigue, but it seemed better that he should go to the guest-room. In a few moments, with his eyes full of tears, he was clasping in his arms the fine handsome man whom he knew to be his nephew, Geoffrey, from his great likeness to his father. The other stranger stood by, shy and embarrassed.

"I can guess what you are come about, Geoffrey," he said, "but I shan't keep you long about that. Tell me all about those in England. How is Blanche? You told me of dear John's death. We are all of us going fast, but he went before his time. My dear boy, I must call you so, I seem to be speaking to your father."

Geoffrey knew his uncle as instinctively as he had been known by him. He answered all his questions, and ended by telling him of the death of the lately born child.

"Was he baptized?" said Father Laurence eagerly.

Geoffrey had heard from Anemone that it had been done, though he had not known how. He said he thought "Miss Wood" had baptized the child when it was in danger.

"God bless her for that!" said the old man. "She will have her reward." He was silent for awhile, lost in thought.

"My lord, ——" said Geoffrey's companion, Mr. Morton, the senior clerk of the lawyers' already mentioned.

Father Laurence started, and then broke out into a gentle silvery laugh. "Ah, my boy," he said, "I fear I can't hand that little bit of tinsel over to you, like everything else. But I shan't keep you long out of it. Meanwhile, I suppose you have come here, not only to see your old uncle, but to get him to put his hand to some paper or other of importance."

"My lord," repeated Mr. Morton, "Mr. Arden and myself are here to take your commands as to the management of your

property, which, as you know, descends to you by entail along with the barony of Clyst-Arden. Perhaps it may be necessary for your lordship to come with us to England."

Father Laurence again laughed his gentle laugh. "Wait a moment, dear boy," he said to Geoffrey, "we can settle all our business before you go to your dinner."

Then he went quietly up to his cell, and took out of an old portmanteau a formal roll of paper, carefully tied up. He knelt for a moment before his crucifix, with an air of joy unusual even to him, who went by the name of the "joyous Father." Then he went back to the guest-room and put the paper into Geoffrey's hands.

"That was drawn up many years ago," he said, "when I took my solemn vows as a religious of our Blessed Lady. It was drawn up as well as I could manage, and you will see that it is a deed of gift, to come into operation at any time at which I might become legally possessed by inheritance of the property of my father, Lord Clyst-Arden, if such a case should happen. It conveys the whole of my interest, absolutely and unreservedly, to the next heir to the title after me. It is yours now, my dear Geoffrey, and may you make a good use of it. You can take this and look at it at your leisure, with this gentleman, and I hope you will find that nothing more need be done to put you in full possession. God bless you. Now go on with your talk about the dear ones who remain to us."

"But, my dear uncle, I won't take this," said Geoffrey.

"Surely, my lord," said Mr. Morton, "your lordship will come to England and take your seat in the House of Lords."

"My dear Geoffrey," said Father Laurence, "if you don't get this gentleman to leave off calling me names, I shall be obliged to run off to my cell, and see no more of you."



## *Catholic Review.*

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### I.—NOTES ON THE PRESS.

#### 1.—SOME RECENT ARTICLES ON THE LATE BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

FEW men of our time in France have left a greater name behind them than the late Bishop of Orleans, and we may well suppose that so prominent an actor on the scene of ecclesiastical warfare will, before long, be made the subject of a detailed biography. We earnestly hope that such may be the case, though it is clear that the author of the life of Monsignor Dupanloup will have many of the difficulties before him which have made it, even to the present time, impossible for the literature of France to possess a biography of so very eminent a man as the late Count de Montalembert. One of the great puzzles to foreigners in the national character of the French, at least of the present period, is the intensity with which personal and party quarrels are maintained, even among good men and zealous Christians. The present condition of public affairs in that great country is in no small measure to be attributed to these animosities, and until they are allayed it seems impossible to anticipate a brighter era for the Church and for religion there. We Englishmen know well enough how to quarrel, and when we do quarrel it is probable that, for the time, we are quite as savage as the French, and somewhat less polite. But we know how to forgive and to forget, and this is just the faculty which we seem to miss among our brethren on the other side of the Channel. While the body of the late Bishop of Orleans was hardly cold in death, he was sneered at in a French religious paper as "*un de ces passants remarquables qui n'arrivent pas.*"<sup>1</sup> And this is not the only instance which might be quoted of the same implacable temper where it ought least of all to prevail. We may hope for better days for the Catholics of France, and it would be most unjust to suppose that the temper of their journalism is the temper of the body in general, largely as that body must be influenced by its journalism. It will certainly be a great loss to history if, while we have so many biographies of men of far inferior calibre thrust down our throats, we should have to wait very long for that of so remarkable a prelate as Felix Antoine Dupanloup.

<sup>1</sup> The same paper, we are told, actually twitted the Bishop of Orleans during his lifetime with a certain obscurity which hung over his origin, as if it was an impediment to his attaining the highest honours in the Church.

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In default of such a biography we may refer shortly to a few of the articles in current periodicals, which may be useful to the reader who desires to know more of the late Bishop of Orleans than is known by the world in general. The English reader will have been attracted by an essay in the February number of the *Nineteenth Century* on the subject before us from the pen of M. C. de Warmont. It is prefaced by a letter from Dr. Döllinger to the editor, in which he says that he has read the manuscript, and vouches for the fact that the writer has "written with help of previous materials inaccessible to others." He adds that, as far as his own acquaintance with the Bishop goes, he can vouch for the accuracy of the details and the truth of the appreciation. This will not be a very reassuring passport for the article in the eyes of Catholics, and we cannot but regret the necessities or supposed necessities of the case, which induced the English editor to usher the article into the world with the *imprimatur* of Dr. Döllinger. The article is written, no doubt, from the point of view of one who sympathises with the late Bishop of Orleans in his hesitation as to the definition of Papal infallibility, but there was no need to represent Monsignor Dupanloup as in any sense in the same boat with Dr. Döllinger. This can scarcely fail to be the effect of the short letter here prefixed to M. De Warmont's article, and we need hardly say it may tend to produce a false impression as to the perfect loyalty with which the Bishop of Orleans accepted the decree of the Vatican Council as soon as the matter was decided. This placed an immense and insuperable barrier between him and Dr. Döllinger.

M. de Warmont's article should be read without the unfortunate impression which the letter of the father of the "old Catholic" schism is calculated to produce. Its tone is not, perhaps, all that could be wished, but it is not that of an "old Catholic," and the article contains many interesting facts and details which will be new to many both in England and in France. It was already pretty well known that it was Dupanloup who enforced the retraction which Talleyrand signed on his deathbed. Dupanloup was then a young priest, rising to distinction, and his connection with Talleyrand was through the daughter of the Duchesse De Dino, the grandniece of the dying man. It is also interesting to know that Dupanloup is almost singular among the distinguished men among the Catholics of France in his generation in never having come under the spell or influence of the unfortunate de Lamennais. He had nothing to do with the *Avenir*, and was, in his earliest years as well as later on, a strict Legitimist. He first fell in with Montalembert, then sixteen years of age, at the Duc de Rohan's, whom he had come to know while he was a seminarist at St. Sulpice. The two future friends admired one another, but found, so says Montalembert, that they agreed in nothing. The fact was, that Montalembert was full of "freedom and constitutional liberty," and that these ideas were chimeras to Dupanloup. The fame of the latter as a preacher or teacher was first founded on some very remarkable "catechisms" which

he delivered at the Madeleine in the last years of the Restoration. These procured him the post of confessor to the little Duc de Bordeaux, at the same time that he was the religious instructor of the young Orleans Princes. He had thus a certain right, in the troublous times of the Third Republic, to advocate the fusion of the two branches of the Bourbon family.

Dupanloup was Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice under M. de Quelen, then Archbishop of Paris, and he would probably have remained there under his successor if his legitimist politics had allowed of it. But he had most warmly advocated the candidature, if we may so speak, of Monsignor Mathieu of Besançon, especially as a Legitimist, while Montalembert had introduced Monsignor Affre, who was ultimately chosen, to M. Thiers, precisely because he was not one of that party. Then came the days of the war for the freedom of education, so nobly waged by Montalembert and others, in which war, however, the virulence and extraordinary bitterness of language which has ever since distinguished the *Univers* began to give great pain to many of the defenders and authorities of the Church. It seems that M. Guizot was inclined to grant an amount of freedom to religious education which was satisfactory to a large party among the Catholics, and, indeed, his law, which he had no time to pass, was in some sense the basis of the measure carried by M. de Falloux in the first years of the Presidency of Louis Napoleon. This bill broke up the unity of the Catholic party, and from that time the *Univers* became implacably hostile to all who had a part in the measure, including Dupanloup. It was M. de Falloux who made the latter a bishop. He had learnt to value him at the sittings of the commission which was appointed to draw up for the Assembly the law on education. It is at this point that M. de Falloux' late interesting articles in the *Correspondant*, take up the story on which we are engaged. He gives us very full details of some of the debates of the commission, and of the part taken therein by the Abbé Dupanloup. It is curious to find that in that commission the eternal question of the religious orders devoted to education came up, and that it was only after some discussion that the French Assembly was saved the disgrace of making the proscription of the Jesuits and other religious institutes a part of the law which made education comparatively free. It may be worth while to quote some words of the future Bishop of Orleans in answer to M. Cousin, who seems, with M. Thiers, to have wished for the compromise which would have been so disgraceful.

"M. Cousin has told us," said Dupanloup, "in language as full of kindness as the sentiment which inspired it, that he took the liberty of remarking respectfully to the Church, that she was perhaps wrong in uniting the lot of the Jesuits with her own, from a feeling of self-love pushed too far. I answer M. Cousin—and here, though I have no mission to represent the Church, I am able, nevertheless, to affirm that this is her mind—that the Church insists in favour of the Jesuits from

no sense of self love. Assuredly the Church, for her absolute essential perfection, may leave the Jesuits aside, but she considers them as perfectly innocent of all the accusations brought against them. That is her profound conviction; she has and can have no other; and, as the Church is perfect justice, she cannot, like Pilate, condemn the just, and think herself free of blame in washing her hands of the matter, because she has not done it herself but allowed it to be done. . . . I find the Institute of the Jesuits solemnly approved by the Council of Trent; again, in 1761, in a General Assembly of the Clergy of France, one single Bishop out of twenty one is unfavourable to them; four others limit themselves to asking for some modifications in the rules of the Institute—and yet it was that he might obtain advice unfavourable to the Jesuits that that assembly had been convoked by the King.”

M. de Falloux adds, that at the end of the sitting, M. Thiers, in his presence and that of M. de Montalembert, seized the arm of M. Cousin and cried, “Cousin! Cousin! have you well understood the lesson which we have received? The Abbé is right. Yes, we have been fighting against justice and virtue, and we owe them reparation.” He goes on to tell us of the strong resistance made by Dupanloup, when it was proposed to nominate him Bishop of Orleans. He first of all refused the application of M. de Falloux, then Père de Ravignan, his most intimate and authoritative friend, was equally unsuccessful. Then friends intervened, who represented that it would be a great loss to Paris if Dupanloup were removed from that city. The Minister persisted, but the Abbé was not to be shaken in his determination. There seemed to be no hope, when Cardinal Giraud, Archbishop of Cambrai, arrived from Gaeta, where he had discharged some mission from the French Government to the Holy Father. He said to M. de Falloux, that there was but one person for the vacant bishopric, Dupanloup. He was told that all means of inducing him to accept the mitre had been tried in vain. Then he begged to be allowed to put before Dupanloup the picture of the evils of the Church, and to make him ashamed of his refusal. This was allowed, and Dupanloup at last gave way.

This is not the place to attempt any description of the career of indefatigable activity and incessant struggle which now became the life of Dupanloup. We must warn the readers of *The Nineteenth Century* not to commit themselves too freely to the guidance of M. de Warmont, in his account, in particular, of Dupanloup at the Vatican Council. Here they will find M. de Falloux, who, however, does not go into details, a far better commentator. They will also find in the pages of the latter writer several very interesting anecdotes of the episcopal zeal and apostolical poverty of the Bishop of Orleans. It will be enough here to remark on one of the closing scenes in his life. Every one knows how conspicuous he became, as the defender of the interest of the Church and the clergy in the French Assembly and Senate, under the Third Republic. No voice was then raised in defence of those

interests that can be compared to his in power or boldness. His last public act was the vigorous denunciation of Voltaire, which was called forth by the proposed celebration of his centenary. In this, as is well known, he very seriously opposed the wishes of M. Dufaure, to whom he addressed a vigorous "interpellation" on the subject. M. de Falloux tells us that at this very time he had become aware that negotiations were going on to procure for him the Cardinal's Hat, and it appears also that he was well aware that the great difficulty in the matter lay in the opposition to the proposal on the part of M. Dufaure himself. The knowledge of this fact did not for one instant make the Bishop hesitate in the line he was taking, which had the effect, which he perhaps desired, of making the Minister more inflexible than ever in his objection to the suggested promotion. It is also certain that at the same time he abandoned the idea, which he was preparing to carry into execution, of a journey to Rome to lay his personal homage at the feet of the new Pontiff, Leo the Thirteenth. His few last weeks of life were spent in a pilgrimage to Einsiedlen, a shrine which he was in the habit of visiting yearly, and where he frequently made his retreat, and in venerating the relics of St. Francis of Sales and St. Bernard of Menthon, for whom he had a special devotion. Death came suddenly upon him at the Château of Lacombe. At the time of his death, it would hardly have been any exaggeration to call him the most universally known member of the episcopal body—the man whom the friends and enemies of the Church would have agreed in naming as her most prominent champion. Though the desire of his friends was not accomplished, though his name was never added to the long list of distinguished French Cardinals, it may fairly be said that, like Bossuet and Fénelon, neither of whom wore the Roman purple, he was truly a great prelate of the Church, without having been raised to the highest rank which she has to bestow on great prelates.

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## 2.—THE ANGLICAN EPISCOPATE AND M. LOYSON.

The circumstances to which we drew attention in our last number in reference to the assumption of a "provisional oversight" over M. Loyson and his adherents—whoever they may be—by the Anglican Bishops, through the intervention of the so-called "primus" of the Scotch "Episcopalian Church," appear to have at last forced themselves on the more moderate party of that episcopate itself. The Anglican Bishop of Ely, one of the most respected members of his class, addressed a letter, about the end of last month, to the too zealous Bishop of Moray and Ross, in which he quietly took his colleague to task for the schismatical act of which he had been guilty, and it is understood that a considerable number of High Church clergymen are much relieved at the appearance of the letter of which we speak. The great High Church paper, the *Guardian*, has at last broken silence on the subject, and its

article of February the 12th, now before us, is a model of what may be called the "cold shoulder" style of writing as well as of cleverness in slipping out of an uncomfortable position. The writer recites the facts of the case, to which we drew attention in our last issue, and adds to them other facts, of which our readers are no doubt aware—such as the impertinent letter of M. Loyson to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, the answer of the Cardinal to M. Loyson, and the like. It is not our purpose to chronicle the incidents of the story of M. Loyson's proceedings, and so we shall leave aside any narrative of these facts. The writer of the article now before us begins his throwing overboard of M. Loyson, and of his admirer the Scotch Bishop, by observing that the proceeding to which the latter has endeavoured to commit the Anglican communion in the present instance would be "without precedent in our ecclesiastical annals." Then he has to meet the case of Bishop Luscombe, and above all, of the famous Jerusalem Bishopric. After disposing of these precedents as he may, he goes on to reassert that what the "Bishop" of Moray proposes to do is in fact "the establishment, within the borders of a Christian Church, of a rival episcopate." The "Papacy" has often done such naughty things as this; but the Anglicans never. Then again, have not the Scotch "Bishops" themselves protested, not only against the re-establishment in Scotland of a Catholic Hierarchy, but "against the intrusion of Bishop Beckles?" not to speak of Bishops "Gregg and Sugden"—if Bishops they be—an expression of doubt which is certainly not without foundation.

However, the writer in the *Guardian* is not quite sure that bishops may not interfere with the dioceses of other bishops on some very great emergency indeed. It was quite justifiable for the Jansenist Archbishop of Utrecht to lend a helping hand to the "Old Catholics" of Germany. But in the case of M. Loyson, there is no evidence of any movement in France in support of his views, at least, among French Catholics. It would be all very well for individual Anglicans to help M. Loyson, and the *Guardian* is "glad to notice that he has been taken in hand by the Anglo-Continental Society." What exactly is meant by a person being taken in hand by a Society, the express object of which is practically to encourage schism wherever it can, is not so clear. The process of "taking in hand" is one which is applied by a schoolmaster to an obstreperous schoolboy, or by a horsebreaker to an untrained colt. Let us hope that M. Loyson will not find the process, as others have found it, a painful one. Perhaps it only means that a certain part of the annual subscriptions of the good ladies and gentlemen who swell the list of contributors to the above named society will be in future devoted to the payment of M. Loyson's weekly bills. If so, some Paris tradesmen, at all events, may be the better for this "taking in hand" of their customer by a rich society, which might otherwise spend its money in ways far less respectable. But, after all, says the *Guardian*, the critical question is, how many there are to follow M. Loyson of the class in whose behalf he appealed to the too credulous assembly of elderly

gentlemen who enjoyed the hospitalities of Lambeth Palace last summer." That is, how many he can get hold of, "devout Catholics, yearning for release from new dogmas, and from that odious sect which dominates and makes use of the Church." The *Guardian* fears that there are not many such. Perhaps, too, the French Catholics will not like very much the teaching of a married clergy, especially when the leader of this body is an apostate friar. On the whole, the writer is evidently not very sanguine as to the prospects of the new movement, though he lets us see very clearly that if there were a sufficient number of malcontent Catholics in Paris or in France, he would not be so very severe as to the uncanonical and schismatical aspect of the action of his own episcopate.

What we have already said is enough to show, that the more sober-minded members of the Anglican body, those, especially, who have some regard for Church order and for the duty of maintaining, as far as may be, the claim which is set up on the part of their Communion to a regard for Church law, are by no means pleased with the precipitate action of their Hierarchy in "taking in hand" M. Loyson. But, as usually happens when the process of "cold-shouldering" has to be adopted, the two parties in the late negociation are by no means equally willing to be rid of one another. It is all very well for the Bishop of Ely to write a letter of remonstrance to the "Primus of Scotland," and for the writers and correspondents of the *Guardian* to applaud the caution of the Bishop of Ely. M. Loyson seems by no means inclined to let his new friends be quit of their bargain. They have adopted him, and he means to fasten himself on them if he can. The number of the *Guardian* newspaper in which the article from which we have been quoting occurs (February 12) contains also an account, from the Parisian correspondent of that journal, of the opening of M. Loyson's chapel in the Rue Rocheouart. It appears that the antecedents of "the locality" are not very glorious or very religious. "The premises were formerly used as a small *café-chantant*." . . . "The choir, or recess which serves as such, was formerly a sort of stage for the singers," . . . "here an altar, very much resembling what is seen in Ritualistic churches, was placed, with a large cross attached to the wall above, the roof being covered with gold stars." It appears that there was no lack of attendance at the opening service on Sunday, February 9. "When one at last got in, the chapel was crammed, and the behaviour of the congregation, or audience, anything but becoming, for conversations were carried on quite as freely, or even more so, than if the locality still preserved its original destination." The writer, from long residence in France, has evidently lost some of his original power in the management of English sentences. "It was a relief to think that the building was not a consecrated place of worship. What the exact composition of the assembly might be, it is somewhat difficult to say. It did not, however, wear a religious aspect. Within the altar rails there were"—as might have been expected—"a good many Protestant pastors, and

evidently a considerable sprinkling of the same communion, both French and American, in the body of the chapel. As far as I could judge by personal knowledge, or by the gestures of those present, there were few or no Catholics, properly so called."

To this motley audience, happily free from any perceptible admixture of Catholics, "enter," as the dramatists say, the "Père Hyacinthe." His dress seems to have been that usual to French priests when about to preach, in cotta, or surplice, and stole. "He was pale and evidently agitated, and his really fine and massive head looked remarkably striking, attired as he was above." These words might suggest to an unwary reader that he wore some strange head-dress; but the writer's English is again, probably, at fault, and he only means to say that a cotta, or "tunic" trimmed with silver and fastened in front with a silver cord and tassels, over which was "a stole of rich white silk," had a remarkably good effect in setting off M. Loyson's head. That gentleman knelt awhile, and then announced "that the regular liturgical services of the chapel with Mass would not commence at present: *the Liturgy intended to be used being under revision by the Primus of Scotland*,<sup>1</sup> and the priest who was to assist him (and who, I understand, is expected from America) and without whom, he said, he could not undertake the full duties of the Church, not having yet arrived. The services, therefore, until further notice, would consist only of the reading of the Scriptures, singing, and a sermon every Sunday, while he himself would attend every Thursday to receive the visits of those who required his spiritual or other offices. At this moment the noise and disturbance was (?) so great that nothing could be heard, and the Père was obliged to pause." He then proceeded to "solemnly consecrate" the building for its appointed use, which he did "by reading portions of Scripture from the twenty-third chapter of Genesis and the fourth of St. John, followed by prayers from a book which he held in his hand, and which was, I presume, a copy of the intended Liturgy."

Here then we have a distinct declaration on the part of M. Loyson that he is acting under the sanction and authority of the Anglican Episcopate. We say the Anglican Episcopate, because the "Primus" of Scotland acts, in the matter, as the delegate of a committee of the "Pan-Anglican Synod," and with the approbation of the Archbishop of Canterbury. However, as far as M. Loyson's words can settle the question, there is more to come which will bear little doubt. "It was not, I confess, without pain," continues the correspondent of the *Guardian*, "that I heard him assert publicly that his mission was under the direction of the Anglican Church, as represented by the "Primus" of Scotland and Bishop of Edinburgh, deputed for that purpose. The scene around and its aspect(?) were not, I respectfully think, such as our Church ought to or could appear in with a due regard to its dignity or consistency." As to this, perhaps, some of our readers will differ from the gentleman whose words we are quoting. "The Père, how-

<sup>1</sup> The italics are not in the original.



ever, asserted himself to be under the immediate jurisdiction of three Bishops—those, namely, above mentioned, and Bishop Herzog, of Switzerland, and who, he said, would even have been present, had their vocations permitted.” As nothing could be more consistent with the “vocations” of the three persons named than to be present at the conversion of a *café-chantant* into the home and shrine of a new and motley schism, we must suppose that the *Guardian* correspondent, if he had written good English, would have said “avocations.” M. Loyson, according to the same authority, “subsequently read an extract from a letter of an English Bishop, received, he said, only that morning, assuring him of his warmest sympathy; and in other respects brought the Church of England and her authorities directly into notice, as officially supporting and directing his enterprize.”

The letter of the *Guardian* correspondent ends by stating that “a long and ribald account of the opening appears in the *Figaro* of this morning, written in a vein to which the locality and the indecorous aspect of the assembly give unfortunately only too full play.” Here again, this gentleman’s language is not the correctest and most intelligible possible. He probably means that the place and the behaviour of the audience furnished very natural and just occasion for the ridicule of the *Figaro*. Undoubtedly this is the aspect under which the whole business will present itself, at first, to the ordinary public—under which, indeed, Catholics may well be inclined to regard it. It is all very contemptible, especially as the new “movement” does not promise to do much mischief. But however ridiculous it may be to us, it ought not to be so to Anglicans, nor, indeed, is it ridiculous, and nothing more, to Catholics, who are sorry to see the maintenance of high ecclesiastical principles among Anglicans themselves more and more abandoned. Acts on the parts of the Anglican authorities which, thirty or forty years ago, would have made the best men among their clergy pass sleepless nights and have raised a storm of pamphlets and protests, are now taken by the highest Anglicans as coolly as if they were so many glasses of water. This is the real significance of the incidents to which we have been drawing attention. It may be added that the *Guardian* of the following week contained an announcement, signed by the Bishop of Winchester, that a meeting had been held in London at which four Anglican or Scotch “Bishops” had been present, at which it “was unanimously agreed that a public meeting should be held at an early date to give opportunity for the expression of sympathy and the offer of pecuniary help to the Père” Hyacinthe—who is invited to be present. We may expect, therefore, soon to hear more of this curious little bit of schism-mongering.

## II.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *Catholic Eschatology and Universalism.* An Essay on the Doctrine of Future Retribution. By Henry Nutcombe Oxenham, M.A. Second Edition. London : W. H. Allen, 1878.

We are glad to see that this work has reached a second edition, not only on account of its intrinsic merits, but also on account of the increased attention which has been drawn to the subject of which it treats by the publication of Canon Farrars' volume of sermons on *Eternal Hope*. The success, if such it can be called, that that volume met with must, we think, be set down to the inability of the human mind, certainly of the Christian mind, to get rid of the thought of Eternity and the Future State. Say what people will, and endeavour as much as they will to persuade themselves that they are developed monkeys, and that conscience and the fear of a coming judgment are to be explained away as the creation of systems of education, and the like, it is impossible for them to silence altogether the witness to His own sovereignty, justice, and to their responsibility to Him, which God has implanted in their hearts. The thought of justice and judgment to come keeps the whole world uneasy, and, if it does not check the career of vice, it probably prevents even the wickedest of men from being quite as wicked as they might be without it. Men are always craving for teachers who will do for them, in some satisfactory way, that service which Virgil speaks of when he says,

Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum  
Subiecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

And thus they hail with enthusiasm the appearance in a metropolitan pulpit of a preacher who half promises them what they want. Mr. Oxenham is complimentary in his preface to Canon Farrars, and perhaps, to give his own book a better chance of perusal among Protestants, it is well that he could be so. But the truth is, that the sermons in question are of the trashiest kind, with very little indeed of reasoning or argument in them, and a very great deal indeed of the most utter claptrap. We look, therefore, on Canon Farrars' volume as worth simply nothing in itself, but as having brought into the field of public conversation, perhaps even of public study, a considerable number of papers and essays on the same subject, some of them almost as worthless as itself, others by no means without value.

We suppose that the word *Eschatology* must be considered as, in a certain sense, in possession, in modern religious literature, as describing that part of theology which relates to the "Last Things" of man. If we are to have a new word, we should prefer some such word as *Telology*, for the reason which we are about to give. The difference

between the true and the false views which are current on the subject of which we speak, turns very much on the extent to which the "Last Things" are considered or are not considered as the result of the success or the failure of man, by the use of his free will, to attain the end for which he was made and destined by his Creator. The "Last Things" ought never to be considered without the consideration of the "First Things," and the word Eschatology does not make this truth as prominent as it might be made by some other term. But, whatever word may be used, it is all important that the truth here pointed to should be kept in mind. The ordinary run of Englishmen are half pagans in their conception of the "end of man"—in the Catholic sense—of his dependence on and relations to the Creator to Whom he absolutely belongs, and Who may do with Him as He chooses, bound by no law at all but that of His own ineffable goodness, justice, and mercy. The common English view is practically Darwinian, whether Englishmen in general are ready or not to surrender their reasoning powers to the sophistries and slipshod logic of Mr. Darwin. If they practically recognize their relations to God at all, those relations, in their conception, are the relations of subjects to an all-powerful monarch who happens to have them under his rule, whether he has a right to them as his subjects or not. It is no wonder that they say to themselves that they should like to have been consulted before they were exposed to the dangers of a time of probation and a career of responsibility, the issue of which must either be a Heaven for which they have no great desire, or an eternity of suffering. No doubt, as Mr. Oxenham points out, the Christian doctrine of eternal retribution is grossly misrepresented in the popular mind by exaggerations; no doubt, also, the cruel and anti-Christian manner in which the doctrine of Purgatory and the practices connected therewith have been treated by the Protestant communions, especially the "Church of England," has been avenged by the increased difficulty which those communions find in holding to the doctrine of Eternal Retribution. Still, we believe that the remark made above is true, and that those who wish to represent the Catholic doctrine on this all-important subject in its true light, for popular acceptance, must begin by first enlightening the public mind as to the doctrine of the creation, the destiny, and the supernatural elevation of man.

It is, in our eyes, one of the chief merits of Mr. Oxenham's work that, if he has not given all the space which we could desire to this subject, he has at least put forward the true doctrine in many places very clearly and definitely. A trained theologian might perhaps have expressed himself somewhat differently in more than one passage, but it is not worth while, in a passing review, to raise questions which are, at all events mainly, questions of language. Everything that relates to eternity is to our minds, in their present state, beset with difficulties, and the whole scheme of God's providence for the government and probation of the human race contains very large spaces indeed as to which we have as yet but very little light. These truths are sufficiently

recognized by Mr. Oxenham. He has studied carefully the literature of the subject, and his work is valuable on this ground also, as indicating many of the chief sources to be consulted by future students.

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2. *Abridged Course of Religious Instruction, Apologetic, Dogmatic, and Moral.* For the use of Catholic Colleges and Schools. By the Rev. Father F. X. Schouppe, of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the Third French Edition. London : Burns and Oates, 1879.

Any one who has had much experience in priestly work will know that a book like that now before us has long been wanted in our language—quite as much, for instance, as a book like *The Threshold of the Catholic Church*. Unfortunately, no such book, at least no book of the kind that could be said to be perfectly satisfactory, existed till the present translation saw the light. We would rather have it that the book to be universally used among us should be the work of an English theologian. Foreigners, however accurate and learned, may sometimes fail in adapting themselves to all the circumstances of a country like ours. It is a very difficult thing to write an epitome of doctrine, and even in such works little local matters—such, for instance, as the difference between this country and others as to the impediment of clandestinity in marriage—may have to be added, if not by the translator, at least by the teacher or catechist who uses the book for a lesson to a class. But it will be long before the Catholics of England can do all their literary and instructional work for themselves, and whenever that time comes, we may fairly question whether there will be any great difference between the present translation and the perfect English manual of doctrine. In fact, we can suggest hardly any improvement at the moment, except that perhaps the difference just now mentioned should be inserted on a fly leaf, in order that there may be no possible mistake as to the doctrine of the Church, unless, as is said above, it might be thought better to leave such a point for verbal explanation.

In the composition of a work like the present, the author has to avoid two opposite dangers, and may consider himself fortunate if he escapes criticism from one or other of two opposite sides. He may seem to some too short, to others too long ; he may seem to touch too many points, or too few ; he may find it impossible to please every one as to the solidity of his doctrine, the connection of his reasonings, the clearness of his style, the accuracy and perfect sobriety of his views. He must remember that a long and large book will frighten away many a reader, while if he is too concise he may be obscure or even superficial. The model of a book of this kind is the famous *Medulla Theologiae Moralis* of Busembaum, and we can hardly doubt that even that most masterly book had to run the gauntlet of a good deal of adverse criticism of the kind thus hinted at. It would be premature to claim for the little volume before us a success like that of Busembaum's work. All that we can say is, that it is the best book of the kind that

we have seen. In about a hundred pages, it goes over what the author calls the Apologetic part of his subject—the proof of the Christian religion, as against Infidels first and Heretics next, and under this last head we find a good, though necessarily very short, summary of the answers to current specific charges against the Church, such as those based on the Inquisition, the so-called “bad Popes,” the “massacre” of St. Bartholomew, and the like. The “Dogmatic” and “Moral” divisions of the subject-matter occupy more space. The first speaks of the doctrine concerning God, the Ever Blessed Trinity, the Creation, Man, the Incarnation, Grace, the Sacraments, the Virtues, and the Last Things. The latter embraces the doctrine as to Law, the Decalogue, the Commandments of the Church, Sin, the Virtues, Perfections, Prayers, the Feasts and Ceremonies of the Church. As a specimen of the author’s manner, we may quote the chapter on Christian Perfection, in which he has to sum up the whole of this great doctrine in less than two pages.

1. The Evangelical law has degrees. It not only leads souls to justification, but to perfection.

2. Christian *justice* consists in the flight from evil and the practice of good ; Christian *perfection* consists in the union of the soul with God by the bonds of perfect charity. This perfect charity requires that, free from every inordinate love of the world and of creatures, we should love God alone in Himself and in our neighbours, and seek Him alone in all things.

The most efficacious means of arriving at this detachment and liberty of heart is the observance of the Evangelical counsels, which, when confirmed by vows, constitute the religious state, called also the state of perfection.

3. The Evangelical counsels of which we here speak consist in the practice of the three great virtues of voluntary poverty, perpetual chastity, and entire obedience. Our Lord proposes them as a more excellent way than the way of the commandments.

The Gospel shows us three ways of going to God. The first is that of the commandments, for all men must keep them to be saved ; the second is that of the counsels, which consists in adding the Evangelical counsels to the way of the commandments. Our Lord does not in any way make it obligatory, but He proposes it to generous souls who wish to consecrate their existence entirely to God. Such is the religious life. The third is that of celibacy or virginity in the world.

4. We have thus three states of life, marriage, celibacy, and religious life. These states are all venerable and holy, but not equally perfect if considered in themselves, or as a means of salvation and sanctification. Celibacy is more perfect than marriage, and the religious life the most perfect of the three.

5. The religious state is found in the monastic orders approved by the Church. The faithful who wish to join them must engage to live according to the rules, and to aim at perfection by the observance of the perpetual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

By these sacred vows man not only offers to God all that he has and is, but he also removes the great obstacles to Christian perfection.

The religious state is in itself only of counsel, a gift offered to the free choice of those who have to decide on a state of life, but it may become an obligation in a case where a person cannot save his soul without employing this great means of salvation.

6. Nothing is more holy, more beautiful, or more meritorious than to follow the Evangelical counsels, and embrace the religious life, provided we are called to it by God. The Divine vocation manifests itself ordinarily by the following signs : (1) a spiritual and constant attraction, founded on

motives of reason and facts ; (2) the qualities requisite for fulfilling the obligations which are to be contracted, and the disposition for fulfilling them ; (3) the moral possibility of quitting the world, or the absence of serious obstacles ; (4) the consent of a prudent and wise director.

Those familiar with the great subject here handled, will recognize in this brief statement the words of a master. We have seen other modes of treating the same subject, but this, in its own way, is perfect—free from cross-division, and confusion of thought. There is not a word out of place, a word too little, or a word too much. We cannot hope too much from the circulation of a manual of which this chapter is a fair specimen.

We are not surprised to find that the work, which appeared with the approbation of the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, and has been welcomed by a perfect crowd of bishops and of directors of seminaries, has passed through nine editions in less than five years, and been translated into five languages. The English translation has been revised by one of the most learned theologians in the country, and, as far as we can judge, has been very well done in point of language.

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3. *The Old and Middle English.* By T. L. Kington Oliphant, M.A. London : Macmillan, 1878.

Mr. Kington Oliphant, who not long ago brought out a successful little work upon the *Sources of Standard English*, has now in accordance with a prevailing fashion, produced a much more elaborate treatise on the same subject, the first part of which is now before us. To the general reader, this volume is likely to be less attractive than its predecessor. Few persons whose interest in philology is at all languid, will care to involve themselves in the tangle of details which the nature of the subject renders unavoidable, and which is not here, as in the former case, relieved by any lighter treatment of the more recent periods of our language. As a manual for students, however, the book gains by its greater completeness.

As far as we know, Mr. Oliphant is the only writer who has attempted to give us a complete history of our language, as distinct from the history of our literature, in a full and continuous narrative. The author succeeds in avoiding the repulsive tabular form of a grammar without at the same time running into the opposite extreme of vagueness and mere generalities. The method followed in both his works, for the one is merely the enlargement of the other, may be sketched in a few words. We have first of all an introductory chapter which traces the leading features of the development of our native tongue, from its primitive form, into what we are accustomed (very wrongly we are told) to call Anglo-Saxon. Then Mr. Oliphant begins a more thorough investigation, by taking up the old English of the North at the moment when it first begins to show signs of decay. From this point we have a minute discussion of the varying phases of our language, known as the middle English, as it passes through its three successive periods of "corruption," "neglect," and lastly of "reparation." As he carries us

along with him, our guide points out to us the changes of form, inflexion, and pronunciation, in the various parts of England, notes the rise of new words and expressions, and best of all marks each of his stages with specimens of the different dialects for the purpose of illustration and contrast. From this elaborate investigation results the theory which is kept before the reader's eye throughout, that our modern English is not a mere corruption of the classical tongue of Wessex, but has grown up gradually from the earliest times out of the speech of the Midland Counties. Then a chapter is devoted to a survey of the philological importance of the works of Robert of Brunne, and the volume concludes with an account of the changes wrought in our language by the French influences introduced by the Conquest. It must be said that Mr. Oliphant's work is throughout methodical and scholarly.

To the present generation who may live to see the classics ousted from their proud position in our educational system, and placed on a footing of equality with many clamorous rivals, all manuals bearing on the study of old English will not be altogether without an interest. It is in this direction that a considerable share of the attention formerly devoted to the study of Latin and Greek is being gradually diverted, and we look anxiously to see what are the recommendations of this new branch of learning as a means of mental culture.

From this point of view, books like the volume before us, or the *Specimens* of Messrs. Morris and Skeat, seem to us to promise a great deal. Old English is not, of course, a study for young boys; it would confuse rather than aid them in their grammar and composition, and they would be hopelessly perplexed by the Protean spelling of these old words, hardly ever twice alike. But for older students, and especially for that large class who profess an attraction for English literature, *old* English literature supplies a solid discipline, which a cheaper knowledge of modern authors and their works of itself fails to provide. We can hardly think, for instance, of anything which demands a more constant exercise of the faculty of observation, than the comparing and contrasting of forms and idioms which is required of the attentive reader of Mr. Oliphant's pages. In this respect even the classics seem to fall short of the old English, at least in interest. In his Latin and Greek authors, the student can only find explications of the rules of syntax which he has learnt beforehand; here he may reasonably hope to light upon innumerable new illustrations of things with which he is familiar in his own language or in his German, and which come upon him with all the pleasure of original discoveries. Again we think there is good exercise to be obtained for eye, ear, and brain in detecting the identity of words which reappear so often in Mr. Oliphant's pages in such widely different forms. Certainly if there is any virtue in the patient labour of thumbing a dictionary, it must be shared in overflowing measure by any one who reads much old English with nothing but a Stratmann to help him. Not to be too long on this head, we will only remark that

although our old writers are hopelessly inferior to classical models both with respect to form and matter, still there is some compensating advantage to be found in their very different moral tone, especially in the earlier periods. Englishmen have long been accustomed to judge of the religious feeling of their forefathers only through the dubious medium of Langland, Wicklif, and Chaucer. They are ignorant of the spirit of sincere piety almost invariably to be found in the works of the earlier native writers. From this point of view Catholics have reason to be grateful to Mr. Oliphant for clearing the way for them along these unfrequented paths, even though he is himself unfriendly to their faith.

There are some minor points in Mr. Oliphant's work which do not satisfy us quite so well as its general conception and treatment. His Teutonic purism which, but for the existence of some much more notorious living examples, we should certainly call extravagant, may at first provoke a smile, but in the end becomes tedious and wearisome. Mr. Oliphant is too fond of "sighing over" the "baleful" centuries of decay, and he exaggerates, we think, the importance of the losses which "Silly England" sustained by throwing aside her home-bred speech. Also we must protest against Mr. Oliphant speaking of the "old Teutonic idea of the Eucharist," and against his assertion that "the new-fangled doctrine of Transubstantiation" was introduced into the country mainly by the influence of Lanfranc. On this point we would ask him to read Dr. Lingard's remarks on Ælfric in an Appendix to the great historian's *Anglo-Saxon Church*. As for Mr. Faber's theory, who considers that two passages in Ælfric's text relating two miraculous apparitions of the Divine Infant in the Sacred Host, must necessarily be later interpolations; we would only remark that "the theologians of a later age" must have been silly beyond belief, if instead of suppressing the one passage which seems to impugn the doctrine of Transubstantiation, as they might easily have done, they preferred to forge and interpolate two new illustrations which could only half contradict it. Again, Mr. Oliphant has rather disappointed us by his very meagre notice of Saxon works before the Conquest, and of southern writings generally. We seem justified in looking for a completeness in his treatment of *Old and Middle English*, which might not fall within the scope of a discussion of the *Sources* of our modern language. Let us add too that the tables on pages 587-8 of his work, giving an estimate of the proportion of obsolete and foreign words used by various English writers, seem more likely to mislead than to assist the reader. Mr. Marsh long ago protested against any but very extended inductions being admitted in such calculations. If we are meant to gather from this list that the *Ancren Riwele* does not contain one romance word in fifty, it is a striking illustration of the necessity of the caution.

On the other hand, many corrections and improvements have been made upon Mr. Oliphant's previous work. We are glad to find that, in the light of Mr. Freeman's conclusions, he no longer thinks that the



Franciscans were mainly instrumental in corrupting our language, a view which was introduced by something like a flourish of trumpets in his earlier volume; although we are of opinion that too much importance is still claimed for this cause of decay. The introduction of some remarks upon early pronunciation is a good idea; and we also think that many readers would have been grateful for more illustrations of English words and idiom from modern German, although of course this does not fairly fall within Mr. Oliphant's province.

In the Author's second volume, which will continue the history of our language down to the present day, we hope to find the cream of all the philological lore which has been collected by our Chaucerian and Shakesperian students, together with other interesting matter which at present is only accessible in separate introductions and notes to our various English classics. Such a work will be not less useful, and will probably find more readers than the volume we have been reviewing.

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4. *Bismarck in the Franco-German War* 1870, 1871. From the German of Dr. Moritz Busch in two volumes. London: Macmillan and Co.

Prince von Bismarck has long ago, it may be safely supposed, arrived at a state of almost complete indifference about all printed remarks upon his character or conduct. If it could be that he had any fine sensitiveness remaining, his worst enemy could hardly wish him in this world a severer punishment for his multiplied transgressions than to have his life written in terrible detail by so zealous an admirer, not to say so blind a worshipper, as Dr. Busch. It is impossible to miss the analogies for good and for evil between this effusion and the classical life of Dr. Johnson. The same excellence is arrived at by the same sublimely unconscious self-immolation of the author in the cause of his great friend. No one but a hero-worshipper of the true type could imagine for a moment that it was his duty to tell to future generations the profound after-dinner observations of a successful Chancellor about the changes of the weather or the badness of the wine. Dr. Busch contrives to slip in a few incidents personal to himself, and most emphatically not worth narrating. The great man, "the Chief," took him many a time and oft in his very own carriage, and at first the doctor used to help to return the salutes which were paid to the august vehicle containing them both. The Prince was obliged to interfere. The salutes, he intimated, were purely military, and intended solely for himself, so that the distinguished officers who bowed down before him would be offended if the purport of their greeting was misunderstood. It is really very kind of Dr. Busch to tell the world these infinitesimal experiences, and at such cost to himself. He is at all events true to his principles, for he thus avows his intentions in the preface of his wonderful work.

Much also of what I relate or sketch will appear to many trivial and superficial. *To myself nothing is so,*<sup>1</sup> for trifles "of which the Prætor takes no notice" not seldom display men's feelings and characters more truly than great or striking deeds; and things and situations, in themselves unimportant, may suggest to the mind flashes of thought and associations of ideas fraught with consequences for the future. . . . Lastly, it appears to me that everything pertaining to this glorious war is of interest, a war which won for us a German Empire and a strong frontier to the West, and that things the most apparently trifling have their value, *in proportion as* they are connected with the part which Count Bismarck played in the events of the war.

Can folly further go? Yes.

Pleasant, too, was the thought, after the day's work was over, of being one of the small wheels in the machinery with which the Master was working out his mind and will on the world, and shaping it according to his plans.

For fear we might be tempted to suppose that the author is giving expression in this passage to a pious but not original reflection, the next sentence places it beyond all doubt that "the Master" is not God, but Bismarck.

Best of all, however, was the consciousness of being near him, and that continued to be my highest reward.<sup>2</sup>

The historical interest of this book is very much diminished by the conviction, soon forced upon the reader, that Prince Bismarck is pre-eminently not a man who thinks aloud, and that, consequently, the confidence which it may be prudent to repose in these after-dinner revelations of the great man's sentiments, reported as they are with transparent sincerity by his simple-minded biographer, will ever be greater precisely in proportion as the importance of the theme is less. We have heard of a lady who paid a visit to the Prince's family a few months before the war, and told a friend naively afterwards how she was sure that he had no idea of it at that time, because she had not heard him allude to the possibility of any such event! When the Chancellor indulges in small talk, there is no reason to call in question what he says, but when he with charming condescension relates to his garrulous subordinates all the deep reasons which have moved his soul to keep firm hold of Alsace and Lorraine, it cannot be doubted that the reasons thus stated are those which it is convenient that the world should know, but that they need not necessarily be the only or the real reasons.

At the end of a summary of State conclusions we read :

It is not the levelling of the French fortresses on the east frontier of France, but their cession that can alone be of service to us. Those who cry out for disarmament must be the first to wish to see the neighbours of the French adopt these measures, for France is the sole disturber of the peace of Europe, and will remain so as long as she can.

It is quite astonishing how naturally such opinions of the Chief already flow from my pen! What ten days ago still looked like a miracle is now quite natural and self-evident.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Preface vi., vii. The italics are ours.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Vol. i. p. 42.

Perhaps the most valuable portion of the narrative is that in which we find jotted down, always from the life, the prevailing tone of thought and feeling in the invading army. Much can be said on both sides about the *Francs-tireurs*. From one point of view they are gallant defenders of their native land, from another they are cowardly assailants of a valiant army, which marches boldly in open day.

The troops before us report much exciting news about the bands of *Franc-tireurs* which have been formed. Their uniform is of such a kind that they can hardly be known as soldiers, and what they wear to distinguish them as such can easily be thrown away. One of those (*sic*) fellows, when a troop of our cavalry is going along the road, lies apparently sunning himself in the ditch near a wood. As soon as our men have passed, up he starts and fires his rifle at them, which he had kept concealed in a neighbouring bush, and runs into the wood, out of which, perfectly acquainted with the paths in it, he comes again a little farther on, an innocent countryman in a blouse. I am inclined to think that these are not defenders of their country, but assassins, who should be hanged without ceremony if they fall into our hands.<sup>4</sup>

The "affair of Sedan" is very graphically related, partly from the personal observation of the author, partly from the direct testimony of eye-witnesses immediately after the soul-stirring events had taken place.

I slept here (at Donchery) in a little alcove in a back room on the first floor, separated only by the partition from the Chancellor, who had taken possession of the large front room. About six o'clock in the morning I was awakened by hasty steps, and I heard Engel say, "Your Excellency! your Excellency! there is a French general down here at the door; I don't understand what he wants." The Minister seems at once to have jumped out of bed, and held a short parley with the Frenchman out of the window, it was again General Reille. He then dressed as quickly as possible, mounted his horse—without touching breakfast, just as he had arrived the night before—and rode off at full speed. I went at once to the window of his room, to see in what direction he had gone, and saw him trotting towards the market-place. Everything was lying about his room in great disorder. On the floor there lay *Tägliche Lösungen und Lehrtexte der Brüdergemeinde für 1870*, and on the night-table there was another book of devotion, *Die tägliche Erquickung für gläubige Christen*, books in which, as Engel told me, the Chancellor was accustomed to read at night.<sup>5</sup>

What follows is matter of general history, but it is well told here. If Dr. Busch had courageously cut down conversations where they are neither interesting nor useful, and had restricted himself to characteristic anecdotes and good descriptions, he would have reduced his two volumes to one, but the loss in quantity would have been a gain in every other respect. Yet the man who with nice judgment can stay his hand at the right moment, and give to his work "the modest charm of not too much," is sure not to possess at the same time that simplicity of devotion which makes Boswell and Dr. Busch, with all their glaring faults, capital biographers.

<sup>4</sup> Vol. i. pp. 55, 56.

<sup>5</sup> Vol. i. pp. 102, 103.

5. *Life of a Scotch Naturalist, Thomas Edward.* By Samuel Smiles. London : Murray, 1877.
6. *Robert Dick, Geologist and Botanist.* By the same, 1878.

These are companion volumes in a very strict sense, not only in their unity of purpose and similarity of subject, but in their process of formation. The more recently published biography was earlier taken in hand; and rightly so, for Robert Dick died twelve years ago, and Thomas Edward is still living in Banff. Although a very strong family likeness in their circumstances and achievements is clearly discernible in these worthy men, yet both possess a marked originality of character. They are both men who eminently deserve the admiration of the author of *Self Help*, both alike intelligent, honest, energetic, raised by their vigorous nature above their fellows and, unlike many unendurable "self-educated workmen," preserving to the last their fear of God and simple loyalty. If we find here and there in their letters an incidental remark, which betrays the knowledge of their own superior virtue, the only wonder is that such men with comparatively scanty means of supernatural grace kept so well within bounds of discretion what good natured critics would call their "honest pride."

It is perhaps true that Mr. Smiles could put a living interest into any biography, but Thomas Edward of Banff, shoemaker, and Robert Dick of Thurso, baker, are really remarkable men.

Thomas Edward was a naturalist born, not made, and very early gave premonitory signs of the passion which grew with his growth. When he was in long clothes he made a sudden spring out of his mother's arms to secure some flies buzzing in the window, and seventeen years later, when he was serving with his militia regiment, he dashed out of the ranks in time of drill after a butterfly, and was only saved from severe punishment by the intercession of some good ladies. As a little boy he was a plague to his parents, and a nuisance to the neighbours, and no schoolmaster or schoolmistress would consent to keep him after a brief experience of his ways, for he was always hunting in ponds and ditches, and collecting horse-leeches, and mice, and still more formidable things. When he was about five years old he brought home a wasp's nest full of wasps tied up in his shirt, though it cost him many stings before he had it safe. He was quite incorrigible in his passionate love for animals, and sustained many a flogging on their account. His whole life was in this one respect a continuation of his childhood, for he never took thought of fatigue or danger when he was carrying out, often indeed under the most unpromising conditions, his favourite study of animated nature. When he had been obliged to work hard all day at his shoemaking to keep sheer starvation from his door, he could yet spend a great part of the night in hunting through fields and over rocks by moonlight. He knew all the birds and beasts and fishes in his own corner of Scotland, and discovered twenty-six new species of crustaceans, winning thereby fame but not money, for he was made a member of the

Linnæan Society, and other similar institutions, but he had to toil on almost as hard as before at the "lapstone and leather" to earn the daily bread for his children and their mother and himself. He was fortunate in his choice of a wife, for his "Huntly lass" had the good sense to humour him in that one point upon which it would have been a hopeless thing to try to change him. His predominant fault, if it was a fault, was, she knew it well, quite a virtue by comparison with the intemperance which made many another home a place of misery for wife and children. "Weel, he took such an interest in beasts, that I didna compleen. Shoemakers were then a very drucken set, but his beasts keepit him frae them. My man's been a sober man all his life; and he never negleckit his wark. Sae I let him be."

One incident will show at once his high courage and his intense love of nature, but we must condense the story. He had followed a rough path down the cliff until it ended, after some abrupt descents, in a shelf about two feet wide and nine feet long, preoccupied by two foxes. As often happens in such cases, it had been possible to reach a point from which it was impossible to return. He got rid of his dangerous companions by politely "making a back" for them. They took the hint, and sprang nimbly from his shoulders to the rock above. Then he looked about him. A sideward swing into a crevice eight feet below was his only chance. "I then crawled over the edge of the rock, and hung dangling in the air for a little like the pendulum of a clock." He would have given anything at that moment to get back to the fox's den, for by reason of a jutting rock, not seen before, it appeared impossible for him to reach the crevice. Despair gave strength, and with no greater wound than a severe blow on the temple, he gained the place desired. Return was certainly impossible now, and the next descent would have to be one of full fifty feet down the face of an almost perpendicular rock, affording no foothold anywhere, but rough enough to increase the unpleasantness of the prospect. To most men this would have been Agony Point; but Thomas Edward even then could forget his danger in the intensity of the interest with which he watched from his perch the graceful evolutions of a noble peregrine falcon with a partridge in its talons. It was only when the falcon, irritated by his presence, flew round the corner of a rock, that he remembered where he was. There was absolutely nothing to be done except to slide down the rough slope and take his chance. Wonderful to say he escaped with no broken bones, but he was sorely bruised and lay insensible at the bottom for some time. This was not the only adventure of the kind, nor even the worst.

He had not settled down to his dull trade by any natural predilection for making shoes. His earliest aspirations were to be a sailor; but his parents positively forbade this, and after one or two attempts to run away he resigned himself to obedience. Afterwards he tried to earn something by exhibiting his natural history collection in Aberdeen, but the speculation turned out very badly and reduced him to momen-

tary madness. In his old age he was earning only eight shillings a week, but by that time his children were able to keep him from actual want. He had never been in debt, but the inability to procure books was a standing grievance all his life. If he had been of a less shy and retiring nature this strange neglect of his learned brethren could scarcely have gone on so long. Mr. Edward Newman, the well-known Editor of the *Zoologist*, seems to have been almost the only friend to whom it occurred that a few books would be an acceptable present to a poor working man, who to the certain knowledge of very many gentlemen was obliged to send every fresh specimen to some correspondent at a distance before he could know its scientific name. Many of these turned out to be new species and received the name of the discoverer, but the honour and dry thanks did not help him to buy books. When Mr. Smiles spoke to him of writing his life, he thought the book would be a dead loss to the author, and begged him to give up the notion. In the preface to the succeeding volume there is a seeming hint that "the long unmerited neglect" has been converted into the "harder trial of intrusive patronage," but as this is not directly asserted, we may be allowed to hope that the old man has experienced at the close of life real kindness and not vulgar condescension.

Robert Dick, the subject of the second memoir, was born in 1811, only three years before Thomas Edward, so that for more than half a century these brothers in their love of nature were working at no great distance from each other on the same rocky coast; but their bold and original investigations lay for the most part in different departments of science, and their fifty or sixty or seventy miles of walking in a day's excursion through almost contiguous counties were always solitary rambles for both of them. In one part their studies coincided, for though the shoemaker was devoted to birds and beasts, and the baker to rocks and boulder-clay, both met as on a neutral territory in the domain of botany. The loss of his mother when he was too young to know her care, and the sorrows that came with a step-mother, cast a shade over the whole life of Robert Dick. In his first school at Tullibody, his native place, which had the good fortune to possess a schoolmaster of real worth, he showed great talent and made rapid progress, so that his father, who had a good excise appointment, had resolved to give him at all costs a superior education. The advent of the second wife spoiled all these prospects, and poor Robert was first removed from a good school to a bad one, when the family changed their residence after the marriage, and then at the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a baker in Tullibody. After his apprenticeship he worked as journeyman baker for very low wages in Leith and Glasgow, till by the advice of his father, who was then living at Thurso, he set up for himself in that town at the age of twenty, carrying from more southern regions the almost unknown art of baking biscuits.

Thurso is nearly as far north as it is possible to go in the British

Isles, and society there was in a very simple state. There were only three bakers in all Caithness. The natives lived chiefly on oatmeal, and bread was a Sunday luxury. At first Robert Dick could manage to earn just a trifle more than enough to support him; but the surplus, never very large, went in buying books, and having them nicely bound. He never married, but he was more of a hermit than a misanthrope. The report was that he had met with a refusal in one matrimonial project, and was too proud to hazard another. His letters to his sister show his kindly nature. He was the most independent of men. It was not every one who could obtain access to his inner room where the specimens were, and, if he suspected that a visitor had come to "interview" him, he did not bestow many words upon him. When he made an appointment, he exacted absolute punctuality, and would not wait at home an hour beyond the time fixed even for the Duke of Argyll. He was at first supposed to be a little insane, for, though he attended strictly to his business and was an excellent baker, he was such a strange-looking object when he came back from his long walks, bespattered with mud and loaded with stones, that his fellow-townsmen could not read the riddle. After a time he gave great offence, and lost a good deal of custom, by "breaking the Sabbath," for he actually had the effrontery to take walks on Sunday. "Many a petty inquisition was held about Dick in Thurso. What did he think about the first chapter of Genesis? What did he think about the Flood? Was he 'soond' in his scriptural views?" The minister, who had a private quarrel to avenge, preached a furious philippic at him, and he came to the conclusion that "religion did not mean the kirk," and that he would read his Bible for himself. The truth is that he was a deep and honest thinker, and had little sympathy with Calvin's travesty of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He was sincerely religious, but in quite a different fashion from his best friend, Hugh Miller, whose endeavours to make geological discoveries subserve the Mosaic narrative he considered premature and forced. Nor did he care to conceal his contempt for mere theorizers. He had found so many assertions in books and maps which he could contradict from his own observation, that he was very sceptical about the value of such speculations as those of Sir Charles Lyell. He did not deny the conclusions, but he suspended his judgment till something more had been done to prove the premisses. Some of his remarks were so shrewd that they now read like prophecies.

Don't think that I do not value Mr. Darwin. I have read his observations most carefully, but with my own spectacles. Geologists have led me such a dance during the last twenty-five years, that I prefer that way of reading books. . . . I remember that when friend Hugh set down in print that all that lived previous to and during the chalk died out with the chalk, and not one existence was spared; yet when, after a time, a species of shell was found in tertiary and chalk strata, the geologists very dexterously clapped those tertiary strata alongside and with the chalk, just to make things tally! How will they manage now?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> P. 305.

With his strong common sense he at once drew the line, still drawn by men not bewitched, between science and pestilent foolery in the genealogical views of the Darwinian school.

I have no wish to meddle with Mr. Darwin's peculiar notions. . . . One thing, indeed, I'll grant Mr. Darwin that hundreds of so-called species may have sprung from one stock. I have been lately looking at grasses, and would not care though Mr. Darwin made all the species of *Poa* and *Festuca* to have grown from one plant. . . . If what Mr. Darwin means be, that the various animals and plants we see around us are not exactly *first creations*—that is, are not now what they were when made by the hand of the Almighty, but have since that act been changing continually, so that it is now difficult to say from what particular stock the various forms have come—if that be all, if not pushed too far, it does not seem dangerous doctrine; in fact, it looks rather playful, and at the same time it may have much truth in it.

He acknowledges that he has had to correct his ideas—and no naturalist has not—in the direction of diminishing the number of species, and he concludes with the deeply Catholic thought.

All my simple ideas are giving way. Whether the result will be to make me happier or better I cannot say. Certainly they cannot hurt me, for, after all, *first stocks* must have had a Creator. They could not spring up out of the ground *unbidden*, and that is enough for me. There is an over-ruling hand everywhere.

Sir Roderick Murchison well knew the value of this *Thurso baker*. He made a speech about him at Leeds in the meeting of the British Association in 1858, which would have made the fortune of any man who cared for a great name; but Robert Dick, though he took it kindly of "Rory," was rather annoyed than otherwise by the notoriety which resulted from it. It was in great part his own fault that he died poor, for although when, in consequence of a loss of £48 13s. 6d. worth of flour in a shipwreck, he found himself in debt, he could bring himself to beg his friends to purchase his fossils, saying that he never yet knew "an empty bag to stand upright," yet even then he would not accept a direct donation. This helps to exonerate the good citizens of *Thurso*, who gave a public funeral to the man, whom they had nearly allowed to die of starvation, and whom they actually had allowed, for the payment of a paltry debt, to part with the cherished treasures won by the hard work of years.

These two volumes are beautifully illustrated. The scenery of that wild north-east coast goes far to explain the bold free spirit of Edward and Dick, and the picture of the old shoemaker of *Banff* making shoes with a happy smile, and "Here I am still," is a sermon in itself.

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7. *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty and the Reformation period.* By S. Hubert Buck. Vol. I. London, 1879. 8vo.

We have here the first portion of a work which, when completed, will form three handsome volumes, and which will consist of a series of short essays upon the chief events of the English Reformation, and the lives of the principal actors in the transactions of this period.



The leading idea of the work is good, and well worthy of the pains which its author has bestowed upon it. It is very desirable that the more thoughtful portion of the community should have the means of knowing the truth on the origin, progress, and completion of the great revolution which changed the religion of England from its old Catholic faith to the multifarious forms of Protestantism which now prevail among us. The writer who will do this honestly, and who, at the same time, in the progress of his inquiry will make us acquainted with the results of the searches which are being made, at home and abroad, by the eminent literary men employed by the Government, will confer an immense boon upon the education of the people. By such a process as this, error, prejudice, and false theories in religion and politics will be banished, and in their place we may hope to see sounder and truer conclusions on questions of the highest moment.

How far Mr. Buck's volumes will be calculated to attain this end is yet to be seen. The series begins with the marriage of the Princess Katherine of Spain with Prince Arthur, and the second volume will end with the death of Cardinal Pole.

We cannot but remark upon the want of unity of purpose which the author exhibits in the way in which he deals with the authorities on which his narrative is founded. Statements from authors ancient and modern, Protestant and Catholic, are accepted as equally probable. There is a want of precision in the references themselves which would render this volume almost useless to a reader who might wish to verify any quotation advanced in it. Let us take for instance the following (which occurs on page 163): What is the value of the following reference? "History of Two Queens; State Papers of Henry VIII.; Letters of Margaret Lee, Cavendish, and Logario." And this is a specimen of many others. Mr. Burke would much enhance the value of his subsequent volumes by a more careful examination of the authorities which he cites; and by so doing will doubtless promote the circulation as well as the value of a work which deserves well of Catholics and Protestants.

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8. *The Fathers for English Readers. St. Augustine.* By William R. Clarke, M.A., Prebendary of Wells, and Vicar of Taunton. London: Society for Promoting Christian knowledge.

9. *The Home Library. Savonarola: His Life and Times.* By William R. Clarke, M.A. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1878.

The historical part of this account of St. Augustine's life and works is worthy of all praise. Perhaps it is scarcely necessary to say that in the estimation of Catholics an Anglican clergyman is not an authentic interpreter of St. Augustine's doctrine of Grace. No man who is not in communion with the Apostolic See can give his conclusions as anything more than the fallible results of his own studious researches. Where these agree with the doctrine of the Catholic Church he is to

be congratulated on the coincidence ; where they do not agree he is welcome to his own opinion, but we decline to attach any weight to his teaching.

The Rev. Mr. Clarke is able to assert :

In this respect alone, as far as we can see, did he differ from the school of Calvin, that he was what would have been afterwards called a Sublapsarian, and that he taught only an indirect Reprobation or Preterition, with respect to the lost.<sup>1</sup>

There is much more of the same kind of "fallible" dogmatizing. Dr. Mozley is quoted with approval, who says that St. Augustine's doctrine differs from that of Scripture, that whereas in the Scripture there are counterbalancing assertions, St. Augustine presents only one side of the argument, and is not satisfied with silent suppression of the other. "Rather he endeavours to explain away those contrary statements in Scripture."<sup>2</sup> It is not surprising that an Anglican divine should fail to understand a doctor of the Catholic Church who has puzzled orthodox expounders, nor is it in the least surprising that he should feel a good deal of confidence in his own opinion.

The life of Savonarola, by the same author, is even less successful, because in it there is not the same clear line of demarcation between events and doctrines. To any one who chooses to suppose that Savonarola was consistent with himself in the different portions of his career, that career becomes an inexplicable enigma. If it be granted, however, that he began well, became afterwards proud and disobedient, and then returned to the grace of God, there is comparatively little which cannot be satisfactorily explained, and of mystery there is nothing.

Mr. Clarke naturally sees nothing incongruous in declaring that a friar was "doing his duty" by preaching after his ecclesiastical superior had distinctly forbidden him to preach. Savonarola must be judged as a Catholic, or not at all, and with all Catholics it is a first principle that those, who preach without being "sent," preach in their own name and not in that of Jesus Christ, and that if any happy results attend their preaching it is in virtue of the good faith of their hearers, not because they themselves are dispensers of grace.

The Holy Father saw that by going too far he might fail in the main object of his brief, which was to prevent Savonarola from preaching. . . . "We have begun to persuade ourselves that thou hast not preached these things from an evil mind, but rather from a kind of simplicity, and a zeal for labouring in the vineyard of the Lord, although experience may seem to teach the contrary." But for all this, he adds, he must not be so negligent as to dismiss the matter entirely, and therefore he commands him, "in virtue of holy obedience, further to abstain entirely from all preaching, both in public and in secret."<sup>3</sup>

A little later we read—

Whatever might be his fate he could not resist the appeal which was now addressed to him.

On the 28th of October he was again in the pulpit.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> P. 129.

<sup>2</sup> P. 130.

<sup>3</sup> P. 278.

<sup>4</sup> P. 280.

He exhorted the people to repent, he organized a religious procession, he received clear signs of the approbation of Heaven in the arrival of unforeseen succour to the city, and he preached on All Saints' to rouse the gratitude of the people, and on All Souls' "on the way to die well," and—

He then desisted again from preaching. He had obeyed the call of duty, but he could not further give his enemies occasion to censure him for disobedience.<sup>5</sup>

We cannot stay now to examine how far Mr. Clarke has plausible reason for charging the Holy Father with duplicity and vindictiveness; but two things are clear: that Savonarola preached in defiance of the Pope, and that Mr. Clarke praises him for doing so.

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10. *Ireland and the Holy See in the Middle Ages.* By Willis Nevins. Williams and Norgate, 1879.

The author of this essay disclaims all intention of approaching his theme in a controversial spirit, but it is necessarily difficult to separate history from controversy where we are directly brought face to face with the claims of Rome to interfere in international quarrels. The part taken by the Sovereign Pontiffs in the Norman conquest of England, and the English conquest of Ireland, is one of those vexed questions which cannot at the present day, after mountains of books have been written in praise and censure, be adequately discussed in one little volume. While the facts are contested at every turn, so that proofs must be produced for every assertion, the right or wrong is so vehemently proclaimed by partisans, that calm judicial inquiry is hampered and delayed. For this reason we are not quite sure whether Mr. Nevins has chosen his subject wisely. The political action of Sovereign Pontiffs is by no means outside the domain of historical criticism; but it is perhaps better suited for the close reasoning of a monograph, than for popular reading in a discursive sketch. The rapid survey of a very vexed, exceedingly vexatious, and also very large subject, is quite as likely to rouse dormant antipathies of Celt and Saxon and Norman, as it is to contribute to any peaceful alteration of formed opinions. It is easier to raise a host of misgivings than to lay finally in peace the ghost of one obstinate prejudice. What Catholic does not know it?

Whether the Pontifical intervention in behalf of Irish Christians was such as their descendants would approve, or was not; whatever may be thought of the Bull of Pope Adrian, it seems certain that the state of Irish Christianity in the time of Henry the Second of England was quite sufficiently evil to fill the breast of any reigning Pontiff with fears for the future.

The early chapters are very interesting. The only pity is that more is not known of those ancient Irishmen, who at the dawn of history were already in possession of a high material civilization.

11. *Enchiridion ad sacrarum disciplinarum cultores accommodatum opera et studio Zephyrini Zitelli Natali.* Romæ: Monaldi, 1878.

We have here, and surely this is high praise, a kind of etherialized Whitaker's Almanac. First comes a catalogue of all the Popes, with a few judicious comments in brief foot-notes. Next in order we have, to the number of nineteen in the course of nineteen centuries, the Ecumenical Councils, beginning with Nicæa and ending with the Vatican. The principal Recensions of the Text of Scripture and the more ancient Versions follow next. Then the nations converted to Christ are arranged under different centuries. Similarly in their respective centuries appear the Fathers and eminent writers of the Church, a few words being said about each, the combined notices occupying more than half of the entire *Enchiridion*. This long list of the pious and orthodox is followed by a shorter one of heretics and schismatics, from the men whom St. Peter and St. John condemned in no gentle terms, to the Old Catholics of Germany and Switzerland, lately born and soon to perish. These with a certain fitness close the pedigree which starts from Simon Magus, inasmuch as their intruded priests are chiefly eager to secure by spiritual ministrations temporal advantages. With a few hints on the sources of Canon Law, and a catalogue of Synods, this *vade mecum* is complete.

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12. *The Curé's Niece.* By Maurice Ségan. London: Burns and Oates, 1879.

The self-sacrifice of the young girl upon which this little story turns is conceived in the true spirit of Catholic devotion to duty, but without sufficient regard to the claims of poetic justice. Virtue is too conspicuously left to find its own only reward in itself; for the death of the curé's niece, though it opens a happy eternity to her, seems to do little or no good to any other person in the tragedy, and it is by no means evident that the severe self-constraint, under which her health wasted away, was at all demanded by the exigencies of her position. Her conduct might have been not only less cruel to herself, but more really benevolent, if she had consented to marry the young marquis, instead of sacrificing not only his happiness, but apparently also his spiritual welfare to the unreasonable caprice of the good old lady, his grandmother. The plot is almost too simple. Few though the *dramatis personæ* are, we could with advantage to the story be permitted to know more about them. The villain of the play, George, is too easily subdued. He bears for a moment some resemblance to Count Fosco, and then disappears from the scene. Considerable power and skill are nevertheless displayed in the delineation of the character of the curé's noble-hearted niece, to whom the interest of the narrative exclusively belongs. She deserves sympathy and admiration.

13. *The Transvaal of To-day.* By Alfred Aylward. Blackwood, 1878.

Unless the author of this well-timed book was under the influence of prophetic inspiration when he penned his preface four months ago, he could hardly have realized the full significance of his own first sentence, in which he declares that the South African Question would probably be a burning one before his work reached the public. He is much less happy in some of his later reflections, for he speaks of the Zulus as "simply a Colonial bugbear," and asserts that "notwithstanding their military system, their valour has been untried for years."<sup>1</sup>

Captain Aylward's book might challenge attention, even if it had appeared at a moment less well chosen for publication; because it is not only a record of actual experience, but it is an express defence of men who, if his evidence is in all respects trustworthy, have been cruelly misunderstood—the Dutch Boers. He cannot certainly assume the character of an impartial historian, because he himself was an important actor in the scenes which he describes; but we have no right on that account to suspect the general fidelity of his narrative. Very possibly in his zeal to refute exaggerated charges he may have been guilty of some counter-exaggeration, but the words of a man who speaks of the manners and motives of action of a people after a residence of ten years among them, are entitled to some respect.

He repels indignantly Mr. Antony Trollope's representations of "rampant slavery,"<sup>2</sup> and he speaks very severely of the "most uncalled-for and reckless attack upon the Dutch South African women" in the *Nineteenth Century*.<sup>3</sup> Fair play requires that those who are familiar with the accusations should consent to hear what can be said in behalf of the accused.

14. *A brief digest of the Roman Law of Contracts.* By W. F. Harvey, M.A. Oxford: James Thornton, 1878.

It is not the author's desire to relieve the student from the necessity of personal exertion, but to assist him to make more thoroughly his own the knowledge already acquired. This little treatise is therefore neither an introduction to the subject of which it treats, nor a book of reference for occasional use, but an aid to meditation and a guide to the management of results. The first chapter speaks of obligations in general. The remaining chapters deal with particular Contracts, Pacts, and Delicts.

15. *Summa Theologica* Sancti Thomæ Doctoris Angelici uno schemate per ordinem quæstionum exhibita. Romæ: Ex typographia polyglotta Sac. Congr. de Propaganda Fide, 1878.

It is sufficient to say that this is an admirably drawn up analytical index of the great work of St. Thomas, published, for convenience of reference, in nine separate sheets.

<sup>1</sup> P. 279.<sup>2</sup> P. 276.<sup>3</sup> P. 33.

## *"Cardinal Newman."*

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ONE of the great desires of the best hearts among English Catholics is on the eve of fulfilment, and Pope Leo the Thirteenth will signalize his first creation of Cardinals by conferring the highest earthly honours of the Church on the most distinguished and the greatest Englishman who will ever have worn the Roman purple. It is a matter of great gratification to see that this act of the Holy Father is appreciated as it ought to be in this country. Of course, in a community so strong in its feelings on religious matters, a community which takes so deep and earnest an interest in controversy, and in which religious differences are more powerful than any other in dividing and irritating those who on other points differ without quarrelling, it is not possible that there should be perfect unanimity in the interpretation which men put on the elevation of our great Oratorian to the Cardinalate. People will have their say as to this or that supposed signification which is suggested to them, not by the facts of the case, but by their own prejudices or proclivities. On this account, it would be an amusing task to collect the various comments which the wise men of the Press have uttered on the very simple fact that John Henry Newman is to be a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church. But we can well afford to let these interesting speculations die a natural death. To those who know what Dr. Newman has always been in his devotion to the Church, in his accurate appreciation of her teaching and spirit, in his loyal obedience to her authority, in his burning zeal for everything that might advance her cause, especially in the country which he loves so dearly, and which so cordially returns his love, and, above all, who understand the altogether unequalled and unapproachable character of the intellectual work which it has been his lot, under the guidance of Providence, to accomplish in her service, the true significance of the act of Leo the Thirteenth will need no explanation. It will be no surprise

to them to be told that, while as to the natives of other countries the choice of the Holy Father of the members of the Sacred College is more or less fettered, or at least influenced by the Courts or Governments with which he is in direct relation, there can have been nothing in the present case to suggest the nomination but the simple knowledge of two things—the unexampled worth of the person on whom the honour is conferred and the desire of his countrymen to see him honoured in any way that is open to him. It is not policy, or the favour of high personages, or the accident of important services in some negotiation, or cleverness in smoothing over some embarrassing difficulty, or the long pursuit of the ecclesiastical "*carriera*," or high birth and connections, or great position in the Hierarchy, or any other similar cause, which has brought the name of the new Cardinal before the notice of the Holy Father. Nothing but what Dr. Newman is and what Dr. Newman has done can have influenced the choice, and prompted the ready acquiescence of the Pope in the dispensations, as to residence in Rome and the like, which are necessary in order that Dr. Newman should receive the honour conferred upon him, without danger to his health and interference with his habits. We venture to think that the Cardinal's hat has never been more gracefully offered, or under circumstances which have made the offer more pointedly a tribute to personal worth and to the merit of a long and perfectly straightforward course of the most devoted and disinterested service to the Church, crowned with a success the full measure of which the men of the present generation are hardly competent fully to appreciate.

We must not allow ourselves to forget that Dr. Newman is still among us, and that the time is, as we hope, yet distant when it may be the duty of a writer in these pages to endeavour to sum up the many and various titles which fit him for any dignity which the Sovereign Pontiff has to bestow. The promotion to the Cardinalate, over which we are all rejoicing, has many aspects, and it will be enough to refer very shortly to those which are most general and least personal. One feature in the case which is altogether new is the universality of the interest which the late announcement has elicited. It is perfectly true that the Holy See is far above the level at which it can be affected by the ebb or flow of popular favour or enthusiasm. But it is still a significant fact that now, for the first time, the great majority of educated and intelligent Englishmen feel a

glow of joy at the creation of a Cardinal, as if it were, in some sort, a personal matter to themselves. Had Dr. Newman been the head of a new hierarchy, or some distinguished member of the Catholic Episcopate in this country, there would have been an official character about his nomination which would have excited a comparatively languid interest amongst Englishmen outside the narrow pale of our own community. We all know that it is not so. It is the personal character and history of Dr. Newman, his chivalrous and simple bearing under trials of all kinds and from all quarters, as well as his intellectual greatness, his unflinching honesty, and the sacrifices which he has made for the sake of conscience and truth, that make him an object of affection to so large a part of the nation. Englishmen are proud of him, as of a great Englishman, and it cannot be doubted that they feel that a share of the honour which is bestowed upon him falls upon the nation whose child he is, and whose best characteristics he illustrates so remarkably. Dr. Newman once said, in reference to the method which he intended to pursue in the great work which he began in Dublin, that he could do nothing in any way except in the way of his father, St. Philip. In another sense, it is true of him to say that he can do nothing and has done nothing except in the plain, simple, straightforward and courageous way which has characterized all great Englishmen from the beginning, and which has always, in the long run, commanded the sympathy of our countrymen. Thus it may be hoped that when his elevation to the Cardinalate is made a subject of general rejoicing, it may even have the indirect effect of lessening that deep-rooted alienation from Rome and everything Roman with which the English mind is possessed.

We would fain hope that it may have another effect, which is very much to be desired for the benefit of a considerable party in the country, whose feelings and opinions are reflected to some extent in the High Church and Ritualistic portion of the press. Anglicans of a certain class have never been able to persuade themselves that Dr. Newman is not still one of the party which he originally founded, but which he abandoned in middle life, because he found that it had no right to the Catholic principles by which he had attempted to guide its action. This delusion has lasted for years ; it has fastened upon every single incident in Dr. Newman's career which imagination could



possibly distort and misrepresent, it has held up its head in the face of the evidence of his whole public life since he renounced Anglicanism, and of everything he has written or said since that time. It has been something more than an expression of the feeling *Talis cum sis, utinam noster esses*, for it has fed itself on a whole chain of invented facts, false rumours industriously circulated, or public statements which fall little short of deliberate calumny. A few weeks ago it was openly declared in Dr. Littledale's paper, *The Church Times*, that if Dr. Newman were honest he would avow that he had more in common with Dr. Pusey, Dr. Liddon, and Mr. Carter than with Cardinal Manning and Monsignor Capel.<sup>1</sup> The venomous insinuation—by no means the first specimen of its class—had not long been dry on the paper on which it was written, when the news became public that Dr. Newman had been sounded as to his possible acceptance of the Cardinalate. It is probable that persons like the author of the statement to which we have referred will still persuade themselves that the offer made by Pope Leo the Thirteenth was a feint, or that when Dr. Newman, as he was obliged to do, stated certain reasons, as his age and his work in England, which might be difficulties in the way of his living in Rome, he really wished to escape the proposed honour from a feeling of dissatisfaction with the Church. There are some persons whom nothing will induce to abandon a favourite delusion, even though it involve a grave moral charge against a person whom they admire and profess to revere. But we trust that with the mass of Englishmen we shall now hear the last of these miserable imaginations. Dr. Newman is indeed loyal to England, as he is, in another and a higher sense, loyal to the Church. He has constantly shown his intense anxiety that everything possible should be done to remove the cloud of prejudice which hangs between the eyes of his countrymen and the Catholic Church, and that the greatest care should be taken to use no language or pursue no line of policy that may tend to increase their alienation from Rome. He has left it to others to speak harsh words, to exaggerate points of difference, to represent Catholic truth in its least attractive form. In doing this he has but been following most closely in the footsteps of St. Paul, and, to say the simple truth, he has been acting in the truest sense in the noble, tender, and motherly

<sup>1</sup> We quote the statement from memory, but we have no doubt of its substantial accuracy.

spirit of the Holy See itself. His reward has been an influence over his countrymen which no English Catholic since the time of the schism has ever possessed, and, we are sorry to add, a good deal of misrepresentation of the kind of which we have been speaking. Englishmen have listened to him when they would listen to no one else from the Catholic side, and, as a rule, they trust his words when they will trust those of no one but him. It is a miserable phenomenon, by the side of this general confidence, that there should still be some who declare that he is insincere when he tells them that he has found the Anglican Establishment, the worldly goods of which they enjoy, to be the most absolute imposture and nonentity on the face of the earth; that he disbelieves in their orders and their sacraments, and that to him their vestments and celebrations and incensations and the like, have no more reality than a performance on the boards of a theatre.

We cannot, of course, expect that Anglicans should take precisely the same view of the elevation of Dr. Newman to the Cardinalate as we do. But when that elevation is coupled with the hearty feeling of approbation throughout the whole country of which we have spoken, it might surely make them consider whether Rome and England are not for once of the same mind as to a matter which concerns themselves more than any other persons in the world—we mean the true import and legitimate issue of the movement which Dr. Newman initiated, the movement to which they acknowledge that they owe so much, and in the principles of which they are still ready to see the only reasonable grounds on which those Englishmen who are desirous of showing themselves children of the Catholic Church of antiquity can allow themselves to act. It can hardly be thought that the English mind, so deeply penetrated as it is with prejudices against Rome, would recognize in the career of Dr. Newman so much to admire and applaud, if it did not at the same time recognize that he has been faithful at all cost to the principles with which he started. That career means nothing, it is a life broken in the midst by a great and unreasonable mistake, if it has not been the condemnation of the Anglican theory. The Ritualists are perfectly consistent in their rebellion against the Catholic Church, because they begin with the assertion of the Protestant principle of private choice and private judgment, and they profess as little obedience to their own authorities as those authorities themselves profess

towards the Holy See. But it is not so with the Anglicans more properly so called. They have adopted, and they still propose to maintain, the principles of Catholic authority, Catholic unity, Catholic orthodoxy, and they have not adopted them as luxuries but as necessities. They profess to see in these principles the only salvation of this or any other nation, the only means by which the true faith can be preserved. It is no light matter to go on maintaining these principles on false grounds. To do this is to fight against God and the Church with the very weapons which they acknowledge to have been framed by Him as all-powerful when used on His own side.

If the present condition of religion in England, especially as to the principles of the faith and authority, is so much less hopeful than it was forty years ago, who are the most to blame—the men who consistently use anti-Catholic principles to loosen the hold of the people on all dogmatic truth, or the men, who with an inconsistency open to all the world but themselves, attempt to rest dogma on the basis of private judgment and resistance to the voice of the living Church? History, as we believe, will most certainly record that the High Anglicans have far more responsibility than they care to acknowledge, in the progress of infidelity and irreligion in the land since the collapse of the Oxford movement, as it appeared to the outward eye—since the legitimate issue of the Oxford movement, as it really was—in the submission of its great leader and so many of his followers to the Catholic Church. Since that time the residuum of the Tractarian party have been like mariners who have discovered that they have landed on the back of a whale instead of on the firm land, and have nevertheless gone on living contentedly on their dangerous friend, lighting their fires and cooking their victuals, and so on, notwithstanding many a rude shake and roll of the hospitable monster, warning them that he may very soon take to his native depths and carry them with him. These men have gone on talking about the Church, and protesting against false doctrines and the encroachments of the civil power, soaring into the higher regions of asceticism, founding religious communities after their own pattern, adapting Catholic books of devotion, and no one knows what besides, culling, as they would say, the choicest fruits of spiritual progress, while all the world has been laughing at them for their contempt of reason and logic. As theology must have true philosophy for

its basis, so the life of a religious communion as such, is an absolute sham and a perilous imposture if it is not built on the foundation of truth. These same men have also attempted to stem the advancing tide of infidelity, which they have themselves helped to let loose on the country, because they have ranged themselves on the side of the opponents of the true Church of God, the only Church which the world acknowledges, by a sure instinct, to possess the right of speaking with authority in His Name. The world knows our Lord and His Apostolic Church—but it laughs at Catholic arguments in Anglican mouths. It is the old story over again—"Jesus I know and Paul I know, but who are you?" And so the devil who might perhaps, by God's mercy, have been cast out, if the whole wave of the Oxford movement had thrown its unbroken mass into the Catholic waters, remains in possession of the nation, or of a large part of it, because that wave dashed itself to pieces, or was in great part turned aside, and thus the good counsel of God for the salvation of England from heresy and schism has been more or less defeated by the unfaithfulness of those to whom the work was intrusted.

These words may seem severe, but we believe them to be true. At what, we trust, may not be quite the end of a long life of active service to the cause of truth and of religion, John Henry Newman finds himself the survivor of the greater number of those who once worked loyally with him, having carried after him, it is true, no insignificant band of followers in his abandonment of all that was dear to him on earth for the sake of the faith, but still as lonely as he can be made by the desertion of the principles which they once held and professed in common on the part of a large number who still talk as if they held them. For himself he has found peace as well as abundant opportunities of labouring and suffering for the truth to which the good grace of God has led him. English Catholics, in particular, know what they owe to him. They know what he has done for them in introducing among them the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, what he has done in laying down the true principles of higher education, how he has freed them for ever from the vexations which might have resulted from the unexposed revilings of lecturers of the Achilli stamp, who have never been listened to since the famous trial in which the Lord Chief Justice Campbell so fatally distinguished himself. Catholics know how Dr. Newman set the public mind right after the Church had been assailed by the

blundering sophistries of the *Eirenicon* and the fanatical virulence of Mr. Gladstone, and how they have always instinctively looked to him as the champion to whom Englishmen would listen with confidence in any hour of need or danger. It is his particular glory to have had a hand, however indirectly, in the conversion of most of those who have joined the Church in this country for the last forty years, to have touched, even though incidentally, a hundred points of popular controversy and subjects of earnest thought to the minds of men of his time, and to have given in every case the answer or the direction which the occasion required. His relation to the mind of the day consists even more in the hints and suggestions which he has given, than in his elaborate treatises and his utterances on the subjects which he has directly dealt with. No writer of our time is more important to the historian of English thought, no works are so necessary and so useful as his to those who have to carry on the fight for truth in which he has been so successful.

And now the Vicar of our Lord has spoken, as if to tell us that it is not in England alone and for Englishmen alone that this great servant of the Church has been raised up in our century, but that his name is to belong through all time to the list of the conspicuous champions of the Universal Church, in whose government he would have to bear a share and whose counsels he would have to influence, if his great age and long-formed habits of life did not forbid him without danger to reside in Rome. Thus is the seal of the Church set to the services of a long career. *Justum deduxit Dominus per vias rectas*, and the plainness and straightness of the path which has led the former Scholar of Trinity and Fellow of Oriel to the feet of the Successor of St. Peter are attested by the crowning act of the Successor of St. Peter himself. The act means a great deal more than this. But this at least it means, and it is on this account that we hope to see from it great good resulting to the cause of the Church in England, as well as a sensible increase of the love and gratitude with which English Catholics already regard the Holy Father himself.

## *A Long Day in Norway.*

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### CHAPTER VI.

#### GULDBRANDSDALEN.

IF Romsdalen is the grandest dale in Norway, Gulbrandsdalen is certainly the most beautiful, so are we told ; and as the beauty is "long drawn out," extending over nearly one hundred and seventy miles, we shall require at least three days of *carriole* driving to traverse it. So we talk over our plans and arrange our resting stations before going to bed, that we may start in good time on

*Monday, July 29.*—There is a special excitement for us this fine morning, for we are each one to drive his *carriole* for the first time. There is a sense of independence in this which is doubly pleasant, after the comparative slavery of the *trille*. Then we were but an item in the great account ; now we are to be an account complete in itself. Perhaps after all, the independence is more nominal than real, for we are to be one of a procession, and the order of march is defined by Norwegian laws of the road, the slowest horse being placed first ; yet we shall be so far our own master as to regulate our own pace (for no one must pass us, another law says), and we shall have the control of the whip (if we can get one) and of the reins, if not of the pony which is to draw our *carriole*.

But the *carriole* itself, how shall we describe it ? It is simply a light two-wheeled carriage, with a small pony in front, a servant (*skydtsgutt*) behind on the luggage, and your honour in a chair of state in the centre. But feeling the inadequacy of this description, we quote Murray, who says : "The *carriole* somewhat resembles the Italian *carricola*," which probably does not convey any very definite idea to the mind of the general reader ; and, moreover, we will venture to say that to any one who has been at Naples and seen the *carricola* in perfection, that carriage with its two passengers besides the driver, or with its dozen of people suspended on all sides of it, would suggest something very

different from the Norwegian *carriole*. But leaving the parallel, let us take the more accurate description. "It is usually built without springs. The shafts are long and elastic, the ends are fixed to the axle-tree, and the seat (which will only hold one person) is placed well forward, and by cross-pieces, rests upon the shafts, the elasticity of which prevents the occupant being jolted, except when the roads are very bad. The legs are brought nearly to a horizontal position, so that in descending the steepest hill there is no inconvenience, nor the possibility of being thrown out in the event of the horse falling. A board is fixed upon the axle-tree to carry a trunk, &c., and there the man seats himself to whom the horse belongs. The harness is of the most simple construction, and so contrived as to fit any of the small horses which are met with." If this is not enough, we will add a word or two more: for we are very proud of our first *carriole* and wish it to be duly appreciated. The seat is raised high above the long shafts and cross-pieces upon iron uprights, and is itself semi-circular in shape, with a high back behind towering to a peak; more like the car of a juvenile fairy in a pantomime than any other kind of carriage with which we are familiar. In front is a splashing-board, the foot-board being in shape much like that old-fashioned instrument of torture, a boot-jack.

Its peculiar shape utterly unfits it for the purpose for which it is designed, as no pair of feet much larger than those of the fairy we have alluded to would find space and rest therein: for it has a high border inclosing it. Sometimes there are two iron stirrups, fixed to and below the cross-piece, into which the toes can be thrust: otherwise the legs must arrange themselves outside upon and along the shafts, prepared to take to the ground in case of a fall, and exposed to the dust and rain, as these usual accompaniments in time succeed one another.

The harness is indeed simple enough: consisting principally of pieces of rope and string fastened by wooden pegs, and the reins generally are long ropes; long enough to serve for a whip also, or to tie up to the side when the driver wishes to read or to go to sleep.

The horses are of all kinds, conditions, and sizes: as a general rule, we find the smaller the better, and most of them are excessively small. As for their docility we can bear testimony, for we drove some distance with one rein under a fore leg and the other under the tail of the animal, without apparently any inconvenience to man or beast.

The seat is sufficiently shallow to necessitate a dignified and upright bearing ; the effect of which on the spectator however is considerably marred by the awkward position of the legs, which are either drawn up towards the chin or stretched out like extra shafts along the sides of the diminutive steed.

Yet with all its faults and oddities, carrioling is pleasant travelling. There is an excitement about it—especially in going down hill—which never ceases ; and somehow it does not fatigue, as all things considered it ought to do.

Before eight o'clock we have breakfasted, paid our very moderate bill, and taken our seats in the three *carrioles* and our places in line of march ; one attendant only mounting up behind the first carriage who has some way of driving three horses and carriages home again, though probably not in the striking way in which Ducroz used to ride three horses at once.

The scenery during the first stage to Molmen, which takes more than one hour, is somewhat dreary, being principally dry bog and moorland, with snowy mountains in the distance ; we are still on the heights of the Bröstefjeld, and the Rauma is yet beside us. There are trees of a weird, stunted, grotesque form, seemingly of great age and heart-cankered : fit residents in such a grim neighbourhood. Then the river widens out into a series of lakes as we approach Lesje Jernværk, where, as the name implies, there is an old iron mine : evidently we are nearing the home of our old friend the Rauma, which springs from a lake that, strangely enough, has another outlet at the further end, out of which flows the Logen Elv, which is to be our new guide, companion, and entertainer until we and it leave Guldbrandsdalen at the Mjösen Vand. Again we are airing our Norse, and must explain that *elv* means a river and *vand* a lake ; and our excuse for using the unfamiliar words is that they are familiar enough in guide books.

Another stage brings us to Holset station, and here we are at the end of Romsdalen, and above fifty-six miles from Næs, and here we are at the further end of the Lessoe Vand, and the point whence the Logen Elv flows. In truth we were not a little puzzled at seeing the river change its course, and flow with us instead of against us. We have seen many rivers traverse lakes, and when we have traced them home have found at last that it was no home to them, but only a broader channel than before, and that they flowed in at the further end from a far distant source ; but here the Rauma flows out to meet us, and



at the upper end flows out to accompany us, running in truth both ways at once. As such irregularities as these cannot be tolerated, it has been agreed to give a different name to that which now flows south-east, from that which hitherto has flowed north-west, and so the Logen is to be our guide, which somehow we cannot help regarding as the Rauma constrained by true Norwegian politeness to turn upon itself, and lead us out of the wilderness into which it enticed us.

Fresh horses and *carrioles*, and on we go for another stage. The scenery improves, as it can easily do ; traces of cultivation begin to appear, the hills grow once more into mountains, and snow is seen at intervals upon their summits. In truth we have climbed the heights, have crossed the bare, worn, ragged Dovre Fjeld, and are working our way down into the new valley, as we have worked it up from the old. These *fjelds* are bleak and barren tracts, for what can grow in such exposed positions, even were there earth to produce anything? The stunted, gnarled, mockery of trees answer the question and tell us what such bare heights must be in winter.

We push on to Holaker, our fourth station, for dinner, having driven about thirty-five miles in five hours and a half, *i.e.*, about six miles an hour, stoppages and changes included. The delay is uncertain at the stations when three *carrioles* and horses have to be changed. Norwegians are not over active, and set about the work in a very deliberate manner. *Carrioles* have to be hunted out from obscure corners and the little horses are sometimes away in the fields, and have to be caught and brought in. However, it must be allowed, that no time is wasted in cleaning either horse or carriage : a neat turn-out is evidently not a Norwegian weakness. Such as they are, you take them, and, considering how little you pay, you ought to be thankful.

Holaker is an excellent station and is highly commended, so we have postponed our dinner unto the late hour of two o'clock, to have it here in comfort. The dining-room is quite splendidly furnished, evidently with imported, and probably French, furniture, highly polished and very new. The dinner is excellent and puts us in good condition for afternoon travelling, and we are soon upon the road again. But whatever good temper the dinner may have put into us is quickly shaken out on this stage of our march. There are only two horses to be had, so one is put into a *carriole* and the other into a cart to

which two of us are condemned. Now of all the villainous contrivances to dislocate limbs, to make travelling a misery, and to jolt the life out of a man, commend me to a light Norwegian cart.

It has no springs; the fixed seat is nailed to the low sides resting on shafts that have none of that elasticity which makes carrioling pleasant. Every movement of the horse, every stone, even every rut in the road makes itself felt, and writes its history in our racked limbs. Walk any distance through rain and mud rather than commit your person to such an instrument of torture: so we resolved, and so we recommend, while our bones ache at the very memory of that stage from Holaker to Dombaas.

But not even such a machine as this cart can altogether divert our attention from the scenery through which we are now passing. We are descending rapidly through and over the Dovre range; the steep slope of the ravine as yet overhangs a combination of dales, and a whole panorama lies spread before us. From our elevated position we command the mountains which shut in the different glens, and can look across over into another beyond it. These mountain passes, with all their glorious characteristics of snowy heights and deep gorges, part in bright sunlight and part in deep shadow, converge towards Dombaas, and imagination can fill up what the far distance conceals, and trace our long route through Guldbrandsdalen to the far distant Christiania.

Down we rattle a long Norwegian mile, which seems more than the usual seven in such acute suffering, and find ourselves in what may be called the high road between Christiania and Throndhjem, and at the excellent station of Dombaas.

To crawl out of the cart and stretch our aching limbs is itself a pleasure, but to turn and look upon the road by which we have descended, and the mountains which overhang it on all sides, is enough to make us forget all we have suffered. There stands the great lion of this part of the Dovre range, Svenætten, 7,620 feet high, while the grand outline of Romsdalshorn and its neighbours are still in view. It is a scene worth lingering over, but we have many miles yet before us, and so we turn back once more to the station to see after *carrioles*. But once more there is a deficiency of horses, and a cart which is offered is rejected very emphatically, and we content ourselves with a *trille*.

We are now in another valley, which we conclude is Guldbrandsdalen, the wonderfully beautiful dale which is said to be the pride of Norway. It is one hundred and sixty-eight English miles long, and extends from Lillehammer to the foot of the Dovre Fjeld. "The greater part of it is narrow and winding, with towering mountains on either side, cultivated on the lower slopes, and generally covered with pine forests in the upper parts. Here and there the valley widens for a short distance, but nowhere to a greater extent than six or seven English miles." Such is Murray's very accurate description of it, and this, indeed, it was that induced us to leave much of the wild scenery of the west unseen, that we might enjoy with a new relish the sylvan beauties of the inner life of Norway. The new valley opens grandly, as it cannot but do here within the glories of the Dovre mountains. We are shut in and seemingly pursued by the wild ranges which overhang and close in upon us. Downward is our way, as it will be throughout, and this makes travelling pleasanter, for horses are willing, and share the good spirits of the travellers, who are once more brought together again without any danger of dislocation. So on we drive merrily to Toftemoen, and look with no little interest and admiration at Tofte himself, the landlord of the station. For Tofte is no ordinary person in right of his wealth and royal descent in direct line from the renowned Harald Haarfagre (the Fair-Haired), who in the ninth century united the different provinces into one kingdom, and made for Norway a world-wide renown.

It is a proud family, we are told, as well it may be, when ancient races are rare, and where they are much prized, as among this simple and patriarchal people. The Tofte family have kept themselves to themselves, and never marry out of their own family, so their blood must be ultra-blue. They are wealthy, too, in true Norwegian fashion, and have old plate which would break the heart while it would delight the eyes of a would-be purchaser. Indeed it is recorded that when King Charles the Fifteenth dined here at the Station in 1860, on his way to Throndhjem for his coronation, the Tofte of that day (who was the uncle to our Tofte) "told his Majesty that it was unnecessary to bring in his plate, as he had silver forks and spoons enough for all the thirty or forty of the suite." So we may conclude that the royal forks and spoons were left in the royal *carriole*, and, we may be sure, without any special

guard to protect them. We wonder what were the thoughts of the descendant of the great Harold when the grandson of the adventurer Bernadotte was sitting at his table fingering his ancient forks and spoons. Had he any misgivings as to whether or not they might pass from him like the throne of Norway; or had he confidence that those who had grasped so much would spare at least the old family plate?

But there stands the Tofte of 1878 at his door, ready to receive us, and to order out three *carrioles* and horses, that we may have no cause to complain of unroyal treatment.

We look with respect upon his portly form, his reserved manners, and his ruddy countenance, and try to see in him a whole line of kings. Perhaps had we not been told about him we should not have discovered anything unusual in the station-master of Toftemoen, but being forewarned we sagaciously remarked a royal dignity in the manner, a grandeur in the form, and a glory in the countenance. And perhaps he had as much of these characteristics as royal personages of greater station, but not of nobler descent.

It was suggested that we should pay a visit to his father—Tofte *père*—a venerable patriarch, as he must be, and who has a *scæter* an hour's ride up the mountain, well worth seeing.

“But what is a *scæter*?” we inquire.

A farm here, as in Tyrol and Switzerland, has not only cultivated and pasture land around the house, but generally a large uninclosed tract of mountain side, or often of mountain top, whither the cattle are sent in summer for grazing, under the care of servants who live in huts. This is the *scæter*.

The patriarch has about four hundred cows and calves, two hundred sheep, and forty or fifty goats. A goodly herd to look after in summer, but what a family to house in winter! for of course in Norway every animal is brought and kept indoors during that long and severe season. This explains the large buildings that surround the residences here, and which seem to our eyes and habits so disproportioned to the size of the farms.

Contenting ourselves with a distant view of the *scæter*, perched up like a nest in the overhanging mountain; and with yearnings after the bowls of milk we have drunk elsewhere in similar localities, we mount our *carrioles* and pursue our journey. We try to find consolation in the especial splendour of our own *carriole*, and sympathize with the bright little horse,

which seems as proud as ourselves in the unusual newness and cleanliness. Evidently it is the equipage of the descendant of the Fair-haired King, and we bow respectfully to the Tofte as we drive away in what we try to persuade ourselves is a royal turn-out.

The road is pleasant and easy enough, and the stage is not a long one, as we could conclude for ourselves without "Bennett," for we have already learned that the condition of the *carrioles* and horses is in inverse proportion to the number of miles to the next station. So the beautiful pony trips merrily along while we enjoy the fine river scenery which brings us to Brøndhøngen.

And now the mountains close in upon us: the Haalangen Fjeld sends its spurs into us, and threatens to bear down upon our narrow way and drive us into the river, which is growing wider and more troubled in its narrowed channel. The next Norwegian mile is through scenery of wonderful grandeur, and though evening is closing in upon us—for our long day has gone—we would fain linger upon what even the matter-of-fact guide-book allows to be "one of the best and most interesting roads in Norway." We are passing through Rusten, and we treasure up the name as that of one of the most striking spots we have seen. We delayed longer than usual at Brøndhøngen for want of horses, and were sorely puzzled to understand the delay; even our Dutch companion, excellent linguist as he is, was at a loss to understand the terrible local dialect in which the ostler explained that the horses were there but were not ready, seeing that they required the usual term of rest after returning from a stage before they started on another. Shall we stay here all night? we consider, for we have already travelled more than fifty miles; but the evening is so beautiful, and our tyrant "plan" has fixed upon Laurgaard for night quarters, that at last we set out once more, and so come unexpectedly upon the grandest part of the Guldbrandsdal. Perhaps some of the impression it made upon us is due to the suddenness of its coming, but seen under any circumstances it cannot fail to impress, and to call to mind some of the choicest bits of the grandest Swiss passes, and to hold its own in any such comparison.

The wild *fjeld* is doing here its best, and so appears to the greatest advantage. Desolate and featureless are these bleak barren wastes, which stand so high above beauty, and have nothing but vastness to characterize them. Mile after mile

we traverse them, and the heart grows sad and the eyes weary at their sameness and tameness. But beneath them, in the glens which wind amid their lower heights, into which their fierce buttresses thrust themselves, with variety of crag and precipice made grander by their closeness and their irregularities; here it is they contribute their full share to the glory of the scenery, and are to be welcomed as friends, and not fled from as enemies.

So we rejoice at diving beneath the edge of the Haalangen Fjeld, knowing that it will make the banks which close in upon the Logan Elv wildly beautiful; and so we find it to be. Mile after mile we follow the windings of the fine river; now up a bend of the road which rises with true Norwegian abruptness, now down again headlong, and, of course, at a pace as headlong too—the rule seeming to be, the steeper the hill the faster the pace—now we are close upon the water's edge, now we are on a narrow ledge with a slight hand-rail between us and the roaring torrent below; at one moment the overhanging cliffs are barren and shrubless, at another they give place to a fragment of a pine forest. How beautiful are those trees with the glow of sunset upon them! Branches and trunks alike one blaze of fire, and yet it is not like burning timber, but rather like iron trees heated to bright redness. How distinct every detail stands revealed, as though the intense light had swelled it, and how they blaze amidst the green leaves, which grow more green in the contrast. The eye never wearies of the sight, but seeks it out as an especial charm amid so many others which attract it. The wildness of the scene seems to rouse a corresponding spirit in the waters, which heave and surge around the jutting rocks, and roar with fierceness at the vast fragments which impede their course. The light is gliding upwards, and now colours only the tops of the highest pines, and the dim shadow of night creeps up as it were out of the waters and from the recesses of the overhanging mountains. On we hasten, for we have yet some miles to go; the scene grows more indistinct, the forms of forest and mountain are scarcely distinguishable, for there is little light beyond what flashes upwards from the foam which marks the course of the river. Imagination now has full play, and gives a wilder aspect to what is in sober truth wild enough; and so half dreaming and half seeing we hurry on, across a bridge, under which the torrent dashes, and which trembles beneath the feet of the

horses: again along the left bank, until at length a still finer bridge carries us across again, and the glimmering light high above marks the steep road which leads us to the station of Laurgaard in time to secure comfortable quarters before the house closes for the night. The station is large, and so are the bedrooms; indeed, these latter are too large for single and even for double beds, and so they are furnished with triple accommodation—a simplicity of arrangement which suggests early days and the school dormitory.

The broad staircase and capacious lobby are covered with fresh branches of the pine, which also has its suggestion of an infirmary. But all is wholesome and beautifully clean, and so the leaves and pungent branches may be a relic of old times, when fresh rushes were spread in halls of state, not, as here, to protect the clean floors from dirty boots, but to guard the clean boots from the dirty floor. For the Norwegian housewives are very proud of their cleaning and polishing, and will forgive almost anything sooner than rough nails in heavy boots, in which so many tourists strangely delight. Hob-nailed working men are confined to the lower regions, where all the public rooms are, but hob-nailed gentlemen are a mystery and a confusion to these good people, as so few walk here, where *carrioles* are the order of the day.

*Tuesday, July 30.*—Our “plan” fortunately allows us half a day’s rest at Laurgaard, which we spend in retracing our steps of yesterday through the grand glen of Rusten. Now we are on foot, and sauntering in the bright sunshine through what was but partially revealed in the uncertain light of evening. Few mountain passes are able to maintain their first impressions under such an ordeal. The matter of fact is seldom a match for the ideal, the power of daylight is a wonderful router of the poetry [of twilight, and in truth Rusten itself was not quite so grand nor so impressive as it had before seemed. But what it lost in grandeur of undefined outline, it gained in beauty of revealed detail, and many a bold rapid and graceful cascade, which before only flashed light upon our path, now made rainbows in the sunshine, or dashed in sparkling foam against the impeding rocks. Throughout there is the Norwegian characteristic of greatness: every feature seems magnified, every detail gigantic. The convulsion which tore out the pass appears the sport of Titans, and the stones which lie scattered about are enormous. We stroll back to an early midday dinner, and

feast sumptuously. We must not fail to chronicle the excellent pancakes which here, and almost everywhere, are served at each meal ; nor should we leave unnoticed two large buckets of milk, which crown and conclude the feast. Veritable buckets they are, but bright and clean, as though they were of silver and not of wood, and the cold milk, into which we ignorantly plunge the ladles, fishing as at the Nord Kap for something below, but not with like success, when it seems we should have rather skimmed the surface for the richness that floated there. The cold milk, whether above or below, was more cool and refreshing than the choicest wine, and perhaps fitted us better to withstand the heat and dust through which we were at once to drive to Listad, a distance of five-and-thirty miles.

The drive to-day is along a beautiful road, with the Logan Elv at our side. At times it lies quietly basking in the sun, and spreads itself into a broad lake, in which the overhanging heights reflect themselves, and is so calm and still that none would suspect it of the wild work it wrought so lately in the glen of Rusten, and then suddenly it contracts its banks, as though girding up its loins for a dash onwards, and making up for lost time, hurries away a wild mountain river once more, amid all the glories of cataract and fall. After a while it grows more tranquil, and rests again in a broad expanse, so we may compare much of the Guldbrandsdal to a whole garland of English lakes, strung together upon bright intertwining rivers. At times the mountains close in upon the road, and overhang it in bold precipices. Again these retire, and leave a foreground of undulating fields, rich in plenteous crops, backed up by ranges of noble form and outline. Fertile is the dale and highly is it cultivated. The abundant waters are turned to good account by means as simple as they are effective. Trees are hollowed out, and used as moveable waterpipes. Laid together, they bring down the mountain stream to all parts of the land, and when a field has to be watered, a large trunk is turned into a trough, the rough logs are laid accordingly, the stream quickly fills it, and with a large shovel the farmer scatters it over the land, and sometimes over the heads of the passers-by below.

A shower of a very different kind awaited the Scotch mercenaries, of whom we have already spoken, who took the same route we have hitherto followed from Naes to Kringelen. Here the pass narrows, and the cliffs rise perpendicularly above



the road, which itself is but a ledge in the cliff, some three hundred feet above the wild river below. Colonel Sinclair had fought his way, fiercely and ruthlessly thus far, but here the outraged people were more than a match for him. They had to play stratagem against force, and retiring before the invaders, three hundred peasants prepared to receive them here. They heaped up rocks, stones, and trees, upon the overhanging heights, and when the foreigners came beneath, down dashed the fierce cataract upon them, and the not less fierce Norsemen, who avenged their country in the utter slaughter of the foe, for only two soldiers of the nine hundred escaped. There is a rough stone, which marks the leader's grave, with the simple inscription in Norse, "Her blev Skotternes Anferer Georg Sinclair begravet efterat han var falden ved Kringelen den 26 August, 1612," which means, "Here was buried George Sinclair, the leader of the Scotch, after having fallen at Kringelen, on August 26, 1612," as simple and courteous an inscription as could well be placed over the grave of such an invader.

Four stations we pass, at which we change *carrioles* and horses, on our way to Listad, but there is nothing to record about them. A note in the Road-book, a glass of ale, and a lounge on the doorstep, which forms a kind of balcony, fill up time, and on we hasten. The river is our chief companion, as, indeed, we have none other, for our *carrioles* are far apart, that the dust which one raises may settle down again before the next disturbs it. So company on the road is nominal, and each jogs on "in silent solitude, for there is no one near," the clouds before and behind are the only tokens of the presence of our two companions, save when we draw near to shout out a passing remark, or to find one of the party in mortal combat with an obstinate cow, that occupies resolutely the centre, which is nearly the whole of the road, and cows the little pony into calf-like sheepishness (a mixed metaphor which includes most of these difficulties of the way). Most, we say advisedly, for there is another which is not uncommon in these parts, at least in the winter season. There are bears in these mountain fastnesses, which, on the pinch, descend to play the highwayman, carrying off the pony itself, and at times not sparing the charioteer. Bjorn! Bjorn! is muttered more than once by our skydskarl behind, and the little pony, as well as its driver, picks up its ears, and we accelerate our pace towards Listad.

Listad Station is a house of greater pretensions than most of those we had passed, and suggests pleasant quarters. It is separated from the road by a pretty garden, into which the back of the house looks. The front is in a large square, with outbuildings on the sides, and the substantial porch flanked by kitchens and comfortable rooms, and crowned with an ample balcony, in which are some travellers, evidently at home, invites us to stay our steps, and rest at least for the night, and fortunately the rigid "plan" accords with this suggestion. Our rooms upstairs open upon another large balcony, which overhangs the garden, and from it we enjoy a splendid view over our old friend the Logan Elv, who seems in the broad expanse into which he has spread himself to be resolved upon resting and staying too. This Guldbrandsdalen is indeed a wonderful valley. So grand in its mountain outlines, which form throughout the background to all the charming pictures it contains, and yet withal, so soft and rich in its inner features, and this not for a drive of a few miles, but for three full and busy days : lake after lake, river after river, for each portion which links two lakes together seems to have special characteristics, and to be a river in itself, were they less beautiful and varied, they might grow monotonous and wearisome ; but somehow, mountain, river, and lake, are rich in varied combinations, and by a sudden turn of the Logan, a closing in of the mountains, an abrupt rising of the road high up the mountain side, or the sudden dashing down from the heights above of some fine tributary stream, a new effect is produced, and the excitement of change is prolonged to the very last.

*Wednesday, July 31.*—Our drive to-day is to be for forty-five miles to Lillehammer by five stations, so we start at a fair hour in the morning, and bid farewell to Listad, which perhaps was more promising than performing, in that its meals were scarcely up to the mark of the size and dignity of the house.

The first station, Skjaeggstad, is as large if not as pretentious a house, so we are evidently drawing towards the capital. The scenery is losing much of its wildness, as if it were taming itself down to a more sedate life ; but still it is beautiful.

There is nothing to delay us on the road, until we reach our last changing house, where two great attractions await us, for Fossegården has not only to give us our dinner, but also to show us from its lofty windows the beautiful Hunderfos, or

Hunefos, so we barely glance at the rapids as we drive up the steep incline which leads to the station.

Here again we seem drawing nearer to modern civilization, which however by no means implies increased civility or attention. The sitting-rooms are more numerous, as are the guests who occupy them, and instead of the common meal in which all alike share, there seems to be a perpetual dinner which is served up by fits and starts, and the hungry traveller runs about from room to room in pursuit of the solitary attendant, urging his claim to a table and a meal which, if promised, is not for a long while forthcoming. So we dust and wash ourselves, as a tribute to civilization, and then look out of the window down upon the Hunefos, soothing the pangs of hunger with a rich meal of scenery. And herein we seem to be making ourselves singular, as nobody else appears to trouble himself or herself with the grand falls which are roaring down below. Indeed it does not require much experience in travelling to note how little attention is paid to what is supposed to be the great attraction of any particular locality, at least when, as is generally the case in Switzerland, there is an hotel on the spot. People toil and hurry thither, cast a glance around and—sit down to dinner or supper. These severe reflections suggest themselves while we are looking at the *fös* and occasionally looking back into the room for dinner; and are perhaps as much due to unappeased hunger as to any æsthetic feeling. However this may be, the Hunefos is well worth seeing, even by those who have “supped full” of such things in Romsdalen. It is much like Schaffhaussen, for the Logen is here a broad river and rolls over in a grand volume, which is broken and shattered into clouds of spray, by the rocks which bar its course, between and over which it works its way. But the guide book itself seems possessed with the spirit of the place, and so Murray discourses of the trout which may be taken here rather than of the waters in which they sport. And indeed these trout have no ordinary claim upon attention, for some of them are enormous and weigh thirty-six pounds. We saw one of these monsters at Lillehammer, but did not stay to taste it.

And now we are approaching Lillehammer and the end of our long drive: for Lillehammer is at the northern extremity of the lake Mjösen, and the steamboat awaits most travellers there to carry them down the sixty miles of water to Eidsvold, whence the train runs to Christiania.

Our road is down hill, as indeed it has almost invariably been since we left Romsdalen : and now the fine lake opens before us, beyond and above Lillehammer. The Logan hastens to pour in its bounteous waters, and to assert its supremacy as the chief tributary of the lake. We leave its banks before it thus finishes its course, and turn off abruptly into the little town ; which, however, looks great in our eyes after our recent wanderings from station to station.

Lillehammer is not a noisy, bustling place, but it has a quiet air of well-to-do-iness, which is much pleasanter. The main street is broad and has some decent shops. The windows are curtained and generally filled with bright flowers, and there are several cross streets which connect it with the country beyond by their half-civic, half-rural aspect. The lake seems to have made away with itself and is not in sight : we ultimately find it at the bottom of a very steep hill, which can only be descended in a sharp trot ; indeed its steepness repels us and we decline making the descent until to-morrow morning, when there will be no need to climb it. We quarter ourselves at a very pleasant house, which combines many of the comforts of an hotel with the picturesque aspect of a wooden station. There is the broad roomy porch up a flight of steps with its latticed flower-twined open sides and comfortable broad benches ; its large balcony, which is indeed a fine open room, over the porch ; its wide mat of intertwined fir twigs, which, very unlike most door mats, emits a pleasant perfume as you tread it under foot ; its long dining-room, whose walls are decorated with growing wreaths of ivy ; and among these antique features, there are the modern comforts of a well-supplied reading-room and the privacy of solitary bed-rooms. We feel we are in luxurious quarters : for, as Bennett's Guide Book says, "wheat bread may be had here."

Lillehammer has an especial claim upon the English Catholic heart, though the tokens that give it this interest have long since passed away. It was once a bishopric and had a cathedral and a monastery, both founded in 1160 by Nicolas Breakspear, our one English Pope, Adrian the Fourth, who was at that time Legate in Norway. The sacred buildings were destroyed in the seventeenth century by those Swedes whom the Scotch Colonel we heard the last of in Kringelen came to assist in carrying out this usual portion of their "glorious Reformation." So the rocks and stones of the mountain pass avenged the profane scattering which here took place.

*Thursday, August 1.*—We steam off in the morning from Lillehammer, but with no intention of making for Eidsvold and Christiania. We are advised to take another route which according to all accounts is more interesting than the more direct one. So we steamed about half-way down the narrowest part of the broad lake which indeed has few claims beyond that of size upon admiration. It is too large to be pretty, it is only tame; unless it is taken in small fragments, and then it presents several pleasant pictures which must exclude the distance, if they are to be at all effective. It is the largest lake in Norway, in length about sixty-three miles, but it cannot compare in grandeur with the Randsfjord, we are told, and so to the Randsfjord we make our way. We land at Gjovik, where the lake suddenly widens to its greatest extent, and hence after dining in the excellent Victoria Hotel, and lounging about awaiting the same in the glare of the over-bright sun on the treeless beach, we drive off in a large family carriage, which would carry double our number of three, across country to Odnæs, which stands on the Randsfjord.

The drive is pleasant enough in spite of dust and sun; for the pine forests are soon in view, and when we are not buried in their depths, they colour and clothe the adjacent mountains in brightest green and gold. As we are driving through, we have no care for the stations, and so do not descend at Mustad, although Bennett says of it, "first rate and yet cheap station, with a good piano." Even its instrumental attraction cannot move us, and so on we drive through scenery which improves as we advance, and grows very wild as it approaches and winds around the heights which overhang the Randsfjord.

We soon see reason to rejoice that we have left the dull banks of the Mjösen lake, for the mountains which shut in the Randsfjord are very grand. The road rises and falls like a stormy ocean, and up and down the heavy vehicle is tossed, and we understand why it has been built so strong. Up we clamber to a glorious view, down we tumble again into a ravine, which shuts out all but the trees around us, and then another wave of this road hoists us up again, and the Randsfjord is at our feet. Winding down to it is out of the question: there it is and the shortest road is straight down, so down we rush accordingly, and luckily the road itself pulls up a short distance from the lake, and winds along the shore in decorous order, and we drive accordingly, and see our hotel some time before we reach it.

Very comfortable quarters are to be had at Odnæs, if you can get them. The porch and overhanging balcony are ominously full of people, and the stable-yard has more than a fair supply of recently arrived carriages. We are in good time, we hope, for people generally flock in late when the steamer starts the next morning; moreover the boat has not yet come in from the other end of the lake; and we commend our prudence; and yet with fear and trembling, for the old house is not very large and the new one is yet in building. We drive up and our Dutchman sets to work to get us in. We know something of Norwegian habits by this time and do not expect any ostler to look to the carriage or any bustling host to look to ourselves. Nobody takes the slightest notice of us, except some other tourists, who being in possession take a languid interest in our proceedings. We take out our luggage, place it in the porch, pay our driver and dismiss him. This looks like a determination to stop, so the landlady, in passing, condescends to look at us. We linger about the porch and passage, and get in the way, and thus attract still more attention. Some tourists pass out and we close at once upon the hostess and put in a plea for their rooms. Our audacity is rebuked with a serious look, and we collapse again. But our Dutch friend is running about the house and talking Norse to all the family, and at last succeeds in a half-promise of rooms, of which we at once take possession and quietly proceed to dust and wash ourselves. Then out we sally again, but now into the balcony, for we also are at home, and watch the arrival of others, scarcely any of whom succeed in getting into the house at all.

Another Noe's Ark of a carriage drives up, and with almost as mixed a company as the Patriarch's own; a party consisting of French, Italian, German, and English, and not one of them can speak Norse. It is their first day and everything has to be learned. They drive up, look about, and address everybody who will listen in their respective tongues. The only people who understand none of them are the family of our landlady, who speak only Norse. They are in despair, when our linguistic friend goodnaturedly comes to their aid. They had been told that at all stations English is spoken, and they at once find their mistake. But he cannot help them to what they want, for the hotel is full and they are not the first who have been turned away, so off they drive like a detachment from the Tower of Babel, and we see no more of them.

The view from our windows is over the lake, and beautiful is it in the sunset. Stretching before us it winds in a graceful curve in both directions, to our right to its extreme northern end, and to the left through the fifty miles which we are to pass to-morrow to its southern boundary.

*Friday, August 2.*—We breakfast and are on board at a good hour in the morning, and steam off in the *Harald Haarfagre* at eight o'clock. Harold the Fair-haired is not a large vessel, but it works its way gallantly along through all difficulties like the great hero whose name it bears. The scenery is very fine. In many parts the lofty mountains close in upon the waters, and rise boldly out of their depths ; at times they recede, and fertile and wood-crowned sloping banks are rich in colour and vegetation. The width is never too great for the height of the banks, while the frequent windings of the shore and our erratic course from one small water station to another gives endless variety to the pleasant voyage. Thirteen landing-places are visited, and at each some business is transacted, goods of all kinds and passengers as various are taken on board, carried on, and disembarked : so that it is half-past one o'clock by the time we reach the end of the lake and land at Randsfjord station. Station sure enough it is, in the railway sense of the word, and there is the train, refreshment room, and all the usual accessories of such a place, which are alike in every land. For your railway is a cosmopolitan institution, and has little sympathy with local colouring. So we resolutely turn our backs upon this modern intruder and take our last look at the grand and beautiful Randsfjord.

HENRY BEDFORD.

## *Miracles : Hume and Huxley.*

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THE appearance of a work upon Hume by such a man as Professor Huxley<sup>1</sup> promises us the very latest weapon which science can produce against our belief in miracles. Hume's famous "invincible" argument has been the war-horse of all those who since his time have undertaken to run a tilt against manifestations of the supernatural, while the modern Professor will certainly be taken by friends and foes alike as a champion of the unbelieving school than whom it would be impossible to find one more formidable.

Accordingly we take up his little book, and turn with no little interest to the chapter which is headed, "The Order of Nature : Miracles." The result is startling, even though it be satisfactory. In Professor Huxley's hands Hume's argument performs an operation very much like the Japanese "happy despatch," or, in plain English, cutting its own throat. We are not accustomed to beholding men of science on such subjects

*Inter sese paribus concurrere telis,*

but in this case there is a complication of cross purposes that reminds us of nothing in the world but the duel of Hamlet and Laertes, where the poisoned rapier, passing from hand to hand in the course of the struggle, makes each inflict on the other a wound for which there is no medicine. In the present instance, to be sure, the champions are supposed to be not contending against each other, but fighting on the same side. The results, however, are the same. Huxley's argument makes Hume's untenable, while reciprocally Hume's does the like for Huxley's.

In speaking, however, of Professor Huxley's argument, there must be an important qualification. It is very hard to discern what that argument is. Whatever may have advanced in the scientific camp since last century, Logic certainly appears not

<sup>1</sup> *English Men of Letters*, edited by John Morley ; *Hume*, by Professor Huxley. Macmillan, 1879.



to have done so. Hume may have championed a paradox, but at least he was quite clear as to the terms of his proposition: he went straight to his stand-point, and committed himself to it beyond possibility of mistake.

With the modern writer it is not so. He begins by declaring his argument to be inconsistent with Hume's. He goes on to defend it on grounds inconsistent with itself, and the outcome of the whole is to land him, by implication at least, back in Hume's position, but not till that position has by himself been rendered worthless.

When we speak therefore of Professor Huxley's argument, we mean that which he speaks of as his own, in distinction to Hume's, though, as we say, he afterwards in fact abandons it. It is this argument and Hume's which fall on each other's swords.

Such a line of argumentation as we have indicated does not, it is evident, admit of being set forth with much clearness. From the very nature of the case, clearness must cause it to disappear. All that we can do is to make good our assertion that the argument really amounts to this, and this we shall best do by following carefully the course of the Professor's observations. We shall be led by such a course into a good many side issues, and shall be unable to secure for our own remarks that logical sequence which could be wished. But for our purpose it seems that nothing else is left us to do.

Professor Huxley begins then with an exposition of Hume's argument. A very extraordinary exposition it is:<sup>2</sup> "If our beliefs of expectation are based on our beliefs of memory, and anticipation is only inverted recollection, it necessarily follows that every belief of expectation implies the belief that the future will have a certain resemblance to the past. From the first hour of experience onward, this belief is constantly being verified. . . . And when repeated, and minute examination never reveals a break in the chain of causes and effects,<sup>3</sup> and the whole edifice of practical life is built upon our faith in its continuity; the belief that that chain never has been broken,<sup>4</sup> and never will be broken, becomes one of the strongest and

<sup>2</sup> P. 129.

<sup>3</sup> This implies that miracles have never been observed, and as this happens to be the question at issue, such an implication is a *petitio principii*, or begging of the question. It will be sufficient for our purpose, however, merely to note this in passing.

<sup>4</sup> Here again we must make a passing remark. Above, this unbrokenness in the past was assumed as a fact. Here, it has come down to a "conviction."

most justifiable of human convictions. And it must be admitted to be a reasonable request, if we ask those who would have us put faith in the actual occurrence of interruptions of that order, to produce evidence in favour of their view not only equal but superior in weight to that which leads us to adopt ours. This is the essential argument of Hume's famous disquisition upon miracles, and it may safely be declared to be irrefragable."

Irrefragable! It may safely be declared to be a truism. In order to ask us to believe anything, you must produce some reason sufficient for the purpose, some reason for believing it which may be stronger than the reasons for not believing it. And undoubtedly in the case before us the ordinary course of nature is in possession. A miracle is something which from the observed cause of phenomena we should *not* have expected; something on the face of things *unlikely* to occur. And therefore if we are to believe that something, we *must* be furnished with an argument outweighing that antecedent improbability. It is a condition rendered necessary by the very constitution of our minds.

And therefore when Professor Huxley calls this the "kernel" of Hume's argument, he does very little to indicate wherein may be that argument's special character, for this principle must needs lie at the core of every argument on either side in such a question.

Hume's particular kernel, that which makes his argument peculiarly his own, is undoubtedly that other plea by which he seeks to show that an argument *cannot* be brought for miracles as strong as that which there is against them. This is the particular point which he sets himself to make. And therefore when Professor Huxley calling this kernel the shell, pronounces that shell to be "of very doubtful value,"<sup>5</sup> it is hard to see what worth he allows to Hume's product, or what credit to its producer.

The essence of Hume's plea against the miraculous, as is well known, consists in the principle that uniform or universal experience must needs outweigh particular or exceptional experience. There is universal experience for the uniformity of natural operations; there can, from the nature of the case, be no more than particular experience for interruption of that uniformity,<sup>6</sup> and therefore there cannot be for such interruption

<sup>5</sup> P. 130.

<sup>6</sup> It is beside our present purpose to do more than remark that according to the view of the best theologians the laws of nature are not violated by a miracle. Natural forces are left in all their vigour, but a new force is brought in to produce, for example, equilibrium, where without that new force there would have been motion.

an argument equal to that against it. Hence, whatever evidence may be produced for a miracle, is to be put out of court at once as essentially inadequate for its purpose. Hence, too, in logic, if he witnessed with his own eyes an interruption of the observed order of nature, the philosopher should refuse to believe in its occurrence, because of the argument stronger than his individual experience which he has against its possibility. There must, he says,<sup>7</sup> "be an uniform experience against every miraculous event, otherwise the event would not merit that appellation. And as uniform experience amounts to a proof, there is here a direct and full proof from the nature of the fact against the existence of any miracle; nor can such proof be destroyed, or the miracle rendered credible but by an opposite proof which is superior."

This is Hume's essential argument; but this meets with scant favour in the eyes of Professor Huxley. "Every one of these dicta," he pronounces, "appears to be open to serious objection."

Undoubtedly thus far he is right. He is right too in the argument which he goes on to suggest. It is not only supernatural miracles which can lay claim to the title of *miracula*. Natural phenomena also occasion wonder, and the source of that wonder is "the belief on the part of those who witness them that they transcend or contradict ordinary experience."<sup>8</sup>

So if Hume's argument is to hold, it should preclude the verification of unsuspected phenomena in nature as well as of those particular phenomena against which it is aimed. It was certainly against universal observation and experience that the Thames could be set on fire when Sir Humphrey Davy first put potassium into water. It was against all our ideas that sound could be conveyed by magnetism when Mr. Edison produced the telephone. Belief, therefore, in either discovery should, according to Hume's argument, be rationally impossible.

So far Professor Huxley stands upon firm ground. It is otherwise when he proceeds to substitute an argument for that which he finds faulty. Indeed, what he produces can only by courtesy be called an argument at all. Hume at least did bring forward what seemed to be specious reasons for his contention. Professor Huxley contents himself with assuming the whole point in discussion, bringing no argument but that assumption.

<sup>7</sup> *Essay on Miracles*, vol. iv. p. 134, quoted by Huxley, p. 130.

<sup>8</sup> P. 131.

Briefly he "argues" thus. There can be no miracles, the work of forces beyond nature, because there *are* no forces beyond nature. A very obvious conclusion if we had but some argument to commend our acceptance of the premiss.

But if he presents us with no argument, he presents us with a good deal else which is worthy of examination by those who would rightly estimate the "exact thought" of our modern schools. The following is his thesis, as expressed by himself in opposition to Hume's.<sup>9</sup> The italics are ours.

"The definition of a miracle as a 'violation of the laws of nature' is in reality an employment of language which on the face of the matter cannot be justified. *For 'nature' means neither more nor less than that which is ; the sum of phenomena presented to our experience ; the totality of events past, present, and to come.* Every event must be taken to be part of nature until proof to the contrary is supplied. And such proof is from the nature of the case impossible."

Now, in the first place, it is obvious beyond the need of remark that it must indeed be impossible, taking the definition of nature as "that which is," to prove anything which is to be not a part of it. Equally impossible must it be to contend that any event is not included in the "totality of events, past, present, and to come."

These definitions, introduced under the guise of arguments by the argumentative particle "for," certainly simplify the process of proof as effectually as Alexander's sword simplified the loosening of the Gordian knot.

But next, what does Professor Huxley mean by nature? We should not quarrel with his definition of nature in its widest sense as "that which is," for then in the idea of nature we should include its Author. But in the Professor's mouth nature is apparently synonymous with matter. If this were not so, his whole undertaking would be futile. He does not of course suppose that the advocates of miracles set themselves to the fool's task of proving that events occur outside of the sphere of existence. The whole question is whether or no phenomena occur which are beyond the range of those blind laws according to which matter acts. Whether or no, in other words, there be phenomena which indicate the immediate action not only of force, but of intelligence and will. If Professor Huxley calls matter and material force "nature" he may

do so. If he chooses to call all that is, "nature," he may do so. But he cannot do both, and then argue that because both are called "nature," by Euclid's first axiom all that is must be matter.

And thirdly, even upon his own terms, what extraordinary definitions are these three which he gives us as parallel or alternative definitions of nature: (1) That which is; (2) the sum of *phenomena* presented to our experience; (3) the totality of *events* past, present, and to come. Even allowing his assumption that all that is is matter, how can *matter* be defined as *events*? And how can *events* be convertible with *phenomena*, or at least how can the *totality of events* be made convertible with the sum of phenomena *presented to our experience*? How are we to say that our senses are in this way the measure of all things? How to be sure that they indicate to us even all the properties of matter? Are we to deny the sixth sense which some have claimed for bats and for bees, simply because we have them not? How are we to know that there are no colours which escape our retina, and no sounds imperceptible to our tympanum?

In fact from beginning to end of Professor Huxley's exposition assumption reigns supreme.

But though he brings no arguments, and therefore does nothing to convince us, it seems so far to be quite clear what he himself means. He is so convinced that there is nothing but nature, that is but matter and the laws of matter, that were any phenomenon, however strange and novel, presented to him, he would know with scientific certainty that such phenomenon must be referable to material laws. "If a piece of lead were to remain suspended in the air," he tells us,<sup>10</sup> "the occurrence would be a 'miracle' in the sense of a wonderful event indeed; but no one trained in the methods of science would imagine that any law of nature was really violated thereby. He would simply set to work to investigate the conditions under which so highly unexpected an event took place, and thereby enlarge his experience, and modify his hitherto unduly narrow conception of the laws of nature."

That is to say, he would set to work to call for natural explanations, as Glendower for spirits from the vasty deep, and by the process now familiar to us, it is assumed that they would come when he did call for them. And thus all is rendered scientifically clear.

<sup>10</sup> Pp. 131, 132.

And thus so far the difference between Hume's position and Huxley's according to their own several showing is this: Were a cannon-ball to remain suspended in mid air without sensible means of support, Hume would say that it was not there: for its being there would be a violation of the laws of nature, and from universal experience violations of the laws of nature are impossible. Huxley would say that it was there to be sure, but that its being there was not a miracle, for that he was himself going to look for a natural explanation.<sup>11</sup>

We say that thus far this appears to be Professor Huxley's position. But, if so, he must—if he is to contribute anything to the controversy which he is undertaking to settle—be prepared to say that no *conceivable* event can be inexplicable by the forces of nature. For supposing any conceivable phenomenon to be thus inexplicable, and supposing the occurrence of such phenomenon to be asserted—what then? How will he meet the assertion? *Ex hypothesi*, he cannot meet it with his own assumption of its being naturally explicable. There is nothing for him but to fall back upon Hume's position, and to say that the thing is impossible *because* it is naturally inexplicable.

And that there are conceivable and assertable phenomena inexplicable by natural causes he will find it hard to deny.

For, in the first place, Hume's argument is against the contrary assumption. "Hume's argument from general experience is in point, which at least proves that the ordinary powers of nature are unequal to the production of works of a certain kind."<sup>12</sup> There are, in fact, asserted phenomena—such as prophecy and the raising of the dead—which experience tells us to be so far beyond the reach of natural causes that no advance in the knowledge of such causes promises to help us so much as a hairbreadth nearer to such results.

But not only this. Professor Huxley himself implicitly admits that one work at least is beyond the powers of nature

<sup>11</sup> Professor Huxley makes use of a very curious argument against Hume's definition of a miracle as "a transgression of a law of nature by a particular volition of the Deity or by the interposition of some invisible agent." This definition, he says, is indefensible. "For a vast number of miracles have professedly been worked neither by the Deity nor by any invisible agent, but by Beelzebub and his compeers or by very visible men" (p. 132). We should have thought that Beelzebub was invisible enough to save the definition, and we hope that no one will be led to argue from this passage that the Professor acknowledges the same sort of acquaintance with the Prince of darkness which Luther seems to describe. The clause about the very visible men we give up altogether.

<sup>12</sup> Newman, *Essay on Miracles*, p. 54.

in the singularly weak argument which he brings against the setting down as a miracle of the alleged raising of the dead. Here is the passage. We need not point out, even as it stands, the lameness and impotence of its conclusion.

"Suppose it is affirmed that A.B. died, and that C.D. brought him to life again. Let it be granted that A.B. and C.D. are persons of unimpeachable honour and veracity; that C.D. is the next heir to A.B.'s estate, and therefore had a strong motive for not bringing him to life again, and that all A.B.'s relations, respectable persons, declared that they saw him die. Furthermore, let A.B. be seen after his recovery by all his friends and neighbours, and let his and their depositions that he is now alive be taken down before a magistrate of known integrity and acuteness; would all this constitute even presumptive evidence that C.D. had worked a miracle?<sup>13</sup> Unquestionably not. For the most important link in the chain of evidence is wanting, and that is the proof that A.B. was really dead. The evidence of ordinary observers on such a point is absolutely worthless. And even medical evidence, unless the physician is a person of unusual knowledge and skill, may have little more value. Unless careful thermometric observation proves that the temperature has sunk below a certain point, unless the cadaveric stiffening of the muscles has become well established, all the ordinary signs of death may be fallacious, and C.D. *may have had* no more to do with A.B.'s restoration to life than any other fortuitously coincident event."<sup>14</sup>

But supposing that the thermometric observations *have been* scientifically made, and the stiffening determined, and if after *that* resuscitation be asserted, what then? By implication at least it is allowed that the raising would have been a miracle.

And what if the man had his head cut off? What if he had been a day in the water? What if "he stinketh, being of four days?" It is mere trifling to pretend that we must have unattainable scientific niceties to verify the fact of death. Are there not tokens of death plain enough for all folk to see at least as unmistakeable as thermometric experiments and cadaveric rigidity? And resuscitation in such cases may be, and has been, asserted.

How, we ask, does Professor Huxley meet such assertions? No otherwise than by denying their truth. And upon what

<sup>13</sup> So there are miracles conceivable. Above they were not so.

<sup>14</sup> Pp. 137, 138.

grounds does he deny their truth? Upon no other than Hume's; he denies the occurrence of alleged facts because he feels that those facts are naturally inexplicable, and because he assumes that what is naturally inexplicable needs no other argument against its truth.

That is to say, he falls back in practice upon an argument which in theory he has refuted, and endeavours to fence himself within the paradox which he has done his best to demolish.

For otherwise he and his school would not deny asserted miracles on *à priori* grounds at all. They could deny those only whose evidence they had weighed and found wanting. Yet which of them ever thinks it needful to go into the evidence of a miracle? Which of them does not as confidently as Hume deny the possibility of evidence. After denying Hume's principle that what is consonant to past experience is alone to be admitted to future belief; they go on not only to limit their own belief in this matter by such experience, but resting the elephant on the tortoise and the tortoise on the elephant, to make their belief the measure of experience. They are sure that miracles are impossible because they have never been observed: they are sure that miracles have never been observed, because they are impossible.

This is the inevitable paradox to which those are driven who strive to settle such a question by any means but that which alone is capable of doing it—the examination of facts. Strange that it should be necessary to plead for this with those to whom in respect of all else, observation of fact is as the breath of their nostrils. Strange that those who admit the possibility of discovering new forces by means of the verification of phenomena, and who so loudly exclaim that in observation and experiment alone there can be scientific truth—strange, we say, that they should think it more scientific to draw the line according to their *à priori* conceptions at what forces they will come across, than it was to deny the discovery of Jupiter's moons on the ground that they would make the planets be more than seven, and that there could be but seven planets as there were seven days in the week and seven openings in the head of a man.

We see, then, that his modern allies are not likely to change the real value of Hume's argument. With them, as with him, an assumption that the miraculous is impossible is the "invincible" answer to all attempt at argument, and with them, too,



the alleged non-observation of non-natural phenomena is the real ground for predicating impossibility. And even were the alleged non-occurrence real, yet in their case, as in his, would the argument be unsound. That stones, for instance, left to themselves, have always been observed to fall, proves that these stones have fallen. If I wished to prove that those same stones have not fallen, I should indeed have to produce evidence overpowering the universal evidence which I suppose to be the witness. And a stone's not falling will but help me to argue legitimately that it is not left to itself, that there is a force counteracting that which tends to make it fall. I surely need no universal evidence to verify the introduction of a new force any more than the first man who ever saw a railway train needed universal evidence to overpower the evidence hitherto universal that carriages without horses stood still.

Thus far we are led by a consideration of the arguments presented to us by the impugnors of the miraculous. But it is not their propositions alone which provoke comment; their use of terms is at least as logically faulty. Indeed, in Professor Huxley's case it is here that would seem to lie the very tap-root of what is reprehensible in his whole contention. Though he criticises Hume's definition of a miracle he gives us none of his own, he does not tell us *what* it is he is proclaiming to be at one time unthinkable and at another unverifiable, and hence it is not wonderful that some of his most vigorous blows are given as though by one beating the air. That we may avoid a like inconvenience we will repeat what we have already indicated as to our meaning when we talk of "miracles." We mean, then, by a miracle an event or phenomenon inexplicable not only by the known forces of nature, but by any conceivable forces apart from intelligence and will; by any conceivable forces acting blindly and according to fixed law; events or phenomena which speak as clearly of mind, of personal act, as do those in which we have learnt to recognize the hand of man. Just as when I hail a boat through the darkness and it comes to me, I know that there is a man on board, just as when the telegraphic needle clicks off distinct words and sentences I know that there is an operator at the other end of the wire, just as when I write to my bookseller and receive in reply Professor Huxley's book, I know that its coming is not the work of chance, that my letter reached its address and set in motion a human mind; just so there are phenomena which,

supposing them to occur, speak as plainly to our experience of an agent having understanding and will, as intelligent and free, to say the least, as man's, and powers which we know men not to have. Such events are in our sense "miracles;" it is into their existence that we are inquiring. We do not, of course allow, save in a sense and for the sake of argument, that the forces even of matter are blind. We should, of course, maintain that even they are inexplicable without an intelligence and a will behind them, and this by reason of our experience.<sup>15</sup> We do but speak of the secondary forces of matter as they are in themselves, and of the laws according to which they work. In themselves these forces are blind, without choice as to acting or not acting, and in themselves these laws are stereotyped and unreasoning. But in the case of the miraculous it is not so. There the relation between mind and mind is as unmistakeable as in the examples from which we have sought illustration. If there are no such instances there are no miracles. If there are such instances no abstract reasoning based upon human experience can do otherwise than confirm the view of those who consider them, in the sense explained, supernatural.

Again we come back to the point of fact. *If* Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, be scientifically as good as Jordan, or a thousand pools as Siloe, or ten thousand springs as Lourdes, and *if* in the one, works are wrought and not in the others, and *if* even in the one in obedience only to one voice or under the invocation only of one name, does not human experience irresistibly teach men to conclude that there is something more at work than electricity or chemistry or gravitation?

Now this is the very element in the miraculous—the most important element of all—which Professor Huxley persistently ignores. He always speaks of miracles as if the argument for so considering them were entirely negative, were simply the want of knowledge on our part of natural laws to explain their phenomena. But the argument is positive too. Not only are their phenomena inconsistent with our experience of natural forces, but they are of a character which our same experience teaches to indicate the act of a free agent. And this consideration deprives of its force such a passage as the following:<sup>16</sup>

<sup>15</sup> "A law is not a cause, but a fact; but when we come to the question of cause, then, as I have said, we have no experience of any cause but will" (Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, p. 69).

<sup>16</sup> P. 132.

"If it be said that the event exceeds the power of natural forces, what can justify such a saying? The day-fly has better grounds for calling a thunderstorm supernatural than has man, with his experience of an infinitesimal fraction of duration, to say that the most astonishing event that can be imagined is beyond the scope of natural causes."<sup>17</sup>

This misconception is even more manifest when we come to consider the example which he gives us of a coincidence purely fortuitous, which he presents as parallel to that of A.B.'s resuscitation by C.D. already given.

When Sir R. Sale, in 1842, was holding Jellalabad against the Afghans, and had with infinite labour brought the town to something like a state of defence, at the most critical moment, on February the 19th, an earthquake destroyed the result of all his toil.

Professor Huxley argues,<sup>18</sup> "If Akbar Khan had happened to give orders for an assault in the early morning of the 19th of February, what good followers of the Prophet could have doubted that Allah had lent his aid? As it chanced, however, Mahometan faith in the miraculous took another turn, for the energetic defenders of the fort had repaired the damage by the end of the month, and the enemy finding no sign of the earthquake when they invested the place, ascribed the supposed immunity of Jellalabad to English witchcraft."

Now in the first place it is obvious to remark that the occurrence of an earthquake in a country subject to earthquakes is not the stuff of which miracles are made. Any one who will take the trouble to consider the remarks on this head of such a philosopher as St. Thomas, or such an authority as Pope Benedict the Fourteenth,<sup>19</sup> will see that an incident of this sort could never even be proposed as a miracle in the eyes of intelligent judges. For not only is the phenomenon in itself manifestly capable of natural explanation, but there is lacking all trace in its circumstances of any work of sympathetic intelligence. It is not as other recorded phenomena, which, in themselves possibly explicable by natural forces, are altered by their surroundings. It is not as the earth that quaked to

<sup>17</sup> At least the same argument should forbid us to assume that the sum of phenomena presented to the same infinitesimal experience is synonymous with "that which is."

<sup>18</sup> P. 139.

<sup>19</sup> St. Thomas, *Summa Theol.* i. 105, n. 8. Benedict the Fourteenth treats the subject *ex professo* and at length in his *De Canonizatione Sanctorum*.

swallow Core and his friends when Moses called on it so to do as evidence of his mission. Nor as the fire which came down from heaven at the moment that Elias had stipulated for its coming as a proof of the might of his Lord. Nor, again, as that other fire which came out of the earth to baffle Julian's rebuilding of the temple—when that rebuilding was undertaken expressly to falsify the words of Christ, and when its failure had therefore been confidently foretold by St. Cyril. In such cases (supposing them to occur) the mind of beholders would surely be irresistibly drawn to judge that an act of deliberate power had been exercised. In the Jellalabad case minds were manifestly led to no such conclusion, for in fact they did not so conclude. The main element in the phenomena of a miracle is therefore lacking. If there were nothing better than this to show for miracles no sane reasoner would undertake to argue the case on their behalf. If there be nothing better than such an argument to show against them, the case of their impugnors must be weaker than we fancied.

But more fundamental still is the exception which must be taken to what would seem to be Professor Huxley's favourite illustration; in which he apparently intends to epitomise and illustrate his whole argument. It will be best to give this in his own words.

"If a man tells me he saw a piebald horse in Piccadilly I believe him without hesitation. . . . But if the same person tells me he observed a zebra there I might hesitate a little about accepting his testimony. . . . If, however, my informant assured me that he beheld a centaur trotting down that famous thoroughfare, I should emphatically decline to credit his statement, and this even if he were the most saintly of men, and ready to suffer martyrdom in support of his belief. . . . Every wise man will admit that the possibilities of nature are infinite and include centaurs,<sup>20</sup> but he will feel it his duty—for the present—to cast the entire burden of proof that centaurs exist on the shoulders of those who ask him to believe the statement. Judged by the canons either of common sense or of science, which are indeed one and the same, all miracles are centaurs."<sup>21</sup>

Now here we have not only a very extraordinary instance of the development process perfected before our eyes: for what

<sup>20</sup> Though this is a rather puzzling assertion from Professor Huxley's standpoint, it would be out of place to consider it at present.

<sup>21</sup> Page 134.

begins as absolute disbelief finishes as a very moderate request for proof; but more than that, we have again the strange confusion already noticed between substance and accident, between what exists and its modes of being, between "that which is" and "events."

No "substance," no "being," can in any proper sense be called "miraculous," still less can it be called a "miracle." The nature of an angel is as natural to him as the nature of a man to a man; the nature of a centaur, if there were a centaur, must of necessity be as natural to him as that of an ascidian to an ascidian. The existence of any being can no more be unnatural to that being than a circle can be square or a straight line crooked. A miracle is not an actually existing thing, but something happening to such thing, when that something is not according to the fixed laws which we have come to call natural. A miracle is an event. A centaur could no more be an event than a race-horse could be a horse-race, or a barrel of gunpowder be the Gunpowder Plot.

And while a substantial being cannot even thinkably be called supernatural, even an event, as we have implied, can be called supernatural only in a sense: only so far as "nature" is taken to mean the sphere of secondary causes, while, as such terminology implies, there is taken to be a sphere above and beyond that. Of course Professor Huxley or any one else is free to say that there is no such higher sphere, to deny that there are phenomena which immediately imply intelligence, and to prove his assertion if he can. But he is not at liberty to say that there is no such sphere *because* the laws of matter will not explain its working. He is not at liberty to assume that there is nought but matter, and then to contradict all our experience about matter, and to assume that its laws are sufficient to explain phenomena implying intelligence. He may, as we have already said, define nature as "that which is," and then undoubtedly all that happens will be according to the laws of nature. But if it prove on examination that one of those laws is that mountains may be moved by faith, or that cleanness of heart can be a factor in nature's laws, it will be well to do what he, we believe on principle, never does, and to write Nature with a capital letter.

However, therefore, we look at the question, we must come back to the same point, namely, to the principle that the matter is one of fact, and can, like other matters of fact, be settled only

by observation. Such a treatment of the subject can alone be called scientific. It is not scientific to argue against the possibility of miraculous phenomena on *a priori* grounds like Hume, unless it be scientific to apply like arguments to the unsuspected phenomena exhibited or asserted by Faraday or Lockyer or Bastian. And it is not scientific to determine beforehand with Professor Huxley the nature of the power whose manifestations we shall come across, and to limit them to the sensible forces of matter, unless it might be scientific to refuse to believe in the force of gravitation because it does not show in the microscope, or in electricity because it will not turn a balance.

This then is plain common sense, that the question of miracles must be judged by the examination of facts: so plain, that even they who affect to deny it, after all their arguments to prove examination unnecessary, come back to examination in the end to put the seal upon those arguments. But unhappily they are content with asserting the results of examination, as we have seen them content with the assertion of much besides. Thus Hume writes—

“There is not to be found in all history any miracle attested by a sufficient number of men of such unquestioned goodness, education, and learning, as to secure us against all delusion in themselves: of such undoubted integrity as to place them above suspicion. . . . All which circumstances are requisite to give us a full assurance of the testimony of men.”<sup>22</sup>

And Professor Huxley, who, we must remember, began by denying that there could be a phenomenon which a man trained in scientific methods could even suppose to be more than natural, concludes his whole argument thus—

“The conditions of belief do not vary with time or place; and if it is undeniable that evidence of so complete and weighty a character is needed at the present time for the establishment of the occurrence of *such a wonder as that supposed*, it has always been needful. Those who study the extant records of miracles with due attention will judge for themselves how far it has ever been supplied.”<sup>23</sup>

Just so. The study of evidence is that to which we must all come back. It is precisely that, too, which, if they were to prove anything, Hume and his modern exponent were to prove needless. Professor Huxley's unification, for argumentative

<sup>22</sup> *Essay on Miracles*, iv. p. 135; quoted by Huxley, p. 137.

<sup>23</sup> P. 139.

purposes, of the past and the present, may have force against others. As Catholics it has none against us. We, who believe that there is a law of supernatural as of natural facts, and that what was once done is done still, believe that in the present there is evidence of miraculous interposition sufficient to satisfy the most stringent demands of criticism, and to compel conviction in those who will but examine the evidence. If men of science will but do so, or if, better still, they will examine the phenomena of what are asserted to be miracles contemporaneously occurring, they will not only do that which alone is in their power to do for the settlement of this question, but they will likewise further the wishes of the Church, for she desires nothing so much as that all which concerns her should be set in the fullest light.

JOHN GERARD.

## *Was William the Silent a Hero?*

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WILLIAM OF NASSAU, surnamed the Silent, Prince of Orange, certainly deserved a place among Mr. Carlyle's heroes. Mahomet, Luther, Cromwell, and the men of the French Revolution would not and could not object to his company. For William strove to carve his way to fame by his sword with a fanaticism outwardly as fiery as that of the false prophet; he changed his religion often enough to satisfy the so-called reformer; he had as much military skill and pretensions to piety as had the Protector, and he had as much revolutionary zeal as Danton or Robespierre. Fortunately for William, unfortunately for historical truth, the Prince of Orange, failing to find a place among Mr. Carlyle's heroes, has been placed on a lofty pedestal by the efforts of Mr. Motley's skilful pen. The *Rise of the Dutch Republic* is as noble an eulogium as ever was written. It will ever remain a work remarkable, in spite of flaws, for its style and for its research, if not for its impartiality. Nevertheless a time will come when its views will not be found so acceptable as at present—a time when men will recognize that revolt against lawful and constituted authorities is not permissible, and not desirable. William the Silent will then descend to his own place in history. Meanwhile let us examine his character to see what of heroism may be in it.

William, the eldest son of William of Nassau the Elder, was born at Dillenburg, in 1533. When only eleven years of age he inherited from his cousin René his vast estates and the title of Prince of Orange. From his parents, whose wealth was far below their rank, he inherited little or nothing beyond their Lutheran creed. His mother's piety and his father's religious views were, it is said, intense. Nevertheless, as a Protestant writer remarks, "their zeal for the spiritual welfare of their son was not such as to stand in the way of his temporal."<sup>1</sup> They sent him to be educated as a page at the court of Charles the

<sup>1</sup> Prescott's *Philip II.* vol. i. p. 252.



Fifth or rather to that of the Regent Mary of Hungary at Brussels. In doing this they must have known that William would be brought up, as indeed he was, a Catholic. Charles the Fifth was not a sovereign who would have undertaken to act as guardian to one who was to be trained as a heretic. With his wonted sagacity in reading men's characters the Emperor soon discovered how much promise and intelligence there was in his page. He then admitted William to his private apartments, confided to him the weightiest state secrets, and allowed him to be present at audiences of the most personal kind. Still a stripling, William was given the command of a squadron of cavalry, and when only twenty-two years old was appointed to command the forces of the Emperor along the northern frontier of France. And at the abdication of Charles the Fifth at Brussels the Emperor during the ceremony could find no trustier shoulder whereon to lean than that of the dark handsome Prince of Orange. Well might men have exclaimed thereat, "See how Cæsar loves him!" Nor did Philip the Second on taking the reins of government show the young prince less favour. He gave him the government of several provinces, and made him a Knight of the Golden Fleece. On receiving these favours William had to renew his oaths of fidelity to the new sovereign. The latter, too, intrusted him with important negotiations for peace then being carried on with France. Nevertheless these things did not satisfy him. Was the House of Nassau, which had once given the empire a ruler, to bow down before the House of Burgundy? Was the family who, as Dukes of Gueldres, had for centuries held sovereign sway, to be for ever subject to the upstart race which in the person of Philip ruled the Netherlands? Such thoughts must have flashed through William's brain, and have fired his undoubted ambition. In a word, he was subject and he desired to be sovereign. Had the King made him governor of the Low Countries his ambitious desires might have had their fill. As it was, to be ruled by a woman, even though she was Margaret of Parma, and to be only on equality in state matters with Cardinal Granvelle, whose brother he had had for tutor, annoyed and humiliated William. It made the blue blood of the Nassau burn in his veins. It was, no doubt, impolitic of Philip not to have trusted Orange a little more, at least in appearance. The King, though, who thoroughly trusted no man, distrusted the Prince, suspected his orthodoxy, and feared his genius. Yet Philip did not altogether treat the

Prince badly. As for the story that the King insulted the Prince at the moment of his departure from the Low Countries, it rests on too slight a structure to be believed. It agrees so ill with all we know of the King's character that we must even refuse to the story the credit of being well invented. The story runs that as King Philip was embarking, William made some excuses to the King for the trouble the States had been recently giving his Majesty, whereupon Philip, roughly seizing the Prince by the wrist, exclaimed, "Not the States, but you—you—you!" As the King spoke in Spanish the repetition of the pronoun bore a contemptuous signification. This outbreak of temper is not at all likely to have been shown on such an occasion and for such a comparatively slight cause by the usually phlegmatic Philip. It is therefore clear that down to the moment of Philip's setting sail for Spain the Prince of Orange had no reasonable grounds for complaint, and no extenuating circumstances to plead for his subsequent conduct.

What was that conduct up to the time of William's leaving the Low countries at Alva's approach? Was it that of a man of honour, of a loyal cavalier, or of a patriot? Hardly. He ought loyally to have supported the government of Margaret of Parma instead of leading it astray by insidious advice. If the Regent was governing badly he ought to have openly and frankly have offered his advice, and have helped her into better ways by his great authority and influence. He did nothing of the kind. He contented himself with pushing forward to their destruction the two unfortunate Counts Egmont and Horn, and contented himself with disparaging Cardinal Granvelle. "We have to do"—so he wrote to the Landgrave of Hesse about the Cardinal—"we have to do with a sharp and sly bird."<sup>2</sup> Yet this bird had in point of fact done more to relieve the Low Countries of their pretended grievances than had the Prince. He had, as the Protestant Groens van Prinsterer remarks, "hastened the departure of the Spanish troops, disapproved an increase in the number of bishoprics,<sup>3</sup> and was no enemy to privileges and no friend to the Spaniards. Later on he energetically opposed the doings of Alva." And

<sup>2</sup> The Cardinal had a high opinion of the Prince's capacities. He speaks of him in his letters as a man of great ambition and superior genius, very politic, clever, and a man to be feared. When the Cardinal heard that Alva had not laid hands on William, he exclaimed that in missing him Alva had missed all.

<sup>3</sup> We must not be understood as endorsing the Cardinal's disapproval of a measure which was salutary and opportune.

yet William laughed when Granvelle was ridiculed, and if he did not lampoon the minister at least relished the satires on him which formed the staple literature of that time in Brussels. Nevertheless the relations between the Cardinal and the Prince had been more than cordial and outwardly they continued so until a very late date, but the two men soon saw that events would force them to become bitter rivals. Granvelle began to treat William with a civil sort of contempt, such as a statesman of years and experience would naturally feel for a clever yet boyish rival, and the Prince retorted by joining in mocking his former friend. Nor did the Prince disapprove of the agitation carried on by a section of the nobility. He countenanced their unbecoming and disloyal revelry; he quaffed to the health of the Gueux; he took part in their conspiracies, and while in April, 1556, they were protesting to the Regent that their intentions were loyal, he must have known that his brother Louis had already begun to levy troops in Germany to support the cause of the malcontents. And it was this attitude of the nobility—which the Prince of Orange did not condemn—which undoubtedly favoured the outbreak of the Image Breakers, of which Prescott has given so admirable a picture. Brandt, a Calvinist minister, admits that “some suspected, and not without cause, that the leagued nobility secretly had a large share in the disturbance, although it pretended to condemn it.” Grotius openly declares that the Image Breakers “reckoned on the support of the confederate nobles, who had taken them under their care.” And in another place the same writer remarks that “the fury of the Image Breakers developed itself so instantaneously that it seemed that a signal must have been given for the outbreak all over the Netherlands.” Nor did the Prince of Orange show signs of great displeasure or disgust when the fearful outbreak had swept like a hurricane over the land. The conduct of the chivalrous Egmont was a contrast to that of the Prince. “My God!” he exclaimed, “with what fellows we have to deal! At first they asked only to serve God after their manner in their own houses without let or hindrance; next, they begged to be allowed to hold public conventicles, and now, having got all they want, they can dream of nothing else than fire and blood. The more they have, the more they want; the more mildly they are used, the more daring they become. I see how it will all end. We must at last take up arms against them, or else they will impose their

laws on us." Here we have at least the language of a noble with conservative instincts. Did William use any such language? Did he boldly denounce the outbreak? Did he take arms to quell it? Did he hasten to the places of which he was governor to maintain order and protect property? Or, rather, did he, in spite of the Regent's entreaties, linger on his road to Antwerp, although his mere appearance there was the signal for all disturbances to cease? It is to be feared that the excesses and crimes of the rioters served his secret ambitious designs too well for the Prince to be in a hurry to check them. Or, perchance, he tolerated them for fear religious liberty might be harmed were they bridled.

It is true that William of Orange wrote a pamphlet in favour of toleration, but he was then, outwardly at least, a Catholic, and his pleadings were in favour of heretics. Later on, when he was in open rebellion against his sovereign, he gave strict injunctions, it is true, to his lieutenants, to cause the Word of God to be preached wherever they went, yet they were also to respect the Roman Catholic churches. It was a strange respect, in truth, which they showed. Churches were rifled, convents suppressed, monasteries plundered, the sacred vessels were desecrated, banners were torn from the walls of the sanctuary to adorn the mast-heads of William's ships, and a rude soldiery went in mock processions dressed in priest's vestments. And from insult and sacrilege the lieutenants of William proceeded to bloodshed. The aged poet Cornelius Musius underwent a cruel death, and the noble band of martyrs from Gorcum added a new glory to the annals of the Church. Of these worst crimes, Orange probably was not directly guilty. He was too astute a politician not to see that such bloody deeds could only harm his cause. Yet some of the guilt must rest on his shoulders, for he was not wholly powerless to restrain his subordinates. For instance, he saved from destruction a convent of Black Sisters near Dixmude by a word from his mouth. He must, to have given this order, have known of the danger in which stood this and other religious houses. In 1578, the soldiers of Orange obtained possession of Bruges. For five years the churches of that ancient city were closed for Catholic worship, though the far larger part of the inhabitants kept true to the old faith. This state of things must have been known to the Prince, for he visited the Flemish city during these years, yet we do not find

him taking measures to restore Catholic worship. On the contrary, we find one of his officers, a Colonel Henry Balfour, a Scotch Calvinist, spreading the light of his faith by fire and sword around Bruges until he was slain in a cavalry skirmish, and afterwards buried sacrilegiously in St. Saviour's Church, November 22nd, 1580.<sup>4</sup> That such things should happen under the very eyes of the Prince, does not speak highly for his love for religious freedom. The famous inscription on the gate of an Orange city would not badly describe the sentiments of the famous Orange chief. Personally, he allowed his conscience to be very tolerant in regard to religious beliefs. He could change his religion with as much ease as ever did the Vicar of Bray. Born of Lutheran parents, he became a Catholic at the Court of Charles the Fifth; he returned to Lutheranism when he fled from Alva to his German Lutheran friends; and lastly, when he found himself among the Dutch Calvinists, and wanted to become their chief, he did not refuse to embrace their creed. This laxity of conscience he carried into public life. If a town was about to capitulate, he would assure its people full freedom of conscience, while at the same time he was allowing the States of Holland, as Brandt tells us, to assemble at Leyden, and to forbid the public exercise of the Catholic religion. Promises do not cost much, but a town taken from the Spaniards was a jewel plucked from the Spanish crown.

As for the patriotism of William, it was of no more sterling value than his religious principles. So long as he could separate some provinces of the Low Countries from Spain, and make himself their sovereign, he was content. To this end, he intrigued with Elizabeth, with Charles the Ninth, and with the Protestant princes of Germany. He allowed English, Irish, Scotch, and German mercenaries to overrun the Low Countries, and to enrich themselves by their exactions. The Beggars of the Sea—pirates feared alike by friends and foes—were his favoured auxiliaries. No less than three foreign princes at one time came to the Netherlands at his suggestion, to secure for themselves the rich sovereignty of those fair lands. And when the Pacification of Ghent promised to give peace to the Low Countries, and when, by the Perpetual Edict, Don John confirmed that compact, the Prince of Orange, instead of patri-

<sup>4</sup> See on this and kindred subjects some interesting details given by Mr. W. H. James Weale in *La Flandre*. Bruges, 1869-70.

otically helping to pacify the provinces, plotted against the chivalrous hero of Lepanto, and called upon the foreigner, the Duke d'Alençon, "To be ready with his forces and help." The fact was that William did not want peace, and feared it. "Fine peace," he cried, "and one that would cost me my head." Personal and not patriotic motives, then, urged him to encourage his friends to libel Don John, to ill-treat his servants, to disperse his guards, and even to endanger his personal safety. "It will be seen," says M. Groen van Prinsterer, "that Don John, true to his word, wished to rule by mildness, and that his opponents, *directed and encouraged* by the Prince of Orange, succeeded by the most alarming suppositions and outrageous suspicions, by unmerited reproaches, by humiliations, insults, even by plots, in discrediting him, in paralyzing his efforts, in irritating his self-respect, in destroying his authority, and, at last, in forcing him to seek safety in a stroke of despair." Such was William's patriotism, that when he might have secured, by self-sacrifice, a peaceful end to the troubles, he preferred forcing his opponents to unsheathe their swords again. From that moment the national struggle against Spain was over, and a war of religion was begun. The northern provinces, infected with heresy, were divided for ever from the Catholic provinces of the south. The latter clung to Spain as to a power which would and could protect their faith; the former vowed never to yield to Spanish power. Thus the separation for which William had laboured and longed was effected. A little time more, and his ambition would be satisfied by his becoming sovereign of the separated provinces. It is certain that had William lived, the Dutch Republic would never have risen; or if it had, would soon have been a monarchy. Unfortunately for the Prince's designs, one of those men, of whom we have lately seen something, who by assassination carry their political principles into action, was found. The blow which the assassin struck was fortunate for the Prince's fame, for it prevented his ambition manifesting itself to the world, and cast around him a halo of heroism which until that moment his figure wanted (July 10th, 1584).

Yet William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, in spite of a character too full of ambition and selfishness, and lacking in generosity and in fixity of principles, will live in history. His dark thoughtful countenance, his muscular well-made figure, clad in the costume with which Dutch painters have made us

familiar, will ever attract the reader of history, for William had a soldier's courage and a statesman's genius. He was a match for Alva in the field, and had William lived, even the military genius of Farnese would have found a worthy competitor. In the closet, he was the equal in every way of Philip the Second, and it was no vain boast that William made when he said, that the most secret musings of the Spanish monarch were as familiar to him as his own, for William was well served by his agents and spies. Elizabeth, whose political capacity was great, was overmatched by the Prince of Orange, who contrived to obtain her help in arms, in men, and in money. He showed, too, his undoubted skill in politics by the way in which he contrived to drive from the Low Countries the Cardinal Granvelle, the most wary and astute statesman of his day. Yet there was much in the political intrigues of the Prince which savoured of the works of Macchiavelli, whose writings he was much in the habit of studying. William, too, had with him that winning manner which often allies itself to genius. "Never," says a Catholic writer, quoted by Mr. Motley, "did an arrogant or indiscreet word escape from his lips. He, upon no occasion, manifested anger to his servants, however much they might be in fault, but contented himself with admonishing them graciously, without menace or insult. He had a gentle and agreeable tongue, with which he could turn all the gentlemen at Court any way he liked. He was beloved and honoured by the whole community." And these manners were set off by a more than royal style of living, and by a lavish expenditure, at least in his early years. In this respect, he sobered down as he grew in years, and by four successive marriages repaired his fortunes and sought for domestic happiness. His first wife was Anne of Egmont, daughter of the brave Count de Buren, and the greatest heiress in the Low Countries. William had by her two children. She died in 1558. His second wife was Anne of Saxony, who brought to her husband a very ample marriage portion. "William," says Mr. Juste, "never saw his betrothed, perhaps not even her portrait; but he was aware that the only daughter of the Elector Maurice had a large fortune and was connected with powerful personages. 'When hunger drives the wolf from the forest,' said the Prince, 'he devours anything.'" So William allied himself with Anne, who was not amiable, deformed, and intemperate. She died mad in 1577, two years after the Prince had been divorced from her, and

been married to the Princess Charlotte of Bourbon. His fourth marriage was with a daughter of Coligny. In these two unions he consulted his inclinations rather than his interests.

Strada relates that at the parting interview between Egmont and the Prince of Orange, the latter warned his friend not to await Alva's coming, and not confide in the King's clemency. But Egmont, seeing the revolution that was preparing, had declared that, come what might, he would be a faithful subject, and never unsheathe his sword against his sovereign. These declarations he now repeated, and the two friends parted in sorrow. The chivalrous Egmont, the hero of St. Quentin, the victor of Gravelines, went bravely to face the terrible future in store, and to expiate on the scaffold his folly rather than his crime—for his treason was the result, not of any evil intention, but of a too trusting friendship and of a too confiding character. Orange, on the other hand, crafty in his treason, craftily avoided the consequences of it by taking the road to exile. The exile he sought was not that bitter kind which noble natures have sought in order therein to expiate their faults. Orange only sought in exile for a safe standpoint whence to direct his intrigues and his designs against his King and his country. Much not to this Prince's advantage has been forgotten because he was a Protestant leader; much has been forgiven him, because he was the foe of Philip the Second; and because he was a great revolutionist, much has been said in his praise in this age of revolutions. To those, however, to whom the cry, *I will not serve*, seems still a shameful cry, there will appear little that is admirable, and nothing that is heroic, in the actions, in the life, in the character of William of Orange, surnamed the Silent.<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>5</sup> This surname was given to William by his contemporaries on account of the manner in which, under trying circumstances, he could disguise his thoughts. Whether any particular occasion gave rise to the surname is more than doubtful, in spite of the elaborate story which is related by Motley. See *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, vol. i. p. 122. Edinburgh, 1862.



## *King John and Pope Innocent the Third.*

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THE interest of the reading world in Mr. J. R. Green's larger *History of the English People* will live long. A single example may show how ready Mr. Green has been to modify his views since the publication of the *Short History*. In the earlier work, after speaking of the enfeoffment of the English crown to the Pope by King John, Mr. Green wrote :

England thrilled at the news with a sense of national shame such as had never been felt before.<sup>1</sup>

He now says :

In after times men believed that England thrilled at the news with a sense of national shame such as she had never felt before. . . . But this was the belief of a time still to come. . . . We see little trace of such a feeling in the contemporary accounts of the time. All seem rather to have regarded it as a complete settlement of the difficulties in which King and kingdom were involved.<sup>2</sup>

For the candid honesty of such a change of statement (and there are others similar, if less striking<sup>3</sup>) nothing but gratitude and praise is due from all lovers of historical truth. At the same time I venture to doubt whether Mr. Green has yet apprehended the whole truth concerning the relations of King John to the Holy See. As the same is true to a still greater extent of others among our popular historians, it may be of service

<sup>1</sup> *A Short History of the English People*, p. 121.

<sup>2</sup> *History of the English People* (Library Edition), vol. i. p. 235.

<sup>3</sup> For example, the brief statement that "the coronation of the boy-King [Henry the Third] was at once followed by the acceptance of the Great Charter," has been replaced by the following more circumstantial passage : "The position of Gualo as representative of the Papal over-lord of the realm was of the highest importance, and his action showed the real attitude of Rome towards English freedom. The boy-King was hardly crowned at Gloucester when Legate and Earl issued in his name the very Charter against which his father had died fighting" (p. 250). It is not too much to say that these words express an opinion of which there was hardly a trace in the former work.

to devote some pages to a discussion of some points in the history of these relations. The first to call for notice is the affair of the disputed election to the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury.

Mr. Green's account of the appointment of Archbishop Langton is as follows :

"The death of Hubert Walter [Langton's predecessor] in July [1205] . . . removed his [the King's] most formidable opponent, and the King resolved to neutralize the opposition of the Church by placing a creature of his own at its head. John de Grey, Bishop of Norwich, was elected by the monks of Canterbury at his bidding and enthroned as Primate. But in a previous though informal gathering the convent had already chosen its Sub-Prior Reginald as Archbishop. The rival claimants hastened to appeal to Rome, and their appeal reached the Papal Court before Christmas. The result of the contest was a startling one both for themselves and for the King. After a year's careful examination Innocent the Third . . . quashed at the close of 1206 both the contested elections. The decision was probably a just one, but Innocent was far from stopping there. The monks who appeared before him brought powers from the convent to choose a new Primate should their earlier election be set aside ; and John, secretly assured of their choice of Grey, had promised to confirm their election. But the bribes which the King lavished at Rome failed to win the Pope over to this plan ; and *whether from mere love of power—for he was pushing the Papal claims of supremacy over Christendom further than any of his predecessors—or, as may fairly be supposed in despair of a free election within English bounds, Innocent commanded the monks to elect in his presence Stephen Langton* to the archiepiscopal see. Personally a better choice could not have been made. . . . *But in itself the step was an usurpation of the rights both of the Church and of the Crown.*"<sup>4</sup>

Now there is not the slightest ground for charging Mr. Green with anything like intentional unfairness in the above passage. Still the italicized phrases seem to me to convey a very distorted representation of the facts of the case, so far as they can be ascertained from the materials which are available ; and it may perhaps be of interest to the Catholic reader to set forth at some length the evidence bearing upon the subject, without,

<sup>4</sup> *History*, vol. i. p. 232. This of course expresses the popular view as given by Hume, Creasy, and others, and not sufficiently contradicted by Lingard.

however, confining the inquiry to points on which I should be at issue with Mr. Green, but endeavouring to give an account of the whole affair from the beginning.

And in the first place there is a good deal of obscurity about the details of what Mr. Green very rightly calls the "previous informal election" of the Sub-Prior Reginald.

Roger of Wendover, whose account is adopted by Matthew Paris, and has in modern times been followed by Lingard and others, states that *adolescentes quidam* (certain juniors) of the Convent of Canterbury secretly elected the Sub-Prior.<sup>5</sup> He is, I believe, the only authority for this version, which is demonstrably false. It is true that Peter Langtoft in his metrical chronicle, and the annalists of the abbeys of Osney and Meaux, assert that he was elected by "a party;"<sup>6</sup> that Ralph Coggeshale and the Tewkesbury annalist speak of Reginald as simply *electus a conventu*, or *a monachis*; and that most of the other annalists (*e.g.*, John de Oxenedes and the chroniclers of Bermondsey, Dunstaple, Margan, Winchester, Worcester, and Waverley) make no mention of the Sub-Prior's election; so that it is not unnatural for one using English authorities alone to follow the more circumstantial version of Roger. But the official documents relating to the affair oblige us to set this version aside as altogether incredible.

It happened that at the time with which we are concerned the suffragan Bishops of the Province of Canterbury, who had a long-standing dispute with the monks of St. Augustine's monastery concerning the right of election to the archbishopric, in which they claimed a share (the monks pleading a special exemption from the Holy See and an ancient usage in their favour), had lodged an appeal in the matter at Rome, and that the monks had agreed to proceed to no new election without consulting the suffragans until this appeal should have been decided upon. This we learn from Innocent's letters on the subject.<sup>7</sup> In an instruction (dated December 11, 1205) to the agents to whom he committed the examination of the evidence, he states that: "The monks press for the confirmation of the [Sub-Prior's] election as having been enacted without dissension by the whole convent: while Master Peter de Englesham

<sup>5</sup> Matthew Paris, *Chronica Majora*, vol. ii. p. 492; *Historia Anglorum*, vol. ii. p. 104 (Rolls Series).

<sup>6</sup> Langtoft "Suppiour est eluz par partye ke volayt;" Osney "duo electi sunt;" Meaux "alii dictum Norw. epûm alii suppiorem ipsius monasterii" elegerunt.

<sup>7</sup> Regesta Innoc. III. lib. viii. Epist. 161.

opposes it . . . first because, taking place as it did after an appeal had been lodged with us, it was furtively forestalled (*præsumtam*) rather than canonically enacted (*celebratam*); and secondly, because the suffragans of Canterbury were therein contemptuously disregarded," and so on.<sup>8</sup> There is no mention here of *adolescentes quidam*. Again in a longer letter (March 30, 1206) Innocent records more fully the pleas of the contending parties. Reginald's opposers, we here learn, maintained that he had been elected only conditionally; the conditions being (1) that he should observe secrecy with regard to the whole affair till the time came to declare it in the Roman Court; and (2) that such declaration should be made only in case it appeared that the Pope was inclined to give ear to certain petitions of the King and the suffragans;<sup>9</sup> neither of which conditions, it was notorious, had been observed, since Reginald, notwithstanding the most solemn oaths of secrecy, had no sooner landed in Flanders than he had proclaimed himself Archbishop elect. Finally, in the letters of cassation (December 22, 1206), Innocent declares that the opposers of Reginald's election had made good the two points of the pending appeal and of the conditional election.<sup>10</sup>

From all which it is clear that the Sub-Prior's election was carried by a genuine majority of the whole convent, but under conditions which were probably not understood by all in the same sense (for Reginald's fautors even denied the existence of such conditions), an uncertainty which, together with the secret and hasty nature of the proceedings, might alone have been sufficient to invalidate the act.

But to proceed with the narrative of Roger of Wendover. The monks, very angry with Reginald for the breach of his oath of secrecy which exposed themselves to the King's anger, sent some of their number to the King to ask his leave to proceed to the choice of a pastor. And the King taking them aside declared to them his wish that they should elect his familiar counsellor, John de Grey, Bishop of Norwich, promising great honours to their convent in the event of their compliance, and representing the advantages which would accrue to the kingdom if they should elect one so thoroughly in his confidence. The monks, wishing to propitiate the King whom they had offended, unanimously voted for de Grey, whom they

<sup>8</sup> Regesta Innoc. III. lib. viii. Epist. 161.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.* ix. 34.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.* ix. 207.

summoned to Canterbury, and whom the King at once put in possession of the temporalities of the see.<sup>11</sup>

He further, in conjunction with the authorities of the convent, sent some of the monks to Rome to solicit the confirmation of de Grey's election. Reginald was of course on the spot to insist on his own pretensions. The suffragan bishops too had agents in Rome charged to urge their right to a share in all such elections. On this occasion, however, they threw in their influence on the side of the King's candidate, notwithstanding that—if we may believe the Waverley annalist—he had been chosen “*nullo episcopo præsidente, assentiente, vel præsente.*”<sup>12</sup>

The Pope took the most abundant means to arrive at the whole truth upon every part of the question. On December 8th, 1205, Innocent wrote to the suffragans, bidding them in general to pay due reverence to the Mother-Church. On December 11th and 12th he writes to the Bishops of London and Ely, the Abbot of Bury-St.-Edmund's, and others, whom he constitutes his agents in the matter, authorizing and bidding them to hear evidence touching the affair. On March 29th he writes ordering the Prior and monks of Canterbury to supply all information to the aforesaid officials, and to send fifteen monks (nine of whom are named) to Rome, with full powers to treat and to proceed to an election in the event of those which have taken place being set aside.<sup>13</sup> At the same time he writes to the King and to the suffragan bishops, commanding the latter and urging the former to send proctors to Rome with full powers to treat in the business, warning them that if they fail to do so he will no longer delay to provide for the needs of the diocese. On the same day he addresses the Bishop of Rochester and others, bidding them institute fuller inquiries. Finally, he named the 21st of December, 1206 (more than a year after the commencement of proceedings), as the day on which all parties were to appear to receive his final award, as well upon the general question at issue between the suffragans and the convent, as also upon the contested elections of Reginald and

<sup>11</sup> Roger of Wendover, apud M. Paris, vol. ii. p. 493 (Rolls Series).

<sup>12</sup> *Ann. de Waverley*, p. 257 (Rolls Series).

<sup>13</sup> He expresses great surprise and pain at their conduct. “*Non sufficimus verbis exprimere . . . in quantum nos . . . non solum admirationem verum etiamurbationem simus inducti super iis quæ . . . didicimus per vos, tanquam degeneres filios improvide perpetrata . . . Proh dolor! ubi est illa religionis honestas, discretionis prudentia, veritatis sinceritas,*” &c. (*Regesta* ix. 34).

de Grey.<sup>14</sup> The first award was favourable to the monks, who were by it released from all future interference of the suffragans;<sup>15</sup> the second, as we know, set aside the claims of both Reginald and de Grey.

The fresh election was, by the Pope's order, at once proceeded with. In their accounts of this election our authorities differ considerably. Mr. Green, as the reader is aware, says simply that the Pope "commanded the monks to elect in his presence Stephen Langton." The evidence we have hardly bears out this statement.

It is not a little curious that Matthew Paris has given three accounts of the transaction. In the *Chronica Majora* he embodied, for this and the earlier periods, the chronicle of Wendover, to whose narrative, however, he makes from time to time considerable additions. He also wrote a shorter compilation known as the *Historia Anglorum*. Now, concerning Innocent's part in the affair of Langton, Paris not merely incorporates, as usual, Roger of Wendover's narrative, but adds what he calls a *Summa brevis* of his own; which, however, does not in reality summarize the longer narrative, but differs from it in an important particular, as will be seen by a comparison of the passages.

(1) *Roger of Wendover.*

"The above-mentioned elections being quashed, the Pope unwilling to endure that the Lord's flock should be any longer deprived of the care of its shepherd, counselled the monks of Canterbury who had been appointed proctors of his court about the affair of the Church of Canterbury, to elect Master Stephen de Langetun . . . affirming that his promotion would be of the greatest service as well as to the King as to the whole English Church. But the monks in answer declared that it was not lawful for them without the consent of the King and of their convent to celebrate . . . a canonical election. Then

<sup>14</sup> Roger of Wendover, apud M. Paris, ii. p. 494 (Rolls Series). He only mentions the first dispute as about to be settled on that day. But it must have been either on the same day or on the following that the second sentence was pronounced, as the letter announcing both to the King is dated December 22nd. The other letters referred to in the text are in the *Regesta* viii. 161, 163; ix. 34, 35, 36, 37, 205, 206, 207, besides one which is given in M. Paris only (vol. ii. p. 490).

<sup>15</sup> "Vos et successores vestros ab impetitione ac molestatione suffraganeorum Cantuariensis Ecclesiæ, super jure archiepiscopum eligendi, per definitivam sententiam prorsus absolvimus, et eis super hoc silentium imponimus sempiternum" (*Regesta* ix. 205).

the Pope, snatching the word, as it were, from their mouth, said 'Know that ye have full power over the Church of Canterbury; and moreover in elections made before the Holy See it is not customary to await the assent of princes. Wherefore, . . . in virtue of holy obedience and under pain of excommunication *we bid you to elect him for your Archbishop whom we give you for the father and pastor of your souls.* And the monks fearing to incur the sentence of excommunication gave their consent grudgingly and not without murmurs. Master Elias de Brantefeld . . . alone withheld his consent."<sup>16</sup>

This would seem to be the story which Mr. Green has followed. The *Summa brevis* runs thus :

(2) *Summa brevis.*

"The King had instructed the twelve Canterbury monks to say (*posuit verbum in ore eorum*), that whomsoever they should elect he would accept. But an agreement had been come to between the King and them, confirmed by an oath on their part, that they would by no means elect any other than John, Bishop of Norwich. They had, moreover, concerning this matter letters from the King [which letters are in the *Historia Anglorum* explained to be letters patent containing a full *congé d'élire* and preratification]. But when the monks heard that the election of the said John was exceedingly displeasing to the Pope and had been set aside, at the suggestion of the cardinals and of the Pope himself, *and on their assurance that they might choose whom they would, and might without fear proceed with the election, if only they would choose a man of energy (strenuum)*, especially if he were of English birth, they chose, by the advice of the Pope, Master Stephen Langton."<sup>17</sup>

It is evident at the first glance that this is no mere summary of Wendover's story, but must have been derived from elsewhere. For first, it mentions a fact not alluded to by Wendover, (*viz.*, the instructions more fully described in the *Historia Anglorum*); and secondly the account of the proceedings at Rome is materially different. In place of the *quasi verbum rapiens ex ore eorum* of Wendover, the monks are here assured that they may without fear elect whom they will, though the Pope

<sup>16</sup> *Chronica Majora*, vol. ii. p. 494. Hume, who follows this account, refers also to the Waverley annalist (who merely says that the monks elected Langton against the King's wish), and to Hemmingburgh and Knyghton; neither of whom I have been able to refer to. They are both writers of a later generation.

<sup>17</sup> *Chronica Majora*, vol. ii. p. 493.

recommends to their choice the candidate who afterwards so well justified the hopes placed in him by the great Pontiff. It is noteworthy that the version of the story in the *Historia Anglorum* agrees with the *Summa brevis* and not with the longer narrative.<sup>18</sup>

Now it is remarkable that the only other detailed accounts of the affair which we possess agree with the more favourable of the accounts given by Matthew Paris, and add some interesting particulars which set Innocent's action in the most advantageous light. The Chronicle of John de Oxenedes relates the affair thus :

"On the death of Hubert, the former Archbishop of Canterbury, and on the election of John of Norwich, there were sent to Rome by the King and the Convent of Canterbury fifteen monks to obtain the confirmation of the said John's election. Now it had been provided by the King and the Convent that in case his election should in any way be invalidated or set aside by the Pope as uncanonical, they should again elect the same person. The King and Convent, however, assured the Pope in their letters patent that they would recognize as valid whatever the same monks should decide upon in his presence, promising that they would agree to whomsoever they might choose to be Archbishop. Now it happened that the election of John of Norwich was set aside. Whereupon the aforesaid monks showed the Pope the letters which they brought, in order that they might thus be free to elect some one else for Archbishop, and so cheating the King of his purpose, they chose Master Stephen Langton. . . . But the Pope, reading over the letters of authorization from the King and the Chapter . . . willingly admitted the election of the said Stephen, and yet would not confirm it till he had taken ample means to obtain the consent of the King, twice sending messengers to him for that purpose. But as the King seemed to have given his consent in advance by his letters of authorization, he confirmed the election on the Octave of Easter day."<sup>19</sup>

The Burton Annals contain a very curious and circumstantial account of the meeting between John and Pandulf in 1211, rather more than a year before the King's reconciliation with the Church. In the dialogue, which is narrated at length, the Legate is made to say to the King :

<sup>18</sup> *Historia Anglorum*, vol. ii. p. 111.

<sup>19</sup> *Chron. Joh. de Oxenedes*, pp. 120, 121 (Rolls Series).



"You assert that the fourteen monks are traitors to you, because they swore that they would never elect any other than the Bishop of Norwich; and [yet] you gave them letters patent, and by them you also sent letters to the Pope, to the effect that whomsoever these fourteen should elect, provided only he were an Englishman, you would receive as Archbishop; and, moreover, you gave them 300 marks for expenses. Thereafter they chose Master Stephen. When the Pope quashed the two elections . . . he ordered that all the monks who were there present should separate into three sets, and should choose for themselves a fit pastor. And it was so done. And the first set again chose the Sub-Prior; and the fourteen the Bishop of Norwich; and the third set elected Master Stephen. The Pope for just reasons set aside the election of the Sub-Prior and the Bishop of Norwich, and ordered them to proceed to the business in one body, and to come to a harmonious conclusion. Then the fourteen cast themselves at the feet of the Pope, saying: "Lord, have mercy on us, for we have sworn to our King that we would not consent to the election of any save the Bishop of Norwich." And the Pope replied: "Are ye not religious men? Wherefore, then, have ye promised to make an oath to a temporal prince without the orders of your Superior?" They made answer: "We did this for fear of the King, and to preserve the honour of our Church." Our Lord the Pope: "You have bound yourselves by vow to do a thing which no one in the world can do except myself." And he absolved them [*i.e.*, released them from their oath] and gave them a penance proportioned to their fault. Then they went and agreed to have Master Stephen. And our Lord the Pope presented him to you as to his King before the confirmation; but you opposed him though you know of no just cause, nor could show any, why his election should not be confirmed."<sup>20</sup>

The quaint metrical Chronicle of Peter Langtoft tells the same story (omitting the details about the voting in three sets) in its own brief fashion:

Quatorze moyne eluz sont à la court alez,  
Trays cenx mars à despendre le rays les ad donez;

<sup>20</sup> *Annals Monast. de Burton*, pp. 212, 213 (Rolls Series). So circumstantial an account is apt to excite suspicion. Still it agrees well with the rest of the evidence, and the curious circumstance of the voting in three sets can hardly perhaps be mere invention.

Les moynes al ray Jon ount lealment jorez  
Le eveske de Norwyce ert erceveske sacrez.  
Kaunt venent à la court, leor message est mountrez.  
La pape par resoun les eliz ad cassez,  
Ed ad xiiij. moynes de grace ad comaundez  
De reched elyre un homme de bountez.  
Le eveske de Norwyce eluz ount altre fez.  
La pape les quasse ; les moynes sunt blamez,  
Suspendi lour poer ; els mercy ount cryez,  
Lour serement fet al rays en court ount countez  
L'apostoylle les assolt, ei les ad counsayllez  
Mestre Esteven elire de Langetoun nomez ;  
Esteven est ercevesk, la pape l' ad confermez.<sup>21</sup>

Of course I am aware that Langtoft neither is nor represents (or do the two authorities previously quoted) an independent witness. Still his testimony, together with that of half a dozen other annalists who all speak of Langton as "elected by the monks" (without any suggestion of his having been forced upon them) may be of some value as declaring the current opinion of the age.

But in reality (if it were not for the purpose of showing how entirely isolated, even among English writers, is the testimony of Wendover, whom yet our historians choose to follow) it would have been needless thus to accumulate the opinions of our countrymen upon the affair when more official evidence is at hand. I will quote first the *Gesta Innocentii Papæ III.* (written by an anonymous but contemporary and well-informed author), and secondly the letter in which the Pope himself informs King John of the whole business. The writer of the *Gesta* says :

"Utramque autem electionem justitia exigente cassavit . . .  
Ne vero si monachi ad celebrandum electionem remitterentur in Angliam novissimus error fieret pejor priore, præcavens summus pontifex huic malo, mandaverat conventui monachorum ut potestatem eligendi archiepiscopum committerent quindecim

<sup>21</sup> Fourteen monks are gone to the Court (of Rome) ; the King has given them three hundred marks to spend ; the monks have sworn loyally to King John that the Bishop of Norwich shall be consecrated Archbishop. When they come to the Court their message is declared. The Pope for his reasons has annulled the election, and has of his favour commanded the fourteen monks to elect again a man of goodness. They have elected the Bishop of Norwich a second time. The Pope annuls it ; the monks are blamed, their power suspended ; they have cried mercy, and have told to the Court their oath made to the King. The Pope absolves them, and has advised them to elect Master Stephen named of Langton ; Stephen is Archbishop ; the Pope has confirmed him (Translated by Thomas Wright.) *Metrical Chron. of P. Langtoft*, vol. ii. p. 129. (Rolls Series).

ex fratribus suis, ad apostolicam sedem destinandis si forte contingeret utramque illarum electionum de jure cassari, *hoc idem insinuans ipsi regi*. Cum igitur monachi paruissent apostolicæ jussioni, dominus papa post cassationem prædictarum electionum, injunxit quindecim illis monachis ut in præsentia sua electionem canonicam de persona celebrarent et, examinatis voluntatibus singulorum, inventi sunt plures in mag. Steph. de Languetone . . . convenire."<sup>22</sup>

Innocent's letter, so far as it concerns our present subject, and omitting formal phrases and expletives, runs thus:—

Being desirous to provide for the widowed Church we ordered those monks who had received powers of election from the whole chapter, in the event of the sub-prior's election being set aside, to choose a fit person for their pastor. Accordingly although at first they disagreed, some of them naming our venerable brother the Bishop of Norwich, others the sub-prior above named, at length, after many deliberations, they unanimously agreed to elect and beg from the Holy See master Stephen Langton, at the same time imploring your envoys the Abbot of Beaulieu,<sup>23</sup> Thomas Earl of Stafford, and A., knight, to impart your royal assent; which, however, they refused to undertake. But we, having regard to the canonical form and the prudence of this petition determined to approve it, while at the same time we praised the answer of the man himself, who, being asked to give his assent to their demand for him, answered that as he was not *sui juris*, but under our immediate authority, he thought it his duty to act in all things according to our disposition. And although in those episcopal elections which are enacted in presence of the Holy See it is not customary to wait for the consent of a secular prince,<sup>24</sup> . . . yet, wishing out of our abundant favour to yield a point to your Highness, we suggested to you by letter that, as we had written to the Prior and convent ordering them to send proctors, your royal prudence might also send competent agents to our presence; lest anything should be ordained to the prejudice of your right or honour. Wherefore, since you had sent the aforesaid envoys to the Holy See, for no other purpose, we suppose, but to supply your Highness's place in the matter, and since the royal consent was with all humility and devotion asked of them in reference to the aforesaid

<sup>22</sup> *Gesta Innoc. III.* cap. cxxxi., Migne, vol. ccxiv. p. clxxv.

<sup>23</sup> The Abbey of Beaulieu was of John's own foundation; its Abbot, probably of his own appointment.

<sup>24</sup> Any one who believes in Papal supremacy in Church matters must see the reasonableness of this. Non-Catholic writers should see that from the Catholic point of view it was the only reasonable arrangement. If Rome had the right, ultimately, of summoning such cases for decision at her tribunal, it could not be her duty to let such decisions depend upon the parties from or by whom appeal was made or ordained. To ask the King's consent to such a case could only mean to invite a respectful statement of reasonable objections.

postulation, it assuredly had not seemed necessary to ask the same again of yourself; but that, at the urgent instance of your said envoys we have determined to accumulate upon you the marks of our favour, to an extent to which we never remember to have done the like in any similar case before.<sup>25</sup>

Accordingly, he goes on to implore with repeated entreaties that the King will not withhold his consent.

Besides this letter, the Pope appears to have despatched to the King a briefer message, the bearers of which (possibly by some collusion) were detained at Dover.<sup>26</sup> To the letter itself the King replied by a menacing epistle in which he boasted of the need in which Rome stood of pecuniary aid from England,<sup>27</sup> and objected to Langton as having long lived among his enemies (he had studied at Paris, and then at Rome, where he was made a Cardinal) and as being wholly unknown to him. The last plea, at any rate, appears to have been simply false, for John had more than once written to Langton to the effect that he would have been well pleased to have him in England, but rejoiced at the higher honours he had found where he was;<sup>28</sup> and as for his life among the King's enemies, it was, in fact, as the Pope hinted in his reply, absurd to object against a man that he had gone where every one went who desired to obtain the highest education then available.<sup>29</sup>

Finally, as the King urged nothing that could be accepted as a genuine obstacle, Innocent, after once more writing to the King, but as before in vain,<sup>30</sup> confirmed the election on Low

<sup>25</sup> *Regesta* ix. 206.

<sup>26</sup> Duo monachi specialiter deputati ut ad te pro requirendo assensu venirent; qui apud Ydivoriam [*lege* Devoriam] fuerunt retenti" (*Ibid.* x. 219).

<sup>27</sup> Matt. Paris.

<sup>28</sup> "Mirabile gerimus si vir tanti nominis, de tuo regno ducens initium, tibi potuit esse saltem quoad famam ignotus, *præsertim cum ter scripsisses illi, postquam a nobis extitit in cardinalem promotus, quod licet disposueris eum ad tuæ familiaritatis obsequium evocare, gaudebas tamen quod ad majus erat officium sublimatus*" (*Regesta* x. 219). This letter is Innocent's reply to the menaces of John, and though undated, was certainly written before the consecration.

<sup>29</sup> "Intelligimus illud ei non esse imputandum ad culpam quod Parisiis diu vacans liberalibus studiis in tantum profecit," &c. (*Ibid.*)

<sup>30</sup> This is the letter from which the phrases given in the preceding notes are taken. It commences thus:—"Cum super negotio Cantuariensis Ecclesiæ nos tibi scripserimus humiliter diligenter benigne exhortando ac rogando tu nobis . . . rescipsisti quasi comminando et exprobando, contumaciter et proterve. Et cum nos tibi supra jus deferre curemus, tu nobis secundum jus deferre non curas, minus quam decet attendens quod si tua nobis devotio plurimum est necessaria, nostra tamen tibi non parum est opportuna." And in the same strain of mingled firmness and tenderness it proceeds throughout.

Sunday and proceeded to the consecration of the Archbishop-elect on Trinity Sunday, 1206.

Putting together these various items we find the following points against John :

(1) His simoniacal interference in Grey's election. Not only had he unfairly influenced the original choice, but he had bribed the envoys to Rome, and had exacted an unlawful promise from them.

(2) By his appeal to Rome he had waived *pro hac vice* (according to custom) the right to have his consent to an election asked again.

(3) His letters patent contained an authorization which could not be cancelled by a secret and unlawful oath.

(4) The Pope had given him full warning that the affair could no longer be delayed, and that he should feel bound to proceed without his concurrence if he did not send proctors with full powers.

(5) The Pope sought confirmation first from the King's plenipotentiaries, and secondly twice from the King himself, though he was by no means bound to do so.

(6) The see had now been vacant two whole years, and four months had elapsed since the election, before the Pope proceeded to consecrate the Archbishop elect.

These things considered, is it or is it not a misrepresentation of the facts, (1) to hint that Innocent may have been actuated "by mere love of power," (2) to state that he "commanded the monks to elect in his presence Stephen Langton," and (3) to say that "the step was an usurpation of the rights both of the Church and of the Crown" ?

How entirely remote from high-handed haughtiness was Innocent's manner of dealing with John will be apparent to any one who studies the subsequent letters of that Pontiff to the English King, and to various important persons among his subjects. Indeed, his expressions are affectionate almost to exaggeration ; and while fearlessly upholding the rights of the Holy See and of the Church, and entirely disregarding the royal threats, he eagerly catches at any sign of submission or expression of desire for reconciliation. He reminds John that he has treated him with forbearance never before shown to any secular Prince ; he tells the Bishops that the zeal with which he has defended the King against his enemies has exposed himself

and the Holy See to odium ;<sup>31</sup> he expostulates with the freedom of a father and the lovingness of a mother; and when at last John did make his submission, and besides made over his kingdom in fee to the Pontiff and his successors, Innocent—as Matthew Paris admits—could not but assist him thereafter in all rightful ways.

It is, of course, impossible for Catholics and non-Catholics to agree upon the general question of the relations of Church and State. To those who think that Innocent's view of the duty of the Supreme Pontiff was "a dream," and that it is a happy thing for humanity that such a dream has never been realized, there is perhaps no direct reply. Such questions of principle lie far deeper than the incidents of any single pontificate. But it is something to have it admitted that such a view or "dream" is at least a logical conclusion from Catholic principles, something to have it admitted that such a view may therefore have been at least honestly held; and perhaps it is in some respects still more important to show that the action of the greatest Pontiffs has been no more precipitate or haughty than the firm conviction of the truth of that Catholic theory which they represented would fully warrant.

I have dwelt at considerable length on the affair of Archbishop Langton's election because it is perhaps the portion of John's relations with Innocent which has received least justice from English writers. The latter incidents of the enfeoffment of the kingdom to the Pope (not as the price of his submission to the Church, but after that submission had been already accepted); and again the much blamed annulment of the Great Charter by the Pope have been recently so admirably set in this true light by Catholic writers of eminence that it is not necessary to do more than touch very briefly on a few points that seem worthy of notice.<sup>32</sup> It is observable that the document of enfeoffment is distinctly said to have been drawn up *ex communi concilio baronum nostrorum*; and that of the signatures appended almost all are found again in the list of

<sup>31</sup> Usque erga ipsum exuberavit nostræ gratiæ plenitudo, ut plurimi principum in devotione Sacrosanctæ R. Eccles. non solum minus ferventes extiterint, sed quidam facti sint etiam indevoti. Si quando enim in eum vel regnum suum fragor turbationis invaluit, sedes apostolica pia gestans viscera super eum potenter ipsum adjuvit." (*Regesta* x. 113. *Ibid.* xi. 89).

<sup>32</sup> I allude, of course, to an article by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster in the *Contemporary Review* (December 1875), entitled "The Pope and Magna Charta;" and to an article in the *Dublin Review* (October 1875), reviewing Ranke's *History of England* and Green's *Short History of the English People*.

the committee for enforcing the provisions of Magna Charta or of those who agreed to the appointment of that Committee. The signatories of the charter of enfeoffment may therefore be considered as fairly representing the political public opinion of the nation. But this is not all ; William Mauclerc, the King's agent at Rome, complains, a year or two after the submission, that he can make no way in urging the King's cause, *because the emissaries of the barons have persuaded the Pope that it was not of his own accord but under compulsion from them* that he subjected his kingdom to the Holy See.

Bearing this in mind, it seems impossible to excuse the armed efforts of the barons to extort the Charter from the King. Even Roger of Wendover and Matthew Paris—assuredly no foes of freedom—speak of the instigators of the proceedings as *principes præsumptionis hujus*, and *principales hujus pestis* ; nor do I think that any modern inquirer can satisfy himself that there was adequate cause for their rebellion. In the then unsettled state of constitutional law John's delay to redress abuses which had confessedly flourished under his father and brother could hardly constitute a *casus belli* between him and his subjects.

It is a mere truism to say that a fair prospect of success is necessary to justify a rebellious rising ; nor can it be doubted that there was far less cause for rebellion in 1214 and 1215 than there had been in the previous years. Now to ensure their success in 1214-15, the barons were obliged to invoke the aid of Louis of France. Consequently, either they were wrong in acting as they did, and the Pope was right in condemning their action ; or else the Pope was right in giving the weight of his authority on that previous occasion to the adoption of the same means. But more than this. Rightly or wrongly (rightly a Catholic would say), the Pope in the years 1210-11, judged that the King's excesses had been such as to release his subjects from the duty of allegiance. Since then, however, they had entered into fresh obligations, had contracted fresh oaths, and had bound themselves, subject to the Pope's arbitration, to keep the peace.

A word about the Interdict may bring this paper to a close. That Innocent is chargeable with precipitancy in the infliction of the Interdict can hardly be maintained. But possibly a mistaken impression may exist in some minds as to the effect of such a sentence. It is sometimes stated that under the Interdict no

sacraments could be administered except penance and the Viaticum to the dying, and baptism to infants. This is not the case. Religious rites could not be *solemnized* in time of Interdict; but in the *forma interdicti* officially published it is expressly stated that the faithful are to be admitted to confession (a private rite) as often as they choose. Leave to celebrate Mass once a week with closed doors and other like privileges must be considered as special concessions, but it is difficult to believe that the private administration of the sacrament of penance could ever have been prohibited (except in the case of excommunicated persons) under any interdict. It certainly was not forbidden in that one with which we are here concerned.

HERBERT W. LUCAS.



## *Gleanings among Old Records.*

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### V.—MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTS, AND CLAUDE NAU.

IN the previous chapter<sup>1</sup> I have stated the reasons which, in my opinion, authorize me in ascribing to Claude Nau, Secretary to Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, the authorship of certain unprinted memoirs, which throw light upon portions of the history of that unfortunate sovereign. I now proceed to point out the bearing which these memoirs have upon several incidents connected with her history, public and personal. But before attempting to do this, it becomes necessary that I should state, as briefly as is possible, the position in which Queen Mary found herself at the time when Nau's papers first introduce her to our notice.

Very early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth (possibly before she ascended the throne), a plot was formed in the Court of England by which it was intended that Scotland should be revolutionized in Church and State, so as to conform with the religion and polity which had become dominant in England. To this project Elizabeth lent herself without difficulty; nor were arguments wanting which to a willing hearer might seem to warrant its acceptance. She was told that it was her duty to protect the country over which she was now the acknowledged ruler from foreign attacks and internal divisions; and that this was impossible so long as Scotland was allowed to stand upon its present footing. France and Scotland, the traditional enemies of England, were in close alliance; the Queen of France was the Queen of Scotland, and she had assumed the arms and title of the English people. It was said that the civil liberties of England—nay, its national existence itself, was in danger. Moreover, unless Mary was curbed in due time, the reformed faith, of which Elizabeth was the chosen representative, would be set aside, and the Papacy would be restored. Until these plans were crushed, there could be no safety for the new Church of England. Persuaded that these were real

<sup>1</sup> See the present volume, p. 404.

dangers, which must be anticipated without delay, Elizabeth resigned herself to the guidance of those advisers, who confidently promised to hold her scathless from the perils by which they assured her she was surrounded. Their plan had the merit of simplicity and thoroughness, however deficient it might be in truth and justice. It was this. The battleground must be Scotland. She would be attacked through it; through it she must vindicate her principles. Briefly, they were these. The religion of Scotland was to be changed from Catholic to Protestant; Mary Stuart was to be dethroned, and the two realms were ultimately to be united under the government of the English Queen. This project of course was a State secret, revealed, little by little, to those persons only whose agency was needed for its execution. Before its completion, it would probably have to pass through many modifications, but this was the grand end at which it hoped ultimately to arrive. It was accepted in its integrity by Elizabeth and her ministers, who pursued it with unflinching resolution, unmoved by the suffering and undeterred by the alternate treachery and cruelty through which it dragged them. It formed one of the chief objects of Elizabeth's policy throughout her long reign. And in this conspiracy we have the key to all the dark plots, all the murders, all the miseries by which the path of Queen Mary was surrounded.

Such an elaborate system of treachery could not be carried on without the aid of an accomplished traitor, and a traitor in every point fitted for the task was found in the person of James Stuart, afterwards Earl of Moray and Regent of Scotland. He was the Queen's base born brother, and somewhat more than ten years older than herself. He contrived, not only to gain her affection when she was still a child, but (what is more surprising) the confidence of her mother, Mary of Guise, a woman of keen perception and wide experience. Early in life he joined the party of the Reformation, retaining, however, the ecclesiastical revenues with which he had been amply provided, both in France and Scotland; for when he was yet a child it had been decided by his father, James the Fifth, that he should devote himself to the office of the priesthood. But the Reformation offered a wider field to the ambition of the aspiring patriot. In June, 1559, we find him employed in the "burning of images and Mass-books and breaking of altars,"<sup>2</sup> in the Church of

<sup>2</sup> See R.O. *Foreign*, *Eliz.* n. 862, § 5.

St. Andrew's, of which he was at that time the Lord Prior. Before the end of the month, the party, of which he was one of the most active of the leaders, had increased to the number of ten thousand men. So alarming had the insurrection become that Francis and Mary wrote to him, upbraiding him with his ingratitude, and threatening condign punishment; while the more energetic and out-spoken Duke of Guise expressed his conviction that "the best way to amend the garboils in Scotland was to cause the Earl of Argyle and the Prior of St. Andrew's, called the Bastard of Scotland, to be apprehended, their goods confiscated, and to lose their lives."<sup>3</sup>

It now began to be discovered that he had an ulterior object in view. Writing about the same time to Cecil, Throckerton, the English Ambassador resident in France, makes the following remarkable statement: "I am secretly informed that there is a party in Scotland for placing the Prior of St. Andrew's in the State of Scotland, and that he also aspires thereto by all the means he can."<sup>4</sup> Here then was the agent who in his own person united the various qualifications which were needed by the requirements of Elizabeth's policy. The external morality of his conduct was unimpeachable. He was of the royal family of Scotland; he was young, bold, and ambitious; he was troubled by few scruples of conscience; he was willing to accept the guidance of the Court of St. James; he could command the services of the Scottish Reformers, and (a most important element of success) he had long since secured and still retained the affection and the confidence of his unsuspected sister.

When Mary became a widow by the death of Francis the Second, her unworthy brother hastened to visit her in France, ostensibly to condole with her in her sorrow, but really to make himself master of her future line of conduct in regard to the government of her kingdom. The entire confidence which she placed in him, notwithstanding his previous conduct, shows how powerful was the influence which he continued to exercise over her. When he had acquainted himself with her wishes and intentions, he hurried off to the English Ambassador at Paris, by whose advice he then proceeded to London in order that Cecil might be made acquainted with his sister's movements. And had the cruizers who, in consequence of this information, were sent out to intercept Mary on her homeward voyage,

<sup>3</sup> R.O. Foreign, Eliz. n. 930.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* n. 1080; Forbes, vol. 1. 179.

succeeded in making her their prisoner, it is more than probable that her captivity in England would have dated from that hour ; and at the same time James Stuart would have been known to us as Regent of Scotland, acting under the authority and in the name of Elizabeth, Queen of England. But having passed by the English ships undiscovered, Mary reached her native country in safety ; and ignorant of the past treachery and the present designs of her brother she permitted herself to be influenced by him in all matters of the slightest moment, whether affecting the general interests of the nation or her own private and individual conduct.<sup>5</sup>

As might have been expected, the policy now adopted by Moray's advice, though skilfully disguised, was not for the real good either of the Queen or her people ; and results still more prejudicial would have followed had not her suspicions been aroused by the increasing boldness with which her brother advanced to the great object of his ambition. A collision between the earl and his sister at last took place upon the question of her marriage. That she should take a husband was natural ; but this step was most displeasing to Moray and Elizabeth as fatal to their plans. Mary claimed, moreover, the privilege of choosing a husband for herself ; so far, however, limiting her choice as to yield to the wishes of her own subjects and the English nation by promising that she would not marry a foreigner. This promise was made all the more easily, for it was soon perceived that she had given her heart, and was ready to give her hand, to Lord Henry Darnley. Like herself, Darnley was descended from King Henry the Seventh, and might have stood in competition even with Mary for the crown of England in the event of Elizabeth's death without lawful issue. Moray opposed the match with all his power. When the Queen asked him to sign a paper consenting to her marriage, he refused to do so. In order to intimidate her he

<sup>5</sup> On September 12, 1568, seven earls, twelve lords, one archbishop and seven bishops, together with eight abbots, thus describe Moray's conduct in regard to Mary. "Shortly after our Sovereign's hencecoming from the realm of France into Scotland, the Earl of Moray (having respect then, and as appeareth, yet, by his proceedings, to place himself in the government of this realm and to usurp this kingdom), by his counsel caused the Queen's Majesty to become so subject unto him as if her Grace had been a pupil, in such sort that her Highness's subjects had not access unto her Grace to propose their own causes, or to receive answer thereof, but by him only ; so that he was only recognized as prince, and her Majesty but a shadow." *Goodall's Examination*, vol. ii. 357, from MS. Cott. (In the above extract the spelling is modernized).

appeared in Edinburgh at the head of five thousand horsemen, and an open insurrection seemed to be impending, for (according to an entry in Cecil's private diary<sup>6</sup>) the Queen alleged against the earl "that he goeth about to set the crown upon his own head." Elizabeth supported him with men and money, and promised yet more efficient help. Encouraged by her powerful assistance Moray and his party showed a bold front, and a civil war seemed to be impending in Scotland.

Such was the posture of affairs when Mary married Darnley in 1565. Elizabeth was offended at this union, and declared herself to be aggrieved "by this strange conduct of her good sister," in having taken to her husband an English subject without having previously obtained the permission of his Sovereign. She ordered Darnley to return to London, and on his refusal to leave his wife imprisoned his mother in the Tower, and assumed a tone and attitude towards Mary which were at once offensive and aggressive. She gave an asylum within her kingdom to Moray and his party, encouraged them to persevere in their designs, promised that she would assist them when the moment for action should arrive;<sup>7</sup> and at the same moment urged Mary to receive them back to her confidence, assuring her that their conduct had been misrepresented to her by their enemies, and that in truth they were her most faithful and devoted subjects. But Mary was now alive to the real value of the promises and assurances of "her good sister." She furnished her with proof that her Ambassador, Randolph, had advanced three thousand pounds to the insurgents through the Countess of Moray, whose acquittance for this amount had been produced; and in answer to Elizabeth's proffered mediation "touching the Earl of Moray, her Majesty (Queen Mary) desires most heartily her good sister to meddle no further with these private causes concerning him, or any others,

<sup>6</sup> See Murdin, p. 758.

<sup>7</sup> On September 12, 1565, Queen Elizabeth informed the Earl of Bedford, Governor of Berwick, that he may let Moray have £1,000 in the most secret sort that he can. On September 30th, Moray gives his voucher for this sum received from Bedford. In her letter of September the 12th, Elizabeth permits Bedford to let the Scottish Lords have, at least, 300 men to aid them from the garrison of Berwick, without notifying that he has had any direction herein from her. (See *Foreign, Eliz.*, under these dates nn. 1491, 1532, 1542. See also Lab. i, 317, 319.) But this force did not meet the requirements of the rebels. They asked Elizabeth for 3,000 men: viz., 1,000 harquebuses, 1,000 pikemen, 500 bowmen, and 500 horsemen (R.O. *Scot. Eliz.* vol. xi. p. 41).

subjects of Scotland, than her Majesty has heretofore meddled with any causes concerning the subjects of England.”<sup>8</sup>

For the present, at least Elizabeth was silenced ; but Mary’s troubles were not ended. If she had succeeded in holding Moray and his adherents at arm’s length for a time, another enemy nearer home was plotting against her peace, her liberty, and even her life, and that enemy was her own husband.

Safe in the Palace of Holyrood, and intoxicated with the high dignity of his new position as King of Scotland, Darnley soon exhibited his real character. He showed a disposition made up of contradictions. He was at once proud and mean, arrogant and cowardly, prodigal and grasping. His conversation was vulgar, his tastes were low, and his amusements were gross and sensual. He gave no attention to the duties of his station, either public or private, and when his wife remonstrated with him, his language was indecent and insulting. Randolph, the English Ambassador at Edinburgh, thus describes him to Cecil. “His behaviour is such that he is run in open contempt of all men, even of those that were his chief friends. What shall become of him I know not, but it is greatly to be feared that he can have no long life among this people. The Queen herself, being of better understanding, seeketh to frame and fashion him to the nature of her subjects. No persuasion can alter that which custom hath made old in him. He is counted proud, disdainful and suspicious ; which kind of men this soil of any other can worse bear.”<sup>9</sup>

In the first warmth of her affection for her husband, Mary had invested him with the title of King of Scotland. She had no power to do so, and the act was illegal as well as imprudent. Darnley soon gave her cause to repent of her indiscretion. He wished to possess not only the name of a king, but the power of a king ; he pressed her to grant him the Crown Matrimonial (which would have secured to him the privileges of royalty during his life), and when she refused to do so until he should prove himself worthy of this token of her confidence, his conduct became intolerable. He absented himself from her for several days at a time ; when at home he was sullen and violent by fits ; he kept company with dissolute men and women, and made himself sick with *aqua composita*. His violent temper and unreasoning arrogance made him a fitting tool for the use of such

<sup>8</sup> R.O. *Scotland, Eliz.* vol. xi. n. 11.

<sup>9</sup> MS. Cott. Cal. B x. 299, July 2, 1565.

of the unscrupulous nobles of Moray's party as still lingered about Holyrood; and through him they resolved to advance one step nearer the accomplishment of their favourite project, the death or deposition of Mary and the substitution of her bastard brother. This was the ultimate design which for long had been contemplated, and to which every minor scheme had been made to become subservient; but an immediate difficulty was heavily pressing on Moray's party, and required a speedy solution.

So long as Moray enjoyed his sister's confidence he had profited largely by her liberality. If she was open-handed to give, he was no less open-handed to receive her bounty. Each succeeding forfeiture of the many families whose ruin he effected in order to forward his ambition, to gratify his revenge, or to glut his greed, helped to swell his enormous revenues. A careful investigation of the property which he had acquired before his rebellion upon the plea of the Queen's marriage with Darnley, leads to the conclusion that the owner of "these vast possessions was the richest and the most powerful subject in Scotland, by means of the Queen's imprudent bounty and his own gross rapacity."<sup>10</sup> Aware at last as well of her own blindness as of her brother's treachery, Mary became alive to the dangers of her position. If these large revenues, this great influence, for which he was chiefly indebted to her liberality, were employed against herself, why should not she resume what she had given? The law of Scotland permitted her to do so, for she was still a minor. Here then was a constitutional remedy, and she resolved to avail herself of it. Moray became aware that the whole of these wide estates were now in peril. He was "put to the horn" (in other words outlawed<sup>11</sup>), and had been cited to appear before Parliament, which should meet to settle the affairs of the nation. Failing to present himself, he knew that his property would be forfeited, and he himself proclaimed an exile and an alien. Gentle and placable as she hitherto had been, Mary at last showed that she was in earnest. "Some such as were not far from the Queen's self" advertised Randolph that there was no means to be had for the rebel lords, but either to have their bodies or to force them to leave the country.<sup>12</sup> Moray's case appeared to be so desperate that some of his friends advised

<sup>10</sup> Chalmers *Life of Mary Queen of Scots*, vol. iii. p. 387, who adds, "We have said nothing of the £5,000 sterling which he received of Elizabeth as his wages for calumniating his sister and benefactress, nor of the ecclesiastical revenues which he enjoyed in France."

<sup>11</sup> *Foreign, Eliz.* 7 Aug. 1565, nn. 1365, 1370, § 2.

<sup>12</sup> *R.O. Scot. Eliz.* xi. 24.

him to come home quietly, "and put himself in the Queen's will," but Randolph dissuaded him from this line of conduct, as inconsistent at once with his safety and his honour. And he adds, writing to Cecil, "I know that he hath not at this hour two hundred crowns in the world."<sup>13</sup>

At this critical point, when ruin seemed to be before him, the murder of Rizzio was suggested as the easiest means of at once preventing the meeting of the Scottish Parliament, extricating Moray and his party from the dangerous position in which they stood, involving Darnley in a grave quarrel with the Queen his wife, and exposing her and the child to which she was about to give birth to a shock which would probably be fatal to both. One death was certainly involved in the accomplishment of the scheme, probably three; but this was a trifling consideration if it secured their estates to the rebel lords, and opened the way to the throne of Scotland for the Earl of Moray. It is not easy to say by whom it was suggested at the first, but it was accepted by the King and his father, by Moray and his adherents, and by a large number of those who still remained in the Queen's court at Holyrood and stood high in her estimation. Want of space prevents me from exhibiting the process, step by step, by which this murderous plot was matured; how Darnley was induced to join the project which contemplated the death of his wife and his unborn child; how his father, Lennox, made himself the medium of communication between the Earl of Moray and the assassins in Edinburgh; and how the agents of Elizabeth, Randolph and the Earl of Bedford, gave a willing consent and a ready approval to this act of cowardly assassination.<sup>14</sup> Nor were Cecil and Elizabeth herself permitted to remain in ignorance of the design. A month before its execution Maitland of Lethington, writing to the former, thus expresses himself: "Mary, I see no certain way unless we chop at the very root (you know where it lieth), and as far as my judgment can reach, the sooner all things be patched up the less danger there is of any inconvenience. The bearer can declare you my opinion, whom I pray you to credit."<sup>15</sup> A fortnight afterwards Randolph is more explicit. Cecil is now told that the matter is approaching its desired completion, "by any means they can, fair or foul."<sup>16</sup> Then at last the Queen of

<sup>13</sup> R.O. *Scot. Elis.* xi. 103.

<sup>14</sup> The opportunity of doing this may perhaps be afforded me on some future occasion.

<sup>15</sup> R.O. *Scot. Elis.* xii. 10, dated Feb. 9, 1566.

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.* xii. 21, Feb. 25.



England herself is made acquainted with the intended murder. The original letter is yet extant, and is too important to be passed over with a simple reference; I give it therefore as a whole as it stands. Randolph and Bedford write in these terms from Berwick, of which the latter was Governor, on March 6, 1566.<sup>17</sup>

"May it please your most excellent Majesty. Both I and Mr. Randolph have been severally informed of a matter of no small consequence intended in Scotland. What it may tend to we know not, nor how to like of it, but we trust not evil to your Majesty's country, using such circumspection as we do know your Majesty doth. We have written the whole matter, and sent the copies of some writings to Mr. Secretary,<sup>18</sup> who can better inform your Majesty than either of us can write. We have this hope, that by this means my Lord of Moray shall be brought home without your Majesty's further suit or means to the Queen, his sovereign; and therefore we both thought it good to stay the sending of your Majesty's letters in his behalf, that seeing he shall come by his purpose otherwise, your Majesty should be no way in her danger,<sup>19</sup> or beholding unto her, as now your Majesty standeth in terms with her. We look now daily to hear when this matter shall be put in execution. Tuesday next is the last day. Nothing shall be left undone of our parts from time to time that your Majesty may be advertised of their state and doings, according to our most bounden duties. Almighty God preserve your Majesty's prosperous estate, send your Highness long life, and give us the grace to see the day of some worthy birth of your Majesty's body."

This letter was written, as we have seen, on March the 6th; on the evening of Saturday the 9th Rizzio was murdered, and on the 11th Bedford informs Cecil that "certain advertisement is come that David is despatched and dead. That it should be so you have heard before." Moray and his friends now returned according to the arrangement made with them by Lennox; the Parliament could not sit, and was dissolved; the breach between Darnley and his wife was presumed to be irreparable, and it was taken for granted that having gone so far he could not now retract. In one point, however, the scheme had failed; Mary had survived the agitations and the horrors of the scene through

<sup>17</sup> *Scot. Elis.* xii. 26, dated March 6, 1566.

<sup>18</sup> Namely, Cecil. The promised information was sent to Mr. Secretary. It is very explicit. Portions of it are given by Tytler, vii. 25.

<sup>19</sup> That is, in Mary's power, by having asked Moray's restoration as a favour.

which she had passed, and exhibited a power of mind and body which augured well for the ultimate safety of herself and her infant.

It may be said, however, Could not a political revolution such as this, however radical, be brought about without the commission of a brutal murder? And why was Rizzio chosen as the victim? I repeat that the plot for its complete success required the death of Mary and her child. They stood in the way of Moray to the throne. To put her to death by open violence, or by private assassination, would have roused all Scotland, and possibly led to the armed interference of Spain and France. The safest plan, therefore, as well as the most comprehensive, was that which was adopted by the conspirators.

Rizzio was selected as the victim for many reasons. He was poor and a stranger; there was no one to avenge his death; it would soon be forgotten, it would provoke no feud between clans or families. The Queen had discovered his aptitude for business, and since he had been employed as her secretary she had been led by his influence to adopt several measures which were unpopular with the followers of John Knox. It was supposed that he had encouraged her to join the Catholic league; the supposition was incorrect, but it did its work. Mary had been of late in more frequent correspondence with the Holy See and Philip of Spain; the faith of the Reformation was presumed to be in danger. Darnley hated the secretary, because he confirmed the Queen in her resolution not to grant to him, at the present time at least, the Crown Matrimonial, that all-absorbing object of his ambition. It was suggested to Darnley by the murderers that he ought to be jealous of the terms of familiarity on which the Italian stood towards the Queen; but weak as he was he had the discretion to know that such a charge was incapable of proof. But we must not investigate his motives too closely. Having satisfied himself that the death of at least one individual was necessary, he set about it without any hesitation. "Signior Davie" was murdered in his presence; and among the fifty-six wounds which he received, one at least was inflicted by the King's dagger, which was left in the body in order to show his complicity in the transaction.<sup>20</sup>

<sup>20</sup> Writing to Cecil from Berwick on March 27, Drury tells us that "David had fifty-six wounds, whereof thirty-four were in his back. . . . Such desire was to have him surely and speedily slain, that in jobbing at him so many at once some bestowed their daggers where neither they meant it nor were the receivers willing to have it, as one can, for his own good now in this town (a follower to my Lord Ruthven) be too true a testimony, who carries the bag in his hand."—R.O.

## NAU'S NARRATIVE.

Long and minute as these introductory details have become, they are necessary to enable us to enter into the spirit of Nau's account of the events which followed immediately upon the assassination of Rizzio. It begins abruptly at this point,<sup>21</sup> the earlier pages of the narrative having perished. The incidents which are recorded are striking, and hitherto have been unknown. We are introduced to the assassins as they are discussing the measures which are next to be adopted. Darnley was present, and had already begun to show tokens of irresolution and timidity. But they reminded him that he had gone too far to recede, and that the mischief already done could not be undone. His position, said they, required that he should take the lead in their future movements, in order that he might give confidence to the rest. But if he were so faint-hearted as to refuse to carry out their project to its end they, one and all, would support each other without regard to consequences—and they would spare no man.

Alone in the midst of so many murderers the King became much terrified, "for," adds Nau, "he was none of the bravest in time of need or danger." He sent for his father, who was admitted. The conspirators took the matter into their own hands, and now proposed two measures. By the first it was decided before all else, and as absolutely necessary, that the Parliament should be dissolved, and that all the lords who had a vote in it should be sent home. This was done on the next day, being Sunday, and done so effectually that not one of them remained in Edinburgh. The next matter discussed was how they should deal with the Queen. It was proposed that she should be sent to Stirling, "under safe keeping," there to give birth to her child. Lord Lindsay remarked that she would have plenty of amusement there in nursing her baby and singing it to sleep, shooting with her bow in the garden, and doing whatever she liked with herself, so that she would be perfectly happy. In the meantime the King could manage the affairs of state along with the nobles. It was hereupon remarked that there were certain lords who might possibly oppose this plan by force; to which Ruthven rejoined, "Is there no remedy? If these

<sup>21</sup> The original French narrative, in Nau's hand, may be seen in the British Museum, MS. Cott. Cal. B. iv. 94. From this point I have ventured to abridge his text in a few places, preserving, however, the facts which he mentions. In other respects I closely follow the original, notwithstanding its occasional abruptness and irregularity.

men raise any difficulty, or cause any disturbance by attempting to release her, we will cut her into gobbets, and throw her to them piecemeal from the top of the terrace." Some one present having remarked that she was near her child-bearing, "I feel sure," said Ruthven, "and I will stake my life on it, that the baby is only a girl, so there will be no danger. But on this we will consult with my lords Moray and Rothes, for without them we will do nothing."

At length they thus addressed the King. "If you wish to obtain what we have promised you, you must needs follow our advice, as well for your own safety as for ours. If you refuse, we will take care of ourselves, cost what it may." Hereupon they spoke aside and whispered together, which put the King and his father into a marvellous fright. When the conference was breaking up they told Darnley that he must not talk with the Queen save in their presence. They removed his own attendants and left a guard of their own appointment near his chamber.

Perplexed and terrified the King came that night by a private stair to the Queen's bedroom. Finding the door locked he most urgently entreated her to open it, for he had something to tell her which much concerned their mutual safety. But he was not admitted until the next morning. The Queen passed the night in tears and lamentations in the company of the elder Lady Huntley and some other of her attendants, who did their best to comfort her.

Next morning the Earl of Moray came to visit the Queen. He excused himself very urgently and with much circumstance from having had any share in the recent atrocities. He promised to discuss the matter with the lords, whom he advised her to admit next day into her presence. But say what he might, the Queen still refused.

The King passed that night in great uncertainty. He did not know how to escape out of the labyrinth into which he had so imprudently allowed himself to be drawn, urged thereto and tempted by his vanity and ambition. He saw on the one hand how great was the injury which he had inflicted upon the Queen his wife, and on the other the great obligations which she had heaped upon him. He was in terror for his own life, for he saw that he would certainly be ruined if he were compelled to follow the party with which he had identified himself, and from which he could find no safe means of escape. That party was

the stronger of the two. Moray and his followers were his enemies of old ; they had not forgotten the past, and at present they wanted to make use of him in order to involve him in the disgrace and infamy coupled with an act of such atrocity. All this while they had been hindering his reconciliation with the Queen. But Darnley was far too simple to contend with such crafty foxes, whose chief design was the elevation of Moray to the throne, and the deposition of himself and the Queen. Shortly afterwards Moray, when he saw that he could not effect this so speedily as he had imagined, fomented discord between them by underhand dealings, and then recommended a divorce, in order to deprive them of all lawful succession.

On the Sunday morning Darnley came into the Queen's bedroom. Throwing himself on his knees before her—which she was unwilling that he should do—he said, through his tears, “ Ah, my Mary ! ” (for so he used to call her familiarly) “ I am bound to confess at this time (though now it may be too late), that I have failed in my duty towards you. The only atonement I can make for this error is to plead my youth and indiscretion. But since I have now returned to my senses, before it is too late, as I hope, I ask you, my Mary, to have pity on me, have pity on our child, have pity on yourself. Unless you take some means to prevent it, we are all ruined, and that speedily.”

Here he handed to her the secret Articles drawn up between himself and the conspirators, reminding her that if it were ever known that he had done so he would be a dead man. But he wished to free his conscience from this burden.

Although the Queen had not recovered from the agitation and weakness arising from the events of the previous evening, she answered him frankly, for she had been trained never to dissemble, nor was it her custom to do so. “ Sir,” said she “ within the last twenty-four hours you have played me such a game, that neither the recollection of our early friendship, nor all the hope you can now give me of the future, can ever make me forget what you have done. As I do not wish to hide from you the impression which it has made on my mind, I may tell you that I think you will never be able to undo what you have done. You have committed a grave error. What could you keep in safety without me ? Are you aware that I have asked those very persons whom you now court to grant you that very thing which you suppose you can obtain through them and their wicked devices, and that they have refused it ? I have

been more careful about your elevation than you have been yourself. You say you are sorry for what you have done, and this gives me some comfort; yet I cannot but think that you are driven to it rather by necessity than led by the sentiment of a true and sincere affection. I thank God that neither you, nor any one in the world, can charge me with having done aught to displease you, were it not for your own good. Your life is dear to me, and God and my duty oblige me to be as careful of it as of my own. You have placed us both on the brink of the precipice; you must now deliberate how we shall escape the peril."

"Have pity upon me, my Mary," said the poor prince; "I assure you that this misfortune will make me more cautious for the future; nor will I rest until I have avenged you upon those wretched traitors, provided we can escape out of their hands."

Having read the Articles already mentioned, the Queen promised to do all she could for their escape, but said that he too must exert himself. He undertook to procure the removal of some soldiers who had been sent to him to form a guard over the Queen. He advised her to pardon the conspirators, if she should be solicited to do so, in order to mollify them; and said that in the meantime he would try to bring about a compromise. To this, however, she would in nowise consent, remarking, "My conscience will never allow me to promise what I do not mean to perform, nor can I bring myself to tell a falsehood, even to those men who have betrayed me so villainously. You, however, are as much at liberty as I am; if you like you can promise them whatever you please in my name. But as for me, I will never pledge them my faith." The King consented, and he and the Queen separated without their interview being discovered.

Her Majesty was guarded very strictly. She did not taste anything until four o'clock in the afternoon, and then her food was examined very narrowly by Lord Lindsay, who remained close at hand. Next morning, as I have already mentioned, proclamation was made through the town that all the lords who had a vote in Parliament should leave Edinburgh. After they had gone, on the Monday following, the Earl of Moray and some other rebels came to the Tolbooth, and there protested that they were ready to answer the Parliament, well knowing that no one would then venture to accuse them.

During this period, the old Lady Huntley (right glad to retaliate upon Moray), having permission to visit the Queen, gave her a message from the Earl of Huntley, her son, and the other noblemen who had escaped, to the effect that they had raised some troops for her, and that if she could manage to descend from a window (which they would point out to her) by means of a rope ladder, they would be in waiting to receive her. Lady Huntley brought this ladder to the Queen between two dishes, as if it had been some meat for her supper. As they were talking (the Queen being seated upon the *chaise percée*), Lord Lindsay suspected what was going on, came into the room and ordered Lady Huntley to leave it, and not to return. However, she carried away with her, between her body and her chemise (though she was searched from the outside of her dress), a letter from her Majesty to those friendly noblemen. In it she told them that their plan was impracticable, for the guards were placed above her chamber, and opposite the window proposed by the lords for her escape. She asked them, however, to wait for her in a village near Seaton, where she would not fail to keep her tryst with them on the following night, and in the meantime to warn the Earl of Mar, who was in Edinburgh Castle, to hold it for her, and to assure him of her speedy deliverance.

The plan of their escape is due to the Queen's own ingenuity. She sent for the Laird of Traquard, surnamed Steward, captain of her guard. When he came, she spoke with him from the King's chamber, and explained to him the details of her scheme. She meant to descend the wall close to the King's bedroom, and thence to the office of her butlers and cupbearers, all of whom were French. A door was there which opened into the burial-ground. It was insecurely fastened, the lock having been broken. It was sufficiently wide for them to pass, and not higher than the stature of a man. Arthur Erskine, Esquire of the Queen's stables, was warned by the Laird of Traquard to wait near this door about midnight. He was told to bring with him a strong and tall gelding, on which the Queen was to be mounted on a pillion behind him, and two or three other horses for the King and his attendants. All this Erskine did with the greatest accuracy.

The King had spoken to his wife about the terror in which his father, Lennox, was, and observing that she took no heed of what he had said, he reverted to it when they were again

discussing the matter. He entreated her to arrange so that Lennox might escape with them. (In this he showed more than his usual amount of filial affection.) But the Queen would not consent, and she gave him her reasons. Hitherto she had treated Lennox as one of themselves ; but all this he had forgotten, and had joined her enemies. She had given him more than he deserved, and would not now admit him to a share in their plans. He, the King, was her husband, therefore in her conscience she could not abandon him, even in a danger so imminent as the present.

The plan of their escape being thus settled as above mentioned, nothing remained but to make the noblemen who were in the castle acquainted with it.

Here, in passing, I must not forget to mention that the Queen, having gone to the window of her room, as soon as she was noticed by the townspeople and some of her own officers, they all began to shout out loudly and angrily. Hereupon Lord Lindsay came in, and dragged her away from the window, threatening her that if by her presence, or in any other way, she excited any tumult, it would be as much as her life was worth. He said that in the meantime the doors and windows should be closed.

On the following Monday, the King brought his father singly to visit her Majesty, who spoke coldly to him, for she knew that he possessed little of either courage or fidelity. He had fully proved this through the whole of his life, especially upon that occasion when, having received the money of France to aid Scotland, he took up his abode in England, and sided with the enemy.

All the other lords of the same faction as Lennox came to the Queen in her ante-chamber, and being on their knees before her (excepting the Earl of Moray, who speedily arose), they asked her to pardon them. Their spokesman, the Earl of Morton, knelt on the very spot on which David had been murdered, and which was yet red with his blood. This Earl alleged in their excuse that their intention had not been directly hostile to the Queen, but that they were hurried on by an irresistible necessity. If the Parliament had been held, they could not hope to preserve life or property, either for themselves or their children. They owned that they had violated their duty as subjects, but then, the same thing had happened pretty frequently before now. The loss of one mean man, and he a foreigner, was of less consequence than the ruin



of so many lords and gentlemen, who one day might do her many a good, great, and signal service. They promised upon their honour that such would be their future conduct if she would be pleased to forgive them all the past.

Close and cunning in all his dealings, Moray was among the earliest of those who were suspected of the murder of the late David. He swore by his God that he knew nothing of it before his return; and very humbly did he entreat the Queen not to be offended that he had come back without her leave and order. He was ready, he said, to answer any charge which could be brought against him. Next, he recommended to the Queen the case of those noblemen then in her presence. As far as the general good was concerned, they were the most important personages in the whole realm—indeed, every single private subject of her's had a deep interest in the present question. Next he discoursed at great length in praise of clemency, a virtue which he affirmed to be both advantageous and necessary to kings for their own safety and the preservation of the State. He concluded by advising her Majesty to recall the whole of these noblemen to the Court, so as to profit by the great affection which they bore to the King and herself.

This language was very different from that in which they had addressed her two days previously; but they had been persuaded to use this course after a conference with the lords who had escaped. Their greatest strength lay in the King's obvious want of decision, under whose authority they felt that they could no longer shelter themselves.

In answer to these remonstrances the Queen gave them to understand, in the first place, that they had offended her in many ways—by an unexpected attack upon her honour, by casting off her authority, by plotting against the State, and by weakening the love which ought to exist between the King and herself, if indeed they had not ruined it entirely. She could not honestly conceal her sentiments; she considered them the ringleaders in an act of treason, of which they now pleaded that they were not guilty. She put them in mind of the strict obligation by which each individual was bound to her, not only as a natural subject to a lawful sovereign, but still further by the benefits which they had personally received from herself. If she might use the expression, she had shared her crown with them, nor had she ever undervalued their goodwill whenever it had been exhibited towards her.

Addressing herself to the Earl of Morton, she reminded him of his former acts of rebellion against the late Queen, her mother, the late King of France, her lord and husband, and now, more recently, against herself. As soon as it was known that he, Morton, had identified himself with the party of the Earl of Moray, the King and the Earl of Lennox, his father, had urged her to behead him, but she had prevented this catastrophe. She had given him the earldom of Morton, and had intrusted him with the Seals on the forfeiture of the late Earl of Huntley.

As to the lesson which the Earl of Moray wished to teach her on the subject of clemency, her nobility and others of her people had given her frequent opportunities of practising that virtue. She was naturally inclined towards its exercise—indeed, she had been blamed for being too easy rather than too harsh. Many had been encouraged by past impunity to continue in their present evil ways—perhaps to advance still further, hoping they would escape as cheaply now as they had done on former occasions. “I owe justice,” continued she, “to every one, nor can I deny it to those persons who ask it in the name of one who has been murdered. Whatever his rank may have been, the honour to which he had attained as my servant should have protected him from every outrage, especially in my own presence. I do not think, therefore, that I can promise you full pardon for your crime so speedily as you ask me to do ; but if on your part you earnestly endeavour to blot out the past by performing the services which you now promise, I give you my word that on my part I will endeavour to forget what you have done.”

The Earl and his friends answered that this assurance was no security for their safety. Hereupon the Queen, fearing that she might be compelled to go further than she intended, made as though she had been suddenly taken ill, and was in great pain, as if childbirth was at hand. She ordered the midwife to be summoned, who had been in attendance from the previous day ; and retiring into her bed-chamber in great haste, she asked the King to tell the nobles what she would do, as had been arranged between them. Darnley entered more fully into the particulars of the pardon which he and the Queen had agreed upon. Some of the nobility, however, were not satisfied with this ; they thought it nothing but a trick, and in a conference among themselves they ruled that it did not guarantee

their safety. But having consulted the midwife, whom they themselves had appointed, as to the Queen's condition, and having been assured that she was in danger of her life—which the woman firmly believed, for in consequence of the agitation through which Mary had passed the infant was near the birth—they postponed the further prosecution of the matter until the following day.

Next morning, however, was too late, for during the night the Queen and King had escaped, as they had already arranged. The particulars of their flight from Holyrood and journey to Dunbar, together with some confirmatory documents, will be given in the following number.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

## *The Rights of Barbarians.*

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(A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A "PECKSNIFF" AND A "JINGO.")

[THE scene of the following dialogue is laid in the comfortable library of the very respectable "Pecksniff" who is one of the parties in the discussion. The fire is blazing comfortably, lighting up a well-furnished room, surrounded by cases filled with handsomely bound books. The writing table is covered with open letters, despatch-boxes, papers, and books of all kinds in admirable confusion. On the floor by the side of the occupant's chair lie the Blue Books lately issued on the Zulu war, the *Nineteenth Century*, containing Lord Blachford's article, and one or two other publications. The PECKSNIFF turns round to the fire, and soliloquizes :]

*The P.* "The rights of man and the rights of women, the rights of labour and the rights of capital, the rights of property and the rights of tenants, the rights of servants and the rights of masters, the rights of nationalities and the rights of empires——"

[Enter to him softly his old friend the JINGO—he listens for a moment, and then strikes him on the back.]

*The J.* "Empires! well done, old fellow. I am glad to hear you acknowledge that empires have rights."

*The P.* "Ha! playful as usual. You always were. Yes, rights, but duties also."

*The J.* "You old hypocrite! always prosing about duties."

*The P. (continues.)* "The rights of authors and publishers, of artists and critics, of the insane and the intemperate and the fanatical, of men of all kinds and all colours, nay, the rights of animals, of game, of horses and dogs and cats and monkeys and parrots, and of no one can tell what besides—the world is deaf with the clatter which all these claims make in its ears, and if ever there was an age in which the clatter threatened to overwhelm us, it certainly may be said to be the age in which we live. What a pity it would be to add a new claim to the already almost interminable list! And yet it seems as if the

circumstances of contemporary history were likely to force on the more thoughtful part of the English public a new consideration belonging to this subject-matter—a consideration of very great practical importance, both in the present and in the future—in the present, if the policy of this country is to be guided by the principles of moral right and Christianity, and not by the principles of the Pagan imperialism of which we hear a great deal just now, and in the future, if there is a just Providence which rules the world, and which stamps with its brand, in the form of national calamity and signal chastisement, the injustice and cruelty with which the strong, nations as well as individuals, are but too often tempted to think that they may lawfully treat the weak.”

*The J.* “Delighted to hear you say that. That is just the line that we have been taking with so much effect for some time. We have been protecting the weak against the strong, standing up for the rights of nations.”

*The P.* “Especially, of course, the Greeks and the Bulgarians.”

*The J.* “Rascals! no; but the Turks, you know ——.”

*The P.* “I am not now thinking of them. But the extreme tenderness of the humanity of the day protects, at least in our own country, the lower animals from the cruelties which they might otherwise too often have to undergo. Even the man of science, in search of some secret of physiology, is forbidden, or at least threatened with prohibition, to put them to any unnecessary torture. But how is it as to the lower races of mankind? Well, we have emancipated the negro, and we are full of projects for the evangelization of the nations which have not as yet heard of the Christian faith. Exeter Hall will soon be collecting its yearly assemblies of piety and zeal, and not the least enthusiastic of the meetings next May will be those which are called for the support of missions to the heathen. This is very well—but what do we hear about the rights of barbarous nations when they happen to lie on the frontiers and to be inconvenient neighbours of the British Empire? In fact, it may be questioned whether, to the ordinary and inconsiderate mass of Englishmen, it ever occurs that the barbarians with whom we have to do as neighbours can have any rights at all as against the interests of our own empire. This is a serious question, all the more so at a time when we are supposed to be waking up to a sense of our ‘imperial’ position in the

world, and to be ready to adopt a vigorous policy of aggression and conquest in accordance with the necessities, true or imaginary, of that position. In fact, we seem to be taking a leaf out of the book of our much-abused friend the Tsar."

*The J.* "The Tsar! what do you mean?"

*The P.* "I mean that I suppose the late war, from a Russian point of view, was justified, partly by the religious sympathies and fanaticism—if you will—of the Russian people, partly by the aggressive instincts and political necessities of its governors. As to our own wars, it would be unjust to suspect the British public of religious sympathy with any body or any thing except Protestantism or Garibaldism, but it has a strong taste for territorial aggrandisement, and it feels—as we should both allow, to some extent, not unjustly—that our position renders it necessary for us to go on if we are to be safe. England is at the present moment engaged in two wars, in both of which she has been the deliberate aggressor. In each case she has acted as she certainly would not have acted in dealing with any European nation. This is not enough to alter the question of morality, but it is worth while to make this point clear first. In the case of Afghanistan, the war was ostensibly made on the ground of the unfriendliness of the sovereign of the territory which we have invaded, a part of which we have declared our intention to annex, on the ground that some of the subject-tribes have accepted our pay and rebelled against their former ruler, and that we cannot allow these tribes to become his subjects again. It seems to me that we have not allowed Russia to act on this principle, at all events, as to the Bulgarians and Roumelians—but there may be some difference between the two cases."

*The J.* "Go on to the Zulus."

*The P.* "In the case of the Zulus, we declared war because the Zulu king would not, or rather did not, surrender certain supposed offenders to us, but chiefly because he would not agree to disband his army at our bidding, and repeal the marriage law of his kingdom, by which a man was obliged to have fought before he could be allowed the luxury of a wife. Now before we discuss the question as to the policy which dictated these demands, and their enforcement, or their attempted enforcement, by the means of a bloody and destructive war, we may surely agree on the undeniable fact that we are doing in Asia and in Africa what we should not allow any one else

to do in Europe, and what we certainly should not think of doing ourselves."

*The J.* "Not quite so fast. We act on the same unshaken principles of right and honour at home and abroad, in Europe and all the world over."

*The P.* "Surely, I fear, it can hardly be said that we act in Europe on the principle of putting down by force any State that may make laws of its own which tend to strengthen its armies to such a degree as to make them menaces to ourselves. It is our boast, and long may it remain so, to be the only nation in Europe which does not inflict the tyranny of the conscription on its subjects, and which leaves the great mass of its citizens free to follow the peaceful avocations of trade, commerce, or agriculture undisturbed, as long as it likes. The fact that other nations do not do this entails on us an immense taxation for our military and naval forces, but we do not make it a cause of war. We consider that it imposes on us the disagreeable necessity of being always on the alert, always strong enough to resist invasion, and the like, but not that of insisting that the military laws of our continental neighbours should be altered. We should consider that such a policy would be unjust as well as imprudent. Not so long ago, the European world was startled by the news that Prince Bismarck was about to make the reorganization of the French army a *casus belli*, and I have heard that on that occasion the German troops did actually cross the frontier, though no collision took place. The threat of Prince Bismarck was at once recognized all over Europe as the unjustifiable menace of a tyrant, a brutal use of the overwhelming might of the armies which he wields. Russia and England protested energetically, and the danger was avoided by the firm attitude of these two Powers. It cannot for a moment be supposed that the organization of the French army could be less truly a danger to Germany than the marriage law of the Zulus to our own colonists and dependents in South Africa. As to the case of the late Ameer of Afghanistan, it cannot be supposed that any European Power would be allowed to make the refusal to receive an envoy with an armed escort of a thousand men in the capital of a weaker State a reason for invasion and annexation. It appears, then, to be beyond dispute that we assume the right to act in Asia and in Africa on principles which we repudiate and condemn in Europe. No one, whether he is an admirer or a blamer of the Afghan and

Zulu wars, will question these facts, and they are enough to show that it is a recognized principle of our policy, and, probably, of the policy of other European nations, that 'barbarians'—or at least certain barbarians—may be dealt with, and, as some would say, ought to be dealt with, on principles different from those which rule our conduct with civilized nations. It is less invidious to speak in this way, than to make the difference lie in the relative weakness of the nations with whom we thus deal. Now let us see what are the grounds on which this difference of policy and conduct may be justified."

*The J.* "Well, I will grant you that there must be a different rule of policy for European nations and for others. It comes after all to the question, whether this policy of ours to the Afghans and Zulus is wrong or tyrannical or unjust or inhumane, according to the standard which civilized nations in general follow in their dealings with such races."

*The P.* "For instance, the Russians in their dealings with the Turks."

*The J.* "The Turks! They are members of the European society, and must never be mentioned in the same day with the Zulus. The Turks, at all events, wear trowsers—and borrow money."

*The P.* "I am aware that the Turks have the altogether inapproachable superiority over other barbarians, that they have for a long time been the chief scourge of the Christian nations, and that at this present moment they have a large number of the Christians of the East under their mild and beneficent sway. No doubt, the lives and properties and families of their subject-races are not quite safe; no doubt the Turks do not much know how to govern; and a number of other things might be said about them—which must clearly be laid at the door of their enemies. But, after all, barbarians they are and barbarians they will remain, as long as they remain Turks. But I don't want to hurt your feelings. Let us leave them alone and go back to the poor Afghans and Zulus. I quite agree with you that the question is, how far our policy is right and justifiable, and I dare say, that if we set ourselves to work to reason the matter out—it wants three-quarters of an hour to dinner-time, and we may as well sit here over the fire—we shall find that we do not disagree so very much after all."

*The J.* "I don't know that. There's a terrible amount of



sentimentality in the air just now. I almost think that if we had massacred the Zulus instead of having our soldiers massacred by them, John Bull would have got into one of his soft moods, and we might have heard all sorts of unimperial talk about the way in which the war was made. I see that you have been reading Lord Blachford."

*The P.* "Well; never mind Lord Blachford. He makes out a strong case against the present war, no doubt, but I do not see that he takes at all a party view of the matter. The thing is done, and now, has it been done justly? Let us see how we can justify our policy. I will be the devil's advocate, and you shall pull me up if I fail in my duty. The justification of our policy, then, must perhaps be something of this kind. Barbarians, let us say it at once, have not the same rights which we concede to civilized nations. We cannot reckon on them for faithfulness in the observance of treaties and the like. We cannot recognize in their Governments the same stability and responsibility which we acknowledge in others."

*The J.* "We are agreed about that. They are a set of savages in fact, and may be dealt with as such."

*The P.* "Stop a minute. There is a recognized distinction between savages and barbarians, in the sense in which we are speaking. Savages can hardly be said to form a society at all. They are not settled, and their hunting-grounds, and the like, may belong to them in a certain sense, but still we can hardly deal with them on equal terms. On the other hand, barbarians may have a highly organized community and government, a civilization of their own, in fact, like that of the Chinese, or the Japanese, and some Mahometan nations; though, forgive me if I wound you again, I should be inclined to question the right of the Turks to such a rank, though they do wear coats and trousers, certainly."

*The J.* "What do you mean by the distinction between savages and barbarians?"

*The P.* "All I mean is, that not all barbarians are savages. They do not wander in the woods or over the plains of a vast continent, they have arts and trades of a certain kind, they till the ground, and have notions of property, and law, and trade, a settled society, some kind of cultivation, and the like. The Moors of Spain were barbarians in this sense of the word, but not savages. The Bushmen and Hottentots are savages, though they may be barbarians too. Now I suppose that we may say

that in the case of both the nations with whom we have to do in our present wars, we may consider them as barbarians, and not as simple savages. This raises them somewhat above the lowest level, but it does not at once place them on a level with the civilized nations of Europe. In dealing with them, we may assume a certain right to use our power as the stronger, because we represent civilization, and because we cannot treat with their governments as with the governments of civilized communities. Our position gives us certain rights, and so long as we use them with forbearance and equity, we shall not commit injustice. Do I say anything which seems to you objectionable?"

*The J.* "Not yet. But I am rather afraid where that logic of yours may land me."

*The P.* "Don't fear, you are quite safe. Now let us apply our principles. In India we have a large Empire, the safety of which depends in great measure upon our prestige, that is, upon our maintaining in the minds of our subjects the firm conviction that we are irresistible, and that no one can insult us, or do what we consider to be insulting to us, with impunity. We are in danger, moreover, of the aggression of another of the great powers of the world, and it is necessary for us to choose our own frontier, and, if expedient, annex whatever territory may be required to make that frontier secure against such aggressions. These may not be reasons which we should like to act upon, or to see acted upon by others, in Europe, because Europe is a community of civilized nations, while the nations or countries which lie along our borders in Asia are not civilized. We cannot be sure, as I have said, of their observance of treaties that they will secure the safety of envoys unprotected by large escorts, we cannot be sure that they will not play us off against Russia and Russia against us, and so we must act in an arbitrary fashion, use our power as the stronger nation of the two, and settle things according to our own convenience. It is much the same in Africa. We cannot allow the Zulu King to have a large and formidable army on our frontier. The organization of the Zulu nation—for it is little less—into a fighting machine, is a standing menace to our territories and a perpetual danger to our colonists. As long as the present marriage law prevails in Zululand, as long as the whole male population is armed and trained and encouraged to think itself a nation of warriors and nothing else, we shall be compelled to maintain a very large force at a very large expense to protect our own people. In Europe, the fact

that a neighbouring nation has a much larger army than our own, which it can increase almost indefinitely, and at a comparatively small cost of time and money, by means of the conscription, is not considered by us a just cause for war. It imposes on us the necessity of an immense yearly expense, and that burthen is borne cheerfully by our people. It makes it necessary for us to organize a large army of Volunteers, in aid of our regular forces, but we should think it wrong, as well as imprudent, to declare war on France or on Germany unless they modified their systems in this respect. It is a great inconvenience that the European nations will not see the miseries which they entail on themselves in consequence of their mutual jealousies, and of the restless ambition of their leading statesmen. But we do not feel bound to enforce on them better ideas as to the amount of their standing armies at the point of the bayonet. We can do this in Africa—at least we ought to be able to do it, and it is not only within our power, but within our right, that we should do it. In other words, then, there is one law of right between nations who are civilized and another law of right between civilized nations on the one hand and uncivilized nations on the other hand. Uncivilized nations—for it amounts to this—do not hold their territory, or independence, or their power of settling their own laws as to their armies and the conditions of legal marriage and the like, on the same footing with civilized nations and empires which have colonies or dependencies in their neighbourhood. They are in a certain sense outlaws whom any one may plunder or kill without offence; in all their arrangements, even as to the question whether they will trade with us or have diplomatic intercourse with us, the amount and quality of their armaments, and even the inviolability of their territory, they are bound to consider our interests as well as their own—if it would not be fairer to say, our interests before their own. It is preposterous to suppose that we are to be at the expense of maintaining for ever a large force in South Africa, because the Zulus choose to arm and drill their men into soldiers somewhat approaching the European standard in discipline. We have a right to finish the matter off at once, by making them our own subjects and organizing their system of government according to our own will. There—that I suppose is the justification of our proceedings."

*The J.* "Excellent! You have the Imperial instinct after

all. It is difficult to be a true-born Briton and not to feel as one of a mighty race. *Tu regere imperio populos*, and the rest of it. These fellows on our frontiers must be annexed for their own good and for the sake of our position."

*The P.* "Which of the two—for these two things are not quite the same?"

*The J.* "Well, perhaps, a little of both. We shall do them great good by giving them a stable and peaceful government, and we shall secure our own prestige by letting our subjects see that we can do as we like with those who resist us."

*The P.* "But is not the argument from the necessity of keeping up our prestige rather a dangerous one? Why should it be so necessary, if it were not the case that our subjects do not appreciate the benefits of our sway? If we do them so much good by giving them a stable and a peaceful government—with a good deal of taxation—why is it so necessary to act as if they would revolt from us at the first opportunity, and can be kept loyal to us by nothing but the fear of our irresistible power? It seems to me that you are slipping into the famous argument of the Athenians to the Melians. Thucydides, you know ——"

*The J.* "Oh, my dear fellow—*infandum jubes renovare dolorem*. You revive in me the most painful memories. 'Thucydides, Olorus' son, Halimousian, here lies buried.' Let him rest in peace. Those terrible chapters in the fifth book! I remember old Williamson of Merton putting me on in them in the schools at Oxford. Most ungrammatical, but pregnant with thought—like a sermon I heard the other day in Meadow Street. Thucydides must have had a fit of indigestion when he wrote those chapters."

*The P.* "Well, they have always been considered as a most masterly summary of the argument of might against right. The poor Melians asked nothing of the Athenians but to be let alone, and the Athenians replied that that did not suit them. The whole argument as to the 'necessity of prestige' is to be found there. The *Pall Mall Gazette* gives us nothing but Thucydides and water on that delightful subject. But suppose we leave the Melians alone, and go back to our argument. The question which we were discussing was that, not of expediency, but of right. And we agreed that we might fairly claim certain rights on our own part, in consequence of our position, both in Asia and in Africa. Now, would it be too much to concede

that our neighbours, barbarians though they be, may have right of their own on the other side, which we are bound to consider as they are bound to consider ours? Would that be too dangerous a statement for you to admit?"

*The J.* "Well, rights—of a certain kind, no doubt. It would be wrong to invade them and subjugate them and massacre them without a cause. But we must beware of a dangerous sentimentality on subjects of this kind."

*The P.* "Certainly, let us have no sentimentality at all. But, I suppose, if nations and societies have rights as such, which other nations and other societies are bound to respect, it would hardly be sentimental to think that these natural laws—for they are founded on nature—ought to be observed with particular care by stronger nations in their dealings with weaker, and by Christian nations in their dealings with nations that are not Christian?"

*The J.* "I don't like Christianity to be brought into the question at all. I am afraid I may have you pinning me down to the duty of forgiveness of injuries, or of turning the left cheek when the right has been struck, and a number of other romantic things, which are altogether unfit for the wear and tear of common life and the conduct of affairs in the world such as it is. Christianity! what have we got to do with Christianity in our dealings with Afghans and Zulus?"

*The P.* "I should hope that we may have something to do with it, even with Afghans and Zulus. I should hope that our dealings with such poor people may tend, in the long run, somehow or other, to the advancement of Christianity among them. Surely the history of the dealings of Christian nations with savages and barbarians, which fills so large a space in the annals of the last three or four centuries, makes up altogether one of the saddest stories that can be conceived. It seems as if the discoveries of America and of the route to the East by the Cape were kept back by Providence till the Christian nations of Europe were in a condition to act upon the Continents which were thus brought into more easy communication with them, and yet what has been the result? America certainly can call itself Christian, but it is at the cost of immense cruelties and of the extermination of a large part of the nations who were in possession of the Western World at the time of Columbus. The story of European dealings with the East has some very bright pages, lit up by the heroism of St. Francis Xavier and

a whole legion of missionaries who had followed in his footsteps, but the effect of the whole as to the Christianizing of the far East has been a lamentable failure. And a chief cause of the failure has been the conduct of Christian nations as such."

*The J.* "Well, but, my dear fellow, you wouldn't have us all turn missionaries?"

*The P.* "Certainly not, though we might do worse things than that. But we are at all events bound to deal justly and kindly with the nations with whom we come in contact, and to respect their rights as men and as communities."

*The J.* "What do you mean by their rights?"

*The P.* "It would take me very long to give a complete catalogue of their rights. Some of them are not matters of practical discussion at this moment, for, although there is a difference of opinion as to the justice of our present wars, it is quite one thing to question their justice before they were begun, and another to assert that we can now draw back. But these nations when we have conquered them, as it is possible that we shall, have a right to be treated in a manner somewhat different from that in which your old friends the Athenians treated the Melians—putting all the men to death, and making slaves of the women and children. With such nations, victory on our part can mean little less than conquest, but even conquest may be made to take such a form as shall respect them as communities. The effect on them of a war with us must be the disintegration of the loose sort of political society which at present exists among them. Thus one of the dangers of a war with them is, that we may find ourselves almost forced to govern them after it. We begin by having no intention but to make ourselves safe, and then we find out that to do this, we must become their masters. This has happened to us so often that we ought by this time to be well acquainted with the necessity. It is a serious matter to provide such races with a new government, and yet we must either subjugate them or do this. We cannot exterminate them, as in the case I mentioned just now. It may be very inconvenient that they should exist, but there they are, they are upon our hands, and all by our own choice. And we must not treat them in a way which is disgraceful to a Christian nation. In such cases, it seems as if we might fairly distinguish between the people and the Government—as the devout Emperor William declared his intention of doing the other day, when he invaded

France. The people have no part in the law-making or in the war-making. If we rid them of a tyrannical dynasty, it cannot do them any great harm. If we can truly improve them in civilization, and much more, if we can make our conquest of them a means of making their conversion more easy, we shall have done them a great good. I have been looking half the morning to find if any of our modern philosophers give us any theory about the rights of barbarians, and I confess I can find but little under that special head, and so I am left to the conclusion either that barbarians have no rights, which is absurd, or that they have all the natural rights of civilized communities, except where some particular circumstances come in to deprive them of such rights. One of the clearest rights which one community has upon another, is that war shall not be made on it without a just cause, and, as I have said, it is by no means certain that the mere fact, that a nation is formidable to another by its military organization, can be considered as a just cause for war. There must at least be some evidence to prove a distinctly hostile intention, on the part of the power which is attacked for fear it should be too strong. It may be said, perhaps, that in the case of barbarians on the frontiers of civilized communities a hostile intention may always be presumed, especially when the history of the barbarian state is like the history of the Zulus. That may be. I am not concerned to judge Sir Bartle Frere, and you see by the last despatches which have been published that the Government does not approve of his aggression on the Zulus. I am speaking of things more in the abstract. We ought never to admit the doctrine which is so great a favourite with officers in command on frontiers such as ours in South Africa, and, perhaps, with the colonists themselves, whose interest it is to get rid of all possible danger in their own neighbourhood at the expense of the Imperial Government. I mean the doctrine that we are never to have duties towards, and peaceful relations with, such nations as those we are speaking of, except as their undisputed masters. We owe them goodwill and friendship, all the more if we come as strangers into their country or their neighbourhood, we owe them good faith and equity, we are to respect their persons and their property, and not to hunt them down like so many wild beasts, not to cheat them out of their lands by bargains which they do not understand and which are iniquitous in themselves, and we are

certainly to protect them against the aggressions of our own subjects. This is the great crime of the United States against the Red Indians, with whom they have made a score of treaties, which they have not enforced on their own settlers. In the case of South Africa, the Imperial Government, of which you are so fond, may find its chief work to be, in the long run, the protection of the native races. It will not be so difficult, perhaps, there, because it may be long before the immigration of Europeans assumes proportions so great as to be unmanageable by the Central Government. Africa is more likely to be a second India than to be a second America. So much the better. If the Zulus are to go the same way with the New Zealanders and other once flourishing tribes, it will not be to the credit of the Imperial race of Englishmen."

*The J.* "Well, you see, they have fought us, and must take the consequences."

*The P.* "Yes, they have fought in self-defence, as we should have done ourselves. The blame of the war may not lie at the door of our Government or of the nation at large, but it hardly rests with the Zulus—at all events, except in the fact that they are the Zulus. If we treat them severely, when we conquer them—as of course we shall—Providence will avenge them."

*The J.* "Ah! my dear fellow—there you are with your sentimentality again."

*The P.* "There are three nations in Europe to whom, under Providence, the new worlds opened to us in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were committed—Spain, Portugal, and Holland. These three nations are at this moment the weakest in Europe. They have lost, in great measure, their Empires, and they are smitten with a kind of paralysis. Do you wish so see England reduced to the same level?"

*The J.* "Come, my dear fellow, you must not begin to preach. I am somewhat of an Athenian in these matters of national responsibility and Providence. But here comes your good wife to tell us that we must get ourselves decent for her dinner-table."

*The P.* "Yes, but I dare say she may also ask you, for our Catholic ladies are great beggars of late, to give her something for the support of the new South African Missions. I hope that may not be against your principles? You see that the new field, which has lately been laid open to us in the centre



of Africa, seems to offer about the last opportunity that the nations of Christian Europe can ever have of doing their duty to the heathen on a large scale by the propagation of the faith. I fear that all that is now going on will hardly do much towards helping on this holy cause. You know too, perhaps, that it is thought by many that the best hope of getting at the teeming populations of Central Africa lies in approaching them from the south and the south-east—that is, more or less along the line which this war is likely to close to missionaries for a time, it seems hardly probable ——.”

*The J.* “Hope I see you well, my dear madam. We have been having a little amicable discussion about the rights of barbarians. Your good husband is, I fear, a little chimerical in his desires, but you know that my little mite is always at the service of any good work in which you are interested.”

[*Exeunt Omnes.* The Jingo, as he ascends the stairs to his dressing-room, hums slowly and thoughtfully to himself the popular air, *We don't want to fight, &c.*]

## *Anemone.*

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### CHAPTER XXV.

#### FROM MOUNT CARMEL TO LONDON.

GEOFFREY ARDEN was determined not to allow his uncle to get rid of his property and position as the old man seemed to intend. He returned to the charge the morning after his arrival at Mount Carmel, and set before Father Laurence the happy life of retirement and rest which he might lead at Arden's Clyst, surrounded by people who would soon come to reverence him, and towards whom he would have every opportunity of exercising charity and beneficence. Such a beautiful old age! Geoffrey became quite eloquent on the topic. To this his uncle only replied by his usual smile. Then, did not Father Laurence think that he might help on the interests of his own religion in England? The Catholics in Devonshire were so few as to be hardly worth speaking about, but still another nobleman of their creed might be of great use to them, and certainly to their body in the whole country. But again the old man quietly smiled. Then Geoffrey began to speak of his own feelings. He said that he did not deserve the wonderful kindness of which he was the object, and did not wish to accept it while his uncle was alive,—possibly even poor and in need, with no one of his own to care for him. His life had already been one of great hardship, and it might be so hereafter, even now that his health was broken down. Could he not come to England, and let Geoffrey take care of his declining years? He might make over the management of the estate to himself, retaining the control of the income, or, if he liked, of a certain fixed sum. For Geoffrey himself anything would be better than, while he could go on working at his profession, to be rolling in ease, while his uncle was making himself a beggar to benefit him.

Then, at last Father Laurence spoke seriously. "Dear boy," he said, "I love you very much, for the sake of your father, as

well as for your own sake. He was my dearest brother, and we were of one heart and soul—as long as we were together. But I must not let you think that what I have done is for your sake, or for the sake of any one but myself, or, as I hope, our Lord. I love you, dear Geoffrey, I hope, quite enough to give you the estate over and over again, if it were now mine to give. But in my conscience it is not mine, and I am not making you any personal gift, nor putting you under any personal obligation. It would be the same to me if the estate were to pass to some one else whom I have never seen or heard of. I could not be what I am, and have God for my inheritance, if I retained any part of it or any control of it. This is why it is nothing to me that it might be used for good, or that it might save me from suffering. I could not take it back, if I knew you were going to use it badly, or against religion. It is not mine to take. I am like a dead man to all these things, and that is the whole account of the matter. It is yours, and not mine, just as much as if your father had been my elder brother. The deed of gift, which I had drawn up so many years ago, was simply a precaution in order that there might be no legal troubles, if by any chance I ever became the heir. They won't call you 'my lord' as long as I am alive, but I cannot help that, and it won't do you much harm. That is all, dear boy; what you are to have is not a gift from me, though I would give it you willingly—it is your own."

It was not easy for Geoffrey to understand all that his uncle meant, but the fact soon became clear enough, that the estates had passed to him, and that he had nothing to do but to take them. Most men of his standing would have accepted the situation with the most lively satisfaction, and would very soon have had their heads full of plans for the future use of their newly-gotten position. Geoffrey was soured by all that had happened of late—by the strange calamity which had fallen on Blanche, by the desolation of the poor children, by the practical defeat, as it seemed to be, of his ambition of making his way up for himself as the first Lord Clyst-Arden had made his, and by the comparative inactivity to which he seemed likely to be condemned. If he had a strong passion, it was ambition. Then, again, somehow, nothing had pleased him of late—though his happiest recollections were of the quiet time which he had spent at Foxat with Blanche and Anemone. The truth must be said, too, that the slight glimpse which he had of the Holy

Land, for he had gone for a day or two to Jerusalem on his way to Mount Carmel, had not impressed him favourably. There was nothing grand or romantic—nothing that seemed worthy of the historic and religious memories which were connected with the spots he had visited in so great a hurry. Everywhere there was squalour, poverty, misery, dirt. Every one seemed to look on him as a man who was possessed of money to be given away, and to be very anxious to get a share of it. He was shocked even at the meanness of the Holy Sepulchre, as it seemed to his eyes to be, and he could not worship there at his ease. He was incredulous about Bethlehem and the shrine of the Nativity, for he had read the ordinary Protestant books on these subjects, and he came to the sacred places full of a spirit of scepticism and criticism. He had even got to think that there was something in the most absurd of all the theories that have ever been broached on the subject by ignorance and presumption—that which maintains that the Mosque of Omar marks the site, not of the Temple, but of the Holy Sepulchre. Theories of this sort do little harm at a distance, and are generally not thought much of by scholars who are not blinded by prejudice—but now and then they make a serious difference, even to the spiritual history of a soul that is in a state of unconscious trial on religious questions. This was Geoffrey's state just now. In his talks with Anemone on religious subjects he had had no purpose at all, he had simply given her the answers which were sure to occur to a clever, logical, and fairly thoughtful mind like his. Anglicanism had no real hold on him, for, hitherto, he had had no personal reasons for wishing it to be true, and he was too independent in his reasonings to feel the glamour of poetry and antique beauty which the *Christian Year* had thrown over it, with so much success on persons who were disposed, like the author of that volume, to make feeling do duty for a great deal of logic. But all he had gone through of late made him ill at ease in his independence and self-reliance, and he resented what troubled him. We are not writing his panegyric, we are only his historians.

Geoffrey's companion, Mr. Morton, was a well-informed man, but he was possessed by a thoroughly sceptical spirit on matters of religion. Thus he had no capacity for understanding high motives. He could not believe that Father Laurence's surrender of his patrimony could come from anything short of a kind of derangement, if it was not all hypocrisy. He

talked about it to the other visitors, of whom at this time there were a few at the monastery, and somehow he got to hear that there had been cases in which religious persons had been forced by their Superiors to accept fortunes which had come to them unexpectedly, "for the good of religion." He told Geoffrey what he had heard, and Geoffrey immediately asked for permission to speak to the Superior of the monastery. He laid the case before him, and asked him whether it would be possible for his uncle to have some order given to him which would release him from the obligation of his vow of poverty. The Superior smiled, much as the Father himself had smiled at the entreaties which had been addressed to him, and then he told Geoffrey, quietly and civilly, that he at all events could do nothing of the kind. Nothing of that sort could be done anywhere but at Rome. But he advised the young English gentleman to leave the matter alone. "Your uncle," he said, "will never hear of it, and it would not be done against his strong opposition. Besides, there is no reason for it."

"Surely, Father," said Geoffrey, "it would be a great advantage to your Order to have a rich member and patron? I do not know much about these things, certainly, but I have always understood that the Catholic body in England is needy and poor, and that especially some of the Orders, which have been introduced from abroad of late, find it hard to live."

"Hard enough, in all conscience," said the Prior. "But we manage to rub on somehow, by the help of friends. Our great need is men, and money cannot give us them. Our vocation is one which requires much courage and a fairly strong frame to begin with. No doubt we should be very glad to have a few thousands of pounds coming in, to pay our debts and to build our churches and convents with. Oh, yes! we could spend the money fast enough, and well enough—though some people do say that we always make a mess of it when we have any large sum. But we prefer your uncle to his money. We should not have men like him if we were to get rich, and to allow our subjects to be released from their vows because they come in for a fortune. Be kind to the poor Carmelites when you come across them, my dear sir, but leave your uncle in peace."

Then, as a last thought, Geoffrey went off to his uncle and asked him to give him some directions as to the application of a certain fixed sum annually for the benefit of the Order. "I shall owe it to you, you know," he said, "even though you may

not have intended me in particular to have it. And now I will set apart so much a year to be spent as you choose to spend it; it shall be at your disposal. Only tell me what to do with it."

His uncle again laughed. This time it was not merely a smile. He asked Geoffrey if he had ever read the Life of St. Francis Xavier. "If you have not, you will find it very pleasant reading," he said. "But what I want to remind you of, or to tell you that you remind me of, is this. St. Francis was, as you know, the founder of Christianity in Japan, and there are even now, we are told, some congregations of Christians there who have kept up their traditional faith as he taught it to them during two centuries of proscription of the Catholic religion, without any priests to help them or to administer the sacraments to them. Well, when he was in Japan, he held some disputes with the Bonzes, of which the most complete account that we possess comes from the work of the famous Portuguese traveller Mendez Pinto, of whom you have perhaps heard. Mendez was present at the conferences between St. Francis and the Bonzes, and he records that the Father was able to give satisfactory answers to some most subtle objections against religion which were made, but that his own poor brain was unequal to the task of remembering what those answers were. But he says that Father Francis was so surprised at their subtlety, that he turned to his friends and bade them observe how the devil suggested to these poor heathens, who were working on his side against the truth, the most difficult arguments which the learned theologians of the Church had often found it hard to meet. You, my dear Geoffrey, are not quite like one of these Bonzes, and I have no doubt that you would be surprised to find yourself on the side of the devil. But you have put one of the most crafty temptations before a poor fellow like me, who have made a vow of poverty. No doubt it may seem to you strange that I should tell you that it would be wrong of me to give you any orders, or anything that might be considered an order, as to the spending of your money. It is yours and not mine, and I can only say, follow your own conscience, and use it for the glory of God. If it should make you more disposed to help on some poor Irish beggar, or some convert turned out of house and home, for the sake of your love for your poor old uncle, it will do you no harm. I hear that the social persecution, which has always raged more or less against converts, is setting in again, and

nothing of that kind surprises me. Our Fathers never write from England but they have some tale to tell of Anglican cruelty of this kind. And I know well enough that the converts are often the most helpless members of families. But as to giving you any directions, I must decline that altogether. If I ever come to England, which is not likely to happen, I shall come and beg an alms of you if I want it; it may be even a night's lodging and a crust of bread, if I pass near Arden's Clyst. But the next time we meet it will probably be in the Valley of Jehoshaphat."

A few days later, Geoffrey took his leave of his uncle. The deed of gift seemed to be well enough drawn, and it had been duly attested by the consul of the place where it had been drawn up. A chance made him determine to take a look at Egypt before going back to England, and after a hasty scamper up to the Pyramids, he found himself at waiting at Port Said to catch the Peninsular steamer home. He had been away from newspapers for a good fortnight, and, on returning to them again, he found that a political storm was brewing in England, and that a General Election was to take place in a few weeks. An old friend of his father's and his own, Sir William Dundee, a man of middle age, who had gone out some years before as an Indian judge, and was now returning with a pension which was quite adequate to his moderate wants, was a passenger in the same steamer. Sir William was a fierce politician of the same political party to which the Ardens belonged, though it must be confessed that up to this time Geoffrey himself had never shown any very decided colours. But there was no withstanding Sir William's zeal. He had kept up his intimacies with his political leaders during the years of his exile, and now he chafed at the resolution to which he had come of taking the sea voyage by Gibraltar and the Bay of Biscay, in preference to the shorter route by Brindisi. He was burning to be in England to see if he could get into Parliament, and he fairly talked Geoffrey into an interest in the turmoil of political strife which he had never felt before.

Parties in England are becoming so very much alike in their principles, that it is not difficult in our day for men of education and culture to join one or the other almost by chance. At least Geoffrey had often said to himself that he could go into Parliament almost as easily on one side as on the other. He liked remaining faithful to the ancestral creed, but his convictions did

not force him to choose one more than the other. His talk, like that of most men of his standing, was usually on the more liberal and philosophical side of the questions of the day, but he saw no reason why Liberal measures should not be carried by the Conservatives as well as by those who called themselves by the name of Liberal. He had never yet pledged himself in public, and he could have begun political life as a Liberal-Conservative or as a Conservative-Liberal indiscriminately. It seemed as if his fortune was to come all at once, for just when he had returned to London and was beginning to set himself to the work of his profession, which he had determined not to give up, he was asked to stand for one of the boroughs in his own county on the Liberal side, and as the seat seemed quite safe, especially for a man who had a name already famous in connection with the county, he accepted the offer. He was not asked to pledge himself up to the teeth to any of the many popular "fads" of the day, and he was able with a very safe conscience to look forward to taking his seat on the independent benches, if he should be returned. At the moment when the offer was made him, there seemed no likelihood even of a contest.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE POSTULANT'S MISSION.

THE few weeks which had passed since the breaking up of the little party in whom we are interested from Foxat, had been spent by Anemone in a much quieter way than by Geoffrey. It had long been her wish that her brother and sisters should come to live with her for a time, when she went to make her first sojourn as mistress at her new home. It had been arranged by Mrs. Bridgeman that Nessop, the place which was the centre of the property which was to pass into Anemone's hands, should be put at her unreserved disposal after she was nineteen. Anemone was now almost twenty, and as yet she had not visited her new possession since her aunt's death. It happened just now that John and Annie wanted to be away from home for some months, in order that some alterations might be made which required that the house should be given over to the mercies of the bricklayers, and the opportunity was taken by Anemone to renew her proposal. So it was arranged that the



whole household, except a few servants, should be transferred bodily to Nessop, for three months at least. The circumstances of mourning under which they were—though Blanche and her cousins were no very near relations—made it easy for them to begin Anemone's reign in comparative quiet.

Nessop—unlike so many places in histories of this voracious kind—was not one of the most beautiful places in the kingdom. It had been built by Mr. Bridgeman, and he had not lived long enough in its possession to see his trees and plantations grow up. His widow had been an invalid for years, and had not much interest in embellishing it. Thus, when Anemone became its mistress, there was a great deal to be done to make it all that it might be. The house was comfortable and roomy, but the grounds and gardens required attention. There were some houses near which were to be planted out, and the view from the front windows was bare and lacking in beauty. It was clear that it was a new place; but it looked stately, unsheltered as it was, and the ground about it was well enough shaped for the clothing of woods and detached trees which a resident owner of taste would soon be sure to give to it.

About a mile off there lay a large town, nearly as new as Nessop itself. It had sprung from a village into its present importance in consequence of a railway junction of some magnitude which had been fixed near it, and also on account of some mines which had been opened within the last ten years. But times were now hard with the good people of Nessaton, and there would be ample scope for charity and religious zeal in providing for their wants of all sorts. The place had been seized upon by a High Church clergyman some years before, who had built a large new Church and had invited Mother Sophronia to send some of her Sisters to help him in his work. Mr. Bridgeman had owned a good part of the new town, and thus Anemone became more or less charged with the charities of the place. There was thus plenty of work for John and his sisters in helping her in the various plans which were to be carried out for improvements of every kind. John was very fond of landscape gardening, and had from his youth been familiar with the questions as to trees, and soils, and drainage, and the like, which occupy so much of the thoughts of English gentlemen who have the good taste to live at home for the greater part of the year. Cissy and Rose, as well as Annie, whose time was somewhat occupied with her nursery, were quite in their

element in the more sublime matters of clothing clubs, school feasts, and other works of the same sort.

Mother Sophronia, one of whose characteristic virtues, according to her director, was far-seeing and enterprising boldness, had conceived an idea, from her short acquaintance with Anemone, that that young lady would suit her very well as a possible subject. It would be very convenient for the work of the sisterhood at Nessaton to have the lady of the place an "out-Sister," if not one of themselves. Mother Sophronia was at Nessaton when the Wood family arrived at Nessop, and she lost no time in making her presence known to Anemone and her sisters. She was not quite sure of John, but fear was not a motive that had much to do with her ordinary proceedings. One of her latest recruits was a Miss Foster, the daughter of a clergyman, whose living lay near Woodsgore, and who was well known to the family. Miss Foster was not very strong, and her delicacy of health was made a matter of comment on the first occasion on which Anemone, Cissy, and Rose presented themselves at the convent, where Mother Sophronia was staying. Anemone did exactly what Mother Sophronia wanted. She immediately pressed Miss Foster to come and rest a little in the finer air of Nessop. Mother Sophronia demurred at first. It was not usual for the Sisters to visit out of their convents. Other Orders did not mind trusting their subjects to the world for a time, but hitherto she had not allowed it. However, Miss Foster was only a postulant as yet, and perhaps "our Father"—that is, the famous Doctor Nebulosus, of whom mention has incidentally been made more than once—might consent under the circumstances. In a house like Miss Wood's there could be little danger. So the good doctor was written to, and as he never thwarted anything that he saw to be the wish of his "dutiful child, Sophronia," the desired permission came in due time. Two or three years back, John, then an unmarried man, had known Miss Foster as a very pleasant dancer at the balls in his neighbourhood, and had paid her some little attentions from time to time. He had no objection to make to her presence at Nessop, though Annie felt it rather troublesome that the family party should be broken in upon, just as they had got their Nem to themselves again. No one could tell how long they might have her in this way. Still, it was an act of kindness, and Annie's heart was soft enough never to decline such an opportunity.

Miss Foster then came, a fresh, pleasant girl, full of enthusiasm for her "vocation," and of devout faith in Mother Sophronia and the Doctor Nebulosus. She talked and joked freely and naturally enough with John, and was soon a general favourite. Annie's heart was easily won by her devotion to the baby. The night before she left the convent, she had had a long interview with the Reverend Mother. Mother Sophronia was full of her own admiration for Anemone. She praised her a little at random, it must be confessed, for she had seen very little of her—but she said quite enough to impress Isabel Foster with the idea that she regarded Miss Wood as a very favoured soul, who was destined to great things in the service of the Church. If she only walked straight along the path which lay before her! That was the great boon to be prayed for in cases like hers. "I think of her a great deal, dear child," she said, "she is one of a thousand. It would be a great grace if we could save her from the world, with her deep and strong character. I must trust to you to let her see how happy the religious life can make even those who are only beginning it."

Isabel did not need any more direct prompting than this to make her quite ready to pour herself out to Anemone on the beauties of her "vocation." She felt as if she had been sent on an apostolic mission. The delicate flattery which was contained in Mother Sophronia's eulogies was also duly administered. But Anemone never believed that she deserved any of the praise that she got. As to the other matter, Isabel's glowing language surprised her, for she had an instinct that these things had better be kept secret, and not talked about. Moreover, she heard that young lady speak in the same strain of language to John and others in public, and this did not quite please her—all the less, because she felt in her own heart that it was founded upon truth. Anemone had never heard so plainly put the doctrine of the Church about the different vocations of souls, the duty of following Divine calls, the blessings of the higher lines of life, of celibacy, of heavenly communion, and, above all, of religious vows. On all these matters Isabel was eloquent, and her hearer's heart seemed to respond to what she said, as if it felt that nothing else could be true, although it was all so new. Such is the privilege of simple souls—it matters so little to them how the truth comes home to them, as it mattered nothing to the wise kings whether it was the star, or Herod, or the chief priests that guided them on their way. Miss

Foster's "mission," as we shall see, did not issue altogether gloriously for that young lady herself, but she taught Anemone a number of truths which she never forgot. Just as Geoffrey had helped her to see many new things about the Church, so Isabel helped her to think more deeply and see more clearly the question of a choice of life.

It is not quite certain whether it was with Mother Sophronia's full leave and knowledge that Isabel had with her some of the works of St. Teresa when she went to stay at Nessop. Anyhow, it was by her means that Anemone first made the acquaintance of this great Saint, and it was an event in her life as important as any that we have recorded. Mother Sophronia was very fond of St. Teresa, and some people had even been foolish enough to tell her that she was herself the counterpart of the Saint of Avila. How much she understood of the mystical writings of the Saint, it would be difficult to say. But she quoted her constantly to her own Sisters, and applied, not very judiciously, some of her maxims in their government. Anemone borrowed of her friend St. Teresa's *Life* and the *Book of the Foundations*, and that was quite enough for her. It seemed to her as if a new world had been opened to her. She could understand little as yet, indeed, about the states of prayer of which the Saint wrote. It was her own character which fascinated her—the simplicity, the strength, the perfect reasonableness, the sublimity, the courage, and above all the faith in God, which shone in every line. Nothing startled her, nothing seemed impossible or improbable, with such a faith as that.

Isabel used to come to her room at night when the family had retired. And perhaps these two young girls—for Isabel was but a couple of years older than Anemone—sat up later than was good for them, talking over the subject which had so deep an interest for each. We need not enter into details, for the sequel of our story will show quite sufficiently what came of these long conversations, for one at least of the pair engaged in them. One of the injunctions which Isabel had received from the Reverend Mother had been to write to her every day, and we may be sure that she was not quite silent as to the effect which had been produced on her friend by her intercourse with her, and her discourses on the advantages of the virginal life of consecration to God. At the same time, Isabel felt herself very comfortable at Nessop. Her health

improved sensibly, but that was not all. She felt quite at home, everybody was very kind to her, she was made a great deal of. She was rather elated at the idea of having a mission. She built castles of all kinds in the air, in each of which she herself figured as an apostle and Anemone as a humble follower of her sublime teaching. As for Anemone herself, she was only more thoughtful than usual. Cissy and Rose began to wonder what had come to her, and whether it might really be true that she had been smitten with some engrossing feeling in her visit in Devonshire.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

### NOT QUITE SO SUBLIME.

WE must now turn to the other side of the picture of these few weeks at Nessop. An old acquaintance of our readers came into the neighbourhood about this same time. Mr. Bellicent, as has been said, was somewhat hastily got rid of by Mr. Westmore, but he soon found another engagement with the clergyman of Nessaton. Mr. Bellicent had a fair fortune of his own, and was not disinclined to work. When he appeared at Nessaton, he had dropped his connection with the "Apostles of the Poor," and was not quite so advanced in his Ritualism as when he was at Osminster. He was soon deep in active work among the poor, and the *dilettante* air which he had worn in his first curacy was not longer discernible. Anemone got John to invite him—for though she sat at the head of her own table, she made John do duty, in some respects, as the master of the house—and he soon became a rather constant visitor. Cissy and Rose did not like him, but Isabel seemed to find him very agreeable—much to John's amusement.

Mr. Bellicent told Anemone a good deal more about Alice than she had heard before. He kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Barker, and Mr. Hornsea, getting from the former the gossip of the town, from the latter a few caustic sentences now and then, which contained a great deal in a small compass. There was a mystery kept up as to Alice's health, which was always given as the reason why no one was allowed to see her. Her children were still kept away, at a farm in the country. Emily and Charles had been away too, for some time, on a visit to Lady Susan Bland. The townspeople were indignant at the

hardships which, as it was supposed, were inflicted upon Alice. Mr. Westmore, however, paid no attention to anything, and had gone on preaching violent sermons against Popery and Ritualism. He spoke of himself as a deeply-injured person, and would have nothing to do with Father White.

John Wood, as his sister thought, was a little hard on Isabel. He soon got on his old familiar footing with her, and seemed to delight in reminding her of the dances and pic-nics and games at croquet in which she had been a principal figure. She was by no means unwilling to talk of all these things, and then, when he had led her on to some statement about dress or enjoyment of an innocent kind, he would turn round on her and ask her pardon for mentioning such secular matters in her presence. He caught her in this way several times, and then quizzed her unmercifully behind her back. "I mean to make her play lawn-tennis with me, before she goes away," he said. "I am not sure I shall not get her to dance."

He did really succeed as to the lawn-tennis, in which the delicate invalid showed a returning robustness and animation which did credit to the care which her friends had bestowed on her health. As to the dancing, he was not quite so successful, but he had some reason for saying that he was near success. He got Anemone to play a waltz one evening, when the whole party were seated or standing round the open window of the drawing room, which gave upon the lawn. Then he got Cissy and Rose to set off waltzing together. So far his plan went well, and then he approached Miss Foster, as a matter of course, with his arm ready. The whole thing was done so rapidly, that Isabel was actually placing her hand on his shoulder, when Anemone stopped playing, and thus saved her unconscious friend from the trap which had been laid for her.

But after all, Miss Foster's visit gave John a great and unexpected triumph, which we are bound to commemorate, as it relates to the termination, in an orthodox manner, of the career of one at the least of the *dramatis personæ* with whom this tale commenced. One afternoon, the day before Miss Foster's visit was to come to an end, Anemone had driven that young lady in her pony carriage to see a famous view, and on entering the grounds at a distant lodge, a mile and a half from the house, they fell in with John and Mr. Bellicent, who had been taking a long walk. The two gentlemen were evidently in a hurry, and it soon transpired that Mr. Bellicent had mis-

calculated his time, and was due for an afternoon service in the church at Nessaton within less than half an hour of the time when the ladies met them. The incumbent was absent for the day, and if Mr. Bellicent could not be landed at Nessaton in time, the congregation would be kept waiting and might even have to disperse. John immediately proposed to seize on the vehicle for the benefit of the clergymen. But then the question arose as to accommodation. There was only a very small seat behind for a boy, and his presence had been dispensed with by Anemone. It was quite clear that Miss Foster could not be allowed to walk home, while Anemone was always ready for a walk. John wanted her moreover to look at a spot which he had selected for some proposed plantations. So it was inevitable that the young clergyman should drive the postulant Sister to the house and then go straight on at once to his church, sending a boy back with the pony chaise. The arrangement was made in a minute, and the pony carriage sped on its way.

As soon as the pair were out of hearing, John turned to his sister with his face brimming over with fun. "Look at them, Nem,—a happy couple already, in a pony chaise too—all in the most regular fashion."

Anemone was indignant. "You old goose," she cried, "She's going to be a nun, and is as good as one already."

"So was he going to be a monk, but he's given that up. I assure you he's a very nice fellow, and talks like a man of more experience than he possesses. He told me this very afternoon that he thought the Anglican system might be strained beyond its powers by all these extreme things. And he certainly has a great liking for Isabel—and she for him."

Anemone would not admit anything of the kind. But she could not conceal from herself, though she would not mention it to her brother, that Isabel had been in very low spirits during her drive, and that for the last day or two she had seemed to be regretting the end of her visit to Nessop more than was quite natural in a very enthusiastic novice. She had even confided to Anemone that afternoon her great alarm at what she had just heard in a letter from Mother Sophronia—that she was herself likely to be sent at once to another house of the Order in the south of England, where the climate was thought to be less rigorous than that of Nessaton. This announcement on the part of Mother Sophronia was hardly consistent with her far-famed prudence—for she might just

as well have waited till she had Isabel safe in the convent before she made it. So however it was, and it was not altogether without cause.

Cissy and Rose had been in Nessaton the day before, and had paid a visit to the convent, where they were always welcome. They spoke of the great improvement in Miss Foster's health, and mentioned incidentally that she had even taken part in their game at lawn-tennis. Mother Sophronia's face was not quite so radiant as usual at this intelligence. She said nothing, however, to her visitors. But her next letter to her postulant was rather cold and scolding in tone. Somehow or other, too, she had noticed in Isabel's letters a rather frequent reference to Mr. Bellicent. There had been less enthusiasm than usual about her "vocation." Mother Sophronia was not pleased, and her displeasure was quite sufficiently evident to Isabel. Then had come the intimation that her "dear child" might have to go at once to the house on the south coast, already mentioned.

While John and his sister were walking quietly home, the couple in the pony-carriage were making the most of the short time of companionship which chance had placed at their disposal. Mr. Bellicent naturally began by bemoaning the approaching return of his companion to her convent.

"I fear we shall see little of one another now," he said. "We are not permitted to visit freely at the convent."

Then Isabel told him that she was to go away immediately.

Mr. Bellicent was thunderstruck. What on earth could they mean by sending her away? and so soon. "I was in hopes that one might see you occasionally, at all events."

Isabel sighed. "I hoped so too," she said. Then there was a pause.

"Is it your own wish?" he said.

"Certainly not," she said, looking down and blushing at the same moment.

Mr. Bellicent caught the blush on her cheek, though she did not mean it. Then they drove on in silence for some time longer. They were now within half a mile of the house, at the door of which he was to leave her.

Perhaps if Mr. Bellicent had had more time to think over what he was about, he would not have done anything else but what he did. But he would probably have done it in a very different way. He would have sat down, perhaps, and persuaded



himself first, and then have written a long letter to persuade the young lady afterwards, that he and she could do more good in the world and follow their respective vocations more securely by marrying one another than by remaining as they were, with these mutual feelings. He might have gone into all sorts of antiquarian matters as to the freedom of the clergy to marry, or he might have spoken of the immense good that might be done in a district like that which he had under his charge by a lady such as Isabel, living with him as his wife. He might have thrown a very ecclesiastical air over a very common-place proceeding, and found sublime reasons for a very ordinary termination of the tender acquaintance which the last fortnight had originated. But he was driving the young lady at a rapid pace over the well-gravelled road to Nessop, and there was no time to be lost. What did he say? The actual words which passed between these two young persons, it is not our purpose to chronicle. But the result of the communications which passed between them may be gathered from the fact that Isabel on the following morning left Nessop, not for the convent, but for her father's house, and that after a few days Mr. Bellicent followed her at the express invitation of that gentleman himself. After a few weeks were over, all the world at Nessaton knew that the new curate was going to be married, and that the name of his bride was Miss Isabel Foster.

## *Catholic Review.*

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### I.—NOTES ON THE PRESS.

#### I.—THE ADDRESS OF THE HOLY FATHER TO THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

*From the Civiltà Cattolica.*

WITH deep delight and heartfelt consolation we rejoice, dear children, to see you gathered here to-day from all parts of the earth, in answer to the expressed desire of an esteemed Prelate of our household, in order to offer to Us as we enter upon the second year of Our pontificate, both for yourselves and in behalf of all who write in Catholic journals, a public assurance of the faith and love which you cherish with sincerity. The entire allegiance to the Chair of Peter which you have just professed solemnly, the eager loyalty, the fervent faith, and devoted courage with which you have undertaken to defend the rights of truth and justice, invest you with the character of a chosen band of soldiers, prepared for battle, ready to rush into the thickest of the fight, and give their lives at a word from their commander.

And We have the more reason to rejoice in your fidelity, because We know that there is in these days great need of such auxiliaries and such defenders. For now that men can publish what they like with unrestricted liberty, or, to speak more truly, with licentious indulgence, the friends of revolution have lost no time in disseminating a vast number of periodical publications, having for their object to destroy or weaken the principles of truth and justice, to slander the Church of Christ and rouse ill-will against her, and to indoctrinate the people with pernicious errors.

They very soon perceived how much might be done to help their schemes by publishing daily papers: that it would be easy, little by little, to insinuate the poison of falsehood into unsuspecting minds, and to corrupt the heart by suggesting seductive

stimulants of vice. And such success has attended their efforts that it is scarcely going too far to ascribe in great part to the influence of the daily papers the seething mass of human misery around us, and the pitiful condition of our times.

Since, therefore, the custom now universally established has created a kind of necessity of publishing journals, Catholic writers must earnestly employ for the salvation of society and the defence of the Church the means by which enemies would ruin both. For although Catholic writers cannot make use of those arts of seduction which their adversaries freely put forth, yet in variety and elegance of style, and in the care and fulness of detail with which they record recent events, they can easily contend on equal terms, while they surpass all their competitors in the knowledge of useful things, and most of all by possession of the truth, for which the spirit of man has an inborn craving. The power and merit and fascination of truth are such that, when once it shines upon the mind, it can extort assent. The desired results will be more readily gained if the tone adopted be at once dignified and modest, free from excessive or ill-timed harshness, if care be taken to avoid offence, and all that would promote party purposes, or private enterprize with damage to the whole community. And We commend to you as your first and greatest duty that, following the counsel of the Apostle, "You all speak the same thing and that there be no schisms among you : but that you be perfect in the same mind, and in the same judgment,"<sup>1</sup> adhering with unshaken firmness to the doctrines and decrees of the Catholic Church.

The necessity of this agreement appears more urgent when it is considered that even of men who are counted among Catholics there are at present some who take upon themselves to determine and define even public questions of the highest concern affecting the position of the Holy See and, to all appearance, hold opinions inconsistent with the dignity and freedom of the Roman Pontiff. Therefore, to remove for the future all occasion of error, it is a duty of chief importance to remind Catholics once more that the supreme power in the Church, committed by God to Peter and his successors, for the purpose of preserving the whole family of Christ in the possession of the faith and leading it to the eternal blessedness of the Heavenly kingdom, claims for itself the fullest liberty; and that for the free exercise of this power in all the world

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. i. 10.

it has been ordained by the wise Providence of God that, after the first period of distress and danger had passed, a civil principality should accrue to the Roman Church and that it should be securely held through a long series of ages amid ever-changing scenes and falling thrones. For this reason, certainly a strong one, not from motives of ambition, or desire of increased dominion, as we have often loudly declared, the Roman Pontiffs, whensoever they have seen this temporal power (*principatus*) assailed and injured, have deemed it a duty of their Apostolic charge to preserve inviolate and to defend with all their energy the sacred rights of the Roman Church; and We, after the example of Our predecessors, have not ceased to assert and vindicate these same rights, and shall never cease so to do.

Wherefore, beloved sons, as in your faithful devotion to the Chair of Peter, you have shown yourselves most ready to defend the cause of the Apostolic See, so do not cease in oneness of mind and eagerness of zeal, to maintain with voice and pen that for the free exercise of the spiritual power the sacred temporal command (*imperii*) is needed; and, taking history for your guide, demonstrate that this temporal command has been so rightfully established and preserved that no one can show in all human experience a power possessing superior or equal claims.

But if any one to excite ill-will against you should affirm that the civil principedom is incompatible with the well-being of Italians and the prosperity of nations, reply that the safety and welfare of nations will have nothing to fear from the Roman Pontiffs if they have power, or from the Catholic Church if she has liberty. For the Church does not rouse men to revolt, but keeps down sedition and maintains good order. She does not foment dissension and create ill-will, but she removes it by charity; she does not strengthen the lust of power or the arrogance of rulers, but diminishes these dangers by bringing to mind the severity of the final judgment and the example of the Heavenly King. She does not invade the rights of civil society, but she gives them stability. She does not aspire to rule over kingdoms, but diligently discharges the duties of the Apostolic ministry intrusted to her; she maintains in their integrity those principles on which all order is founded, and by which peace, honour, and civilization flourish.

And as regards Italians, the evidence of the past proclaims that the pastors of the Roman Church have deserved well of

this fair city and of Italy, and not less that the peculiar and principal glory which adorns the brow of Rome has come to her through the Catholic religion ; for Rome, as St. Leo the Great has said, "having been constituted the head of the world by being the Holy See of Blessed Peter, holds a wider sway in virtue of her Divine religion than by reason of her earthly domination. Moreover, we all know that the Roman Pontiffs give constant care to the promotion of literature and science, have been the zealous patrons of all useful arts, and that their just and paternal government has been a source of happiness to their subjects. Reply in fine, that the affairs of Italy can never prosper or long remain in tranquillity unless the dignity of the Roman See and the liberty of the Supreme Pontiff are respected as they ought to be by every right and title.

These and the like truths tending to the advantage of religious and civil society make it your earnest care to disseminate in your journals and to confirm with weighty arguments : one love, one purpose, be in all your hearts, to uphold the cause of the Church and the rights of the Roman Pontificate. Without doubt when you thus stand forth to fight for justice, religion, the liberty of the Church, you may expect a plentiful harvest of labour and annoyance, and many trials. Never lose heart, for to fight and endure bravely is a Christian's life. God will be with his faithful soldiers, giving in abundance the protection of heavenly grace.

That this may come upon you in fuller flow each day, We impart to all and each of the writers in Catholic periodicals, as a pledge of Our good will, and from Our heart, the Apostolical Benediction.

The Blessing, &c.

2.—PROFESSOR ST. GEORGE MIVART'S ESSAY ON THE MEANING OF LIFE.

From the *Nineteenth Century*.

The question, Is Life worth living? which to the heedless and the frivolous seems to be asked in mere playfulness, is well fitted to set deeper minds a-thinking. Mr. Mivart, in the last number of that widely tolerant review, which opens its columns to the expression of all religious and irreligious forms of thought from Catholic truth to the negation of God, makes a laudable and, as far as the rules of the contest permit, a successful attempt to place within the reach of honest minds, whose deplorable darkness no ray of faith has ever yet illumined, those great principles which are to Christians as the air they breathe, and which, while they necessarily form the basis upon which revealed religion rests, are at the same time first truths of common sense and conscience.

The task he undertakes is by no means an easy one; yet it is one which well deserves an effort. It is not easy, because a Christian apologist has to take his stand upon ground which is not of his own choosing, and to accept the weapons which are thrust into his hand at the discretion of another. He has to defend what he knows for an absolute fact as if it were a theory, and to accept as an hypothesis for the sake of argument a possible state of things, which human nature has never known in the actual Providence of God. It is hard for him to have to dwell upon the "Meaning of Life," and to be obliged to leave out of his consideration precisely the hopes and fears and gifts and promises which, as this world is actually constituted by the Creator, give to life the only real meaning which it has, and, moreover, an intensity of meaning, which in that other hypothetical arrangement would be not only unattainable, but inconceivable. It is eminently unsatisfactory to be obliged to descant upon acts of virtue and sinful deeds without being able to allude to the Fall of man and the Atonement and Regeneration, the strength which comes from prayer and the sacraments, and the guilt of grace abused; for this is to take from sin its chief malice, and from virtue its higher beauty and its true holiness. Yet, although our hands are not free, and our resources are attenuated and incomplete, "the charity of Christ urgeth us." If it is impossible to be at agreement with the adversary about the primary qualifications of human existence on earth and elsewhere, we must consent to start an argument from the modicum of truth which is in his mind, "prescinding from" the fact that it is found inseparably blended with falsehood. If men had been created, as we know they were not, in a purely natural condition, without the grant and the withdrawal of sanctifying grace, even then they would have had, as they now have, intelligence and free will, passions, temptations, aspirations. With this much of truth, since no more is forthcoming, the argument begins.

However difficult the task may be to which Mr. Mivart addresses himself, it is, as we have said, fully worth the effort. He is not one of

those who think that all ignorance is wilful. He speaks, and rightly so, of "generous minds," upon whom "the enigma of life presses painfully." There are many who sit down sorrowful under the load of their unbelief, and would welcome the kindly light if they once caught the first glimmer of its radiance. Pessimism seems to be gaining ground. Gloomy views of life are more common than heretofore.

Now, however, it is by no means only the unhealthy, the bereaved, the forsaken, or the ruined, who feel keenly the sadness of human life, and who, impressed with the dreary spectacle of widespread sin and suffering, of the apparently fruitless toil and aimless misery of so many of their brethren, question life's absolute worth. Young men whose steady pulse and clear eye show the regular and harmonious activity of heart and brain, who are beloved by their fellows, and whose means of enjoyment are ample, suffer from this sadness. Such sadness may indeed be merely ungrateful and morbid, but it may be also occasioned by an exceptional nobility of character and generosity of sentiment existing under certain adverse intellectual conditions. . . .

Unable to satisfy themselves with mere pleasure, however intellectual, unable to satisfy themselves with any end which their reason and higher emotions tell them is inadequate, they are yet bound hand and foot in a philosophy which forbids them to raise their eyes above phenomena, which teaches determinism, and which tests the morality of actions only by their utilitarian results. They may well exclaim—

My will is bondsman to the dark :  
I sit within a helmless bark !

Their lament is honourable. Their dissatisfaction is reasonable. Their sadness merits the deepest respect, the tenderest sympathy. Their painful unrest calls for zealous aid. It is nothing less than the struggle of the rational conscience garotted by Agnosticism (pp. 489, 490).

The very anxiety to know the meaning of life is an implied rejection of Agnosticism, with which consequently Mr. Mivart declines to contend. It is not our intention to attempt to reproduce here in a condensed form the argument of this closely reasoned essay, for that could not be done without injustice. We must be content with trying to indicate the line of thought followed and the kind of answer which it is proposed to give to those who, with a sincere desire of arriving at the truth, ask themselves, Why they are here? and what they are meant to do with the life to which, without any choice of their own, they find themselves committed? We may be permitted to say that there is from first to last in Mr. Mivart's dissertation, a modesty of assertion which contrasts very favourably with the dictatorial pretentiousness of some of his sceptical opponents. He does not profess to say anything that has not in some shape been said before. He only tries again "to interweave the well-used threads of older intellectual fabrics into new combinations."

He regards free will as established by the "combined voices of conscience and of consciousness," and he speaks to men who recognize a moral responsibility of some kind. It is idle to talk about the meaning of life if men can do nothing to shape their own destiny. The meaning of life must be settled by a reference to the end and object of man's existence on earth. "An inevitable instinct impels us to seek

our own happiness." Yet we are free to ask ourselves whether this instinct is in accordance with reason. Where duty and pleasure combine to solicit us to one line of conduct, there is no difficulty in believing that the quest after happiness is reasonable; but for men who do not draw their motives from the retributive justice of rewards and punishments in a life to come, it is very difficult to conclude that happiness (*i.e.*, earthly happiness) ought to be the object of their uninterrupted pursuits. They must acknowledge to themselves, if they are honest, that there is a higher ideal before them than the selfish satisfaction of even a noble ambition. Not because they find pleasure even of the highest and least animal kind in some manner of living, do they therefore feel that they are bound in conscience to adopt that course of action; but simply and only because it is in itself good. The idea of duty stands out strongly above all the rest. Quite ordinarily "reason tends to carry us one way and our instinct another;" so that, if there be no future harmonizing of happiness and duty, "life may well seem to be a bane, and a Buddhistic Nirvana an object of reasonable aspiration." Life is really the arena for the exercise of the most wonderful of all our powers, the will; and "the meaning of life is," for we must confine ourselves here to results, "the *fulfilment of duty*."<sup>1</sup> Having disclaimed all intention of controversy with Agnostics, Mr. Mivart only mentions, to reprobate not to controvert, the absurd idea that duty is "a function of pleasure," and that the present divergence of the two impulses is only another effect of that "survival of the fittest" which is fast becoming, in our humble opinion, a convenient phrase for explaining everything and nothing. The true idea of duty is fundamentally distinct, as from pleasure, so from self-advantage.

The very fact of an act not being beneficial to the doer of it, makes it the more praiseworthy. . . . The absence of any remuneration (irrespective of any advantage thereby occasioned to our neighbour) *in itself* heightens the value of the action. That, therefore, cannot be the substance of duty which by its absence makes an act more dutiful (pp. 496, 497).

An action is morally good or not according to the intention with which it is performed, not the consequences which follow from it. All this is as their alphabet to Catholics; but it is very necessary in these days to reassert and vindicate the fundamental formulas of Christian morality, for the very simplest declarations of natural reason have been distorted or obscured by false philosophy. Duty has pleasure for a handmaid, and can use her services or dispense with them. Sometimes with the aid of innocent enjoyment we are enabled to perform duties which would otherwise exceed our strength; sometimes by putting away from us all such assistance, we do our duty better, because more bravely, and thus pleasure is often more useful to us when we renounce it than when we employ it.

It is not possible to fulfil our duty without knowing in what it consists. Therefore it is necessary to consider the complex relationship

<sup>1</sup> P. 495.



which subsists between the individual man and the creatures which surround him. Of these some are rational, created for the same end as himself, and some are irrational. He is bound to respect the liberty of those possessing the same duties, and therefore the same rights as himself. He may use irrational creatures as his instruments and slaves, but he must not forget that God has intrusted them to his care, and that he is not free from all responsibility in his treatment of them.

The paramount claims of a God Who is infinitely good can in no wise clash with the claims of our fellow-creatures, for we cannot serve such a God by doing what conscience declares to be an act of injustice. Such a God will be far better pleased with those who ignorantly transgress a commandment in obedience to an ill-informed conscience, than by those who against the voice of conscience fulfil the letter of the law. They serve God best whose will most faithfully follows what is recognized as right, and thus, to be brief, we discover that life is meant to be a series of opportunities for exercising right volition.<sup>2</sup> Of this it cannot be said, as of happiness, that it is not within the reach of all in this life. If the exercise of will be the end for which we live, "nothing can make life aimless to us, no toil can be fruitless, no suffering or misery useless."<sup>3</sup>

Having thus set forth the meaning of life to the individual man, Mr. Mivart goes forward to consider the life of a community, and the manner in which individual men and communities of men stand related to one another. He examines into the duties of the State to the individual, the duties of the individual to the State, the duties of the State to itself, and to other States, and lastly and chiefly, the duties of the State to God. We have said enough to indicate the line of argument in this thoughtful disquisition, which we venture to hope will help some "generous" minds to emerge from the darkness which envelopes them so closely, and hides from their eyes all spiritual beauty, and, by showing them where alone good sense and self-consistency can be found, may "set their face to go to Jerusalem."

<sup>2</sup> P. 501.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

### 3.—CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

From the *Contemporary Review*.

Although the distinction has been drawn times without number between general education and specific training, it is one which to minds of a certain class is destined to remain for ever unintelligible. Of this we have abundant proof as often as there is a fresh burst of the controversy about "the good" of learning Greek and Latin. An unconscious inability to recognize any other results of study than such as immediately increase the practical effectiveness of the student still inspires very many of the attacks directed against the old system of education by dead languages. The assailants of that ancient discipline think it too clear to need proving, that it is a reckless waste of precious years, and a crying injustice, to compel boys to devote the energies of their opening mind to the acquisition of two languages which they will never be called upon to use in actual life, except, perhaps, in an after-dinner speech when they dine with the Bishop in Iceland. But this, which to them seems indisputable, is precisely the point which has to be proved; for the contention of the defenders of Greek and Latin is not that these languages are of exceptional importance for purposes of conversation, but that they are known, by long and various experience, to possess advantages of a higher order, so that even if it be granted that a successful student at the end of a long course of intelligent reading is still unable to speak Latin fluently, or Greek decently, it by no means follows that his time has been wasted, or his mental activity misapplied. It would be undeniably a direct advantage if Professor Blackie's admirable suggestions for acquiring the art of conversation could be worked into the classical course, for whatever really assists the acquirement of a thorough command of Greek and Latin cannot be prejudicial to the highest results which the study of the classics is supposed or intended to procure. Yet we should think the price too great to pay if the power of conversing in Greek demanded the total renunciation of Latin. "I have known schools," says Professor Blackie, "of no mean repute, in which boys are taught a little Latin, a little Greek, a little French, and a little German, all at the same time (to make a respectable show, perhaps, to the public!), and which generally ends in a great deal of nothing."<sup>1</sup> It is easy to find the fault, but the remedy is not so patent. All teachers of boys are painfully aware that their attention is too much divided; and yet it is not clear that the first movement in the process of contraction should be to eject *either* Greek *or* Latin. If it really is impossible to acquire Greek conversationally without saying good-bye to Latin, then of the two alternatives, as the lesser of two evils, we should deliberately elect to renounce the art of Greek conversation: but the question is entirely one of disposable time. In the schools of the Society of Jesus, before

<sup>1</sup> P. 801.

the time of the Jansenist "reform," which, in France, made French the key of education, the system advocated by Professor Blackie was in full force. Both Latin and Greek were taught with complete success as *living languages*, and conversation held an important place in the method of classical tuition, yet it was never forgotten that this was not the end, but the means. In those happier days, it was not necessary to cram a little of everything into each boy's head. Is it really necessary to do it now? Will not the good sense of parents in the end prevail over boards of examiners, and put a stop to the detestable forcing system which makes infant prodigies of cyclopedic erudition, and stunts and dwarfs the intellect of man?

Professor Bonamy Price gives an excellent *résumé* of the case for the classics. If they are to be defended, they must be defended, he says very wisely, on their own merits. When fathers of families, with a natural anxiety about practical results, want to know the use of Greek and Latin, it is a mere evasion of the difficulty to reply, that these form an essential part of the curriculum in the public schools, because the question is not, what is? but, what ought to be?

No one is required to speak or to write in these languages; their virtues, whatever they may be, are expended on the general formation of the boy's mind and character, not on supplying him with knowledge demanded by any calling in life; and consequently the burden of proof lies plainly on the system which imposes on thousands of English boys—not selected boys, but the general mass of the sons of the upper classes—the study of dead languages, and with the certainty, moreover, as demonstrated by experience, that a very few only of these students will ever acquire any but the most meagre acquaintance with these tongues (p. 803).

The proof is needed, but also the proof is forthcoming. No one can say that the subject has not been sufficiently discussed in books, and pamphlets, and letters to editors, or that the case against the classics has been made out to the satisfaction of thoughtful men. It would rather seem that the food upon which giants have been fed for many generations is not only really nutritious, but has received the formal approval of a good many competent chemists, and that it will not be lightly superseded by compounds of doubtful virtue. Many men of large experience in education agree with Mr. Bonamy Price, "that the nation judges rightly in adhering to classical education," and "that for general excellence no other training can compete with the classical."

The education of the boys of the upper classes is necessarily composed of two parts—general training and special, or, as it is called, useful, training—the general development of the boy's faculties, of the whole of his nature, and the knowledge which is needed to enable him to perform certain specific functions in life. Of those two departments of education, the general far transcends in importance the special (p. 804).

The special efficiency of Greek and Latin as instruments of education would appear to reside in four chief merits to which they lay claim. First, in the fact that they are languages and literatures; secondly, in "the greatness of the works which they contain, and of the writers who

made them ; thirdly, in the fact that they are dead languages ; and fourthly, in the opportunities of personal influence which they offer to a competent master who is able and willing to guide the thought and form the character of his pupil.

In his development of the first point of excellence, Mr. Bonamy Price, admitting at once that the formation of a refined taste is, if less easy, still possible without any knowledge of the learned languages, thinks that too much stress has been laid upon this particular result of classical training, and that "the educational value of Greek and Latin is something immeasurably broader than this single accomplishment of refined taste and cultivated expression."<sup>2</sup>

See what is implied in having read Homer intelligently through, or Thucydides, or Demosthenes ; what light will have been shed on the essence and laws of human existence, or political society, on the relations of man to man, on human nature itself. What perceptions of all kinds of truths and facts will dawn on the mind of the boy ; what sympathies will be excited in him ; what moral tastes and judgments established ; what a sense of what he, as a human being, is and can do ; what an understanding of human life (p. 805).

There is more of real education in thus calling into play all the perceptive powers in quick succession and making a boy think for himself, than in cramming him with fragmentary facts which have no worth beyond themselves, since "knowledge is not ability." This is not said as denying that good effects can come from a different course of study, but that, a comparison being made, the exact sciences tend to develop talent upon narrower lines. The mathematician may be inclined to think that classical reading will not afford much exercise of the power of inference ; but it is not only, or even chiefly, as a rule, in the working out of problems and formulas that logical vigour is most forcibly manifested.

George Stephenson, in working his way to the safety lamp, and many a gardener and sailor, have over and over again displayed capacities for reasoning which all but the highest mathematicians might envy. The opportunities, the demands for reasoning, in a real and sound study of the classics are absolutely endless, and in no field has a teacher such a range for forcing his disciples to think closely and accurately. No doubt a large amount of continuous thought is needed by the mathematical or astronomical discoverer ; but this is a professional quality, and it is very questionable whether it exceeds in severity the demands made on the advocate or the moral philosopher. The question here raised is that of educational value ; and I confidently assert, that for the purpose of making a youthful student think long and accurately, and of forcing upon him the perceptions of the efficiency and the results of right reasoning, no better tool can be applied than a speech in Thucydides, a discussion in Aristotle, or a chapter in the Epistles of St. Paul (p. 806).

If the practice of classical education too often falls far short of its theory, this does not affect the goodness of the argument, which necessarily proceeds upon the assumption of competent teaching. Incapacity or want of energy in the executive would destroy the hopes founded upon any system, however perfect.

<sup>2</sup> P. 805.

It is enough to mention the second advantage, for there cannot be two opinions about the transcendent excellence of the literature of Greece. We cannot find elsewhere within so small a compass the depth of thought and varied grace of language which all ages have admired in those ancient models.

The third merit which is boldly claimed for a classical education, is one which touches the marrow of the controversy. The fact that Greek and Latin are dead languages supplies the utilitarian with his most common complaint, that it is foolish and worse to compel the learning of languages which are never meant to be used. This would be true if the use of language did not go beyond "talking." A language may be rendered in certain important respects more useful by the very fact that it does not belong to ordinary life, and the labour of acquiring knowledge may be more valuable for educational purposes than the knowledge acquired. "A Greek or Latin sentence is a nut with a strong shell concealing the kernel—a puzzle, demanding reflection, adaptation of means to end, and labour for its solution, and the educational value resides in the shell and in the puzzle."<sup>3</sup> There is another allied advantage. Not only are the languages dead, but they belong to a state of things gone by, and the thoughts which come to us from that old world can be studied dispassionately without any importation of modern prejudice, or party zeal.

In the fourth and last place, it is claimed for the study of the classics that it has the great merit of bringing the mind of the teacher to bear immediately upon the mind of his pupil with great facilities for exercising a salutary influence in the moulding of character. We should like to put before our readers all that is here maintained about the importance of providing good masters, but as that cannot be permitted we quote the final paragraph.

These remarks are made under the feeling that Englishmen are not sufficiently alive to the immense and the decisive importance of the special qualities of a true teacher. It would be enormously better for a boy to be trained by a real teacher with small learning than by a man of great attainments and no power to influence others. No doubt in the case of the young as well as of the old, a human being can do the most for himself; but the presence of a spirit capable of stimulating and guiding makes an incredible difference in the work which a boy or a man will do for himself. It is much to be regretted that the Commission on the Public Schools did not take up this great matter and enlighten the country on the cardinal importance of demanding good teachers. A hundred faults might be forgiven to Eton or any other public school—to Oxford or to Cambridge—if only the fundamental truth were recognized that the primary element of education is the teacher, and if as a consequence of that recognition a great teacher were demanded and appreciated by the public with the same earnestness and discernment as a great barrister or a great physician (p. 815).

It is with teaching our teachers that the beginning must be made. Vainly do we arrive at the conviction that it is better to teach Latin and Greek by familiar conversation. Such a conclusion is impotent until we have masters who can *think* in Greek and Latin.

<sup>3</sup> P. 810.

II.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *The Invasions of India from Central Asia.* London: Bentley, 1879.

If the march of events in India since the battle of Plassy is familiar to most of us, the same cannot be said of even the immediately preceding period. The campaign not yet concluded in Afghanistan throws a new interest over regions and tribes which have a history full of startling incidents and mighty changes. Our ignorance must not be ascribed to the absence of contemporary chroniclers and capable witnesses. We have only ourselves and human nature to blame, and must make our confession that we are habitually indifferent to the fortunes of our fellow-men, until the time when they first cross our own path in peace or war.

The book now before us, which has been published anonymously by Messrs. Bentley, is less fitted to satisfy laudable curiosity than to provoke further inquiry. Although it neither answers to its title nor fulfils the proposal of its author; although it is not, and does not pretend to be, anything more than the merest compilation; and although the component parts are put together in a rather slovenly fashion, nevertheless it introduces us to a good deal of very interesting information, drawn from sources, not indeed previously unknown, but hardly within the range of ordinary reading. The writer faithfully follows his guides in the general order of his narrative, and cannot be accused of misrepresenting their meaning in any important historical description; yet he is guilty of grave inaccuracy when he speaks of his account of the invasion of Nadir Shah as a translation from the Jesuit *Lettres Edifiantes*, and encloses many pages in inverted commas. The "translation" is so entirely free from all inconvenient trammels of literal rendering, that it seldom permits the words of the original to be traced through several consecutive sentences. We have to make a far more serious charge of culpable carelessness. We read:

The following account of Nadir Shah's invasion of Delhi in 1739 is translated from the account given in *Les Lettres Edifiantes*, by two Jesuit priests. One was living at Chandernagore at the time, and wrote an account of passing events to the head of his Order in the Levant. The other Jesuit was Nadir Shah's doctor, and followed him in many campaigns (p. 157).

The writer rushed to the conclusion that one of these "many campaigns" must necessarily be the march to Delhi; and, having settled this to his own satisfaction, he could not allow the tempting opportunity to go by without a few sneers at the Jesuit physician. Whenever the Nadir, whom the historians of the *Lettres Edifiantes*, not two, as stated, but three, do not spare, perpetrates any fresh atrocity, we are sure to be reminded of the presence of the Jesuit by some little parenthetical remark. A perfectly general description of the Persian mode of

encampment is transferred to the neighbourhood of Delhi,<sup>1</sup> and, mention being made of the position occupied by the chief physician's tent, we are informed in brackets that he is the Jesuit. Again and again *ad nauseam* the words occur, evidently not meant for an idle phrase: "writes the Jesuit," or "says the priest," or "the Jesuit physician says." It is quite clear that the author thinks that a Jesuit priest was the chief physician of Nadir Shah in the invasion of Delhi; yet all the time, challenging his attention, is a notice conspicuously prefixed to the identical *précis historique*, from which our author derives his information, directly contradicting what he says. It is as follows:

Le Frère Bazin, Auteur de ces Mémoires, l'accompagna dans toutes ses courses depuis 1741 jusqu' en 1747, et fut son premier Médecin; il a vu presque toutes les actions qu'il raconte. On a fait dans le style quelques changemens nécessaires; mais les faits sont restés les mêmes, et aucune des circonstances n'a été altérée.<sup>2</sup>

The Jesuit physician was not present at the taking of Delhi, as we learn here from the dates and a little later from himself, and he was not a priest, but a lay-brother. His own words are: "Je n'ai commencé a le suivre qu' à la fin de 1741."<sup>3</sup> Afterwards speaking of what he had heard, not seen, he says of Nadir Shah: "Il n' attendit pas la réponse; mais continua sa marche vers Dely, et se vit à deux journées de cette capitale au mois de Fevrier 1739, à la tête de soixante mille hommes de Cavalerie."<sup>4</sup> He was not raised to the dignity of Court physician till seven years after the invasion,<sup>5</sup> and one year before the death of Nadir Shah, or Thamas Kouli-Kan, as he was more commonly called.

Of minor inaccuracies the book is full. It would seem that they begin very early. In the fifth page of the Preface we are told that "the Turkish supremacy in Turkestan fell before the all-conquering Moguls under Genghis Khan in 1224," and on the fourth page we learn with some astonishment that a brother of Genghis Khan invaded India in 1303. He must have been a hoary veteran indeed.

Reserving to ourselves some hope of doing more justice to the good lay-brother historian of Thamas Kouli-Khan than he receives at the hands of his ungrateful "translator," we turn back with pleasure to the first and most interesting portion of the book. No less a person than Sultan Baber himself has left in writing a circumstantial narrative of the expedition in which he founded the empire of the Great Moguls, who, it seems, were not Moguls at all. Genghis Khan, a true Mogul, had established such a name of fear through all the Indian peninsula, that later invaders from Central Asia were set down in the popular language as descendants of his followers. There were plenty of Moguls in Baber's army, but he himself was a Turk from the country which is now the Russian province of Khokand. He and the Moguls alike had been

<sup>1</sup> P. 198.

<sup>2</sup> *Lettres Edifiantes*. Paris, 1780, t. iv.; *Mémoires du Levant*, p. 278.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 279.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* p. 287.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* p. 302.

persecuted by their distant relatives, the Usbeks, who at the beginning of the reign of Henry the Eighth of England were the most powerful race of Central Asia. Under Sheibany Khan they had fought their way across Turkestan and Kabul, capturing in succession Khiva, Bokhara, Herat, and Samarcand, and dispossessing, among other potentates, Sultan Baber, a descendant of both Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, whom he rivalled in military prowess and surpassed in all other imperial virtues. Driven from his throne, he spent the opening years of the sixteenth century in wandering from place to place, homeless and indigent, yet never despairing. His strength of will was hardened in adversity, and his indomitable spirit never revealed itself more clearly than when at the lowest ebb of his fortunes the royal vagrant, counting in all some "twelve ragged, starving, but faithful followers," not only indulged in dreams of empire, but prepared his plans, and tried to turn even his forced wanderings to good purpose.

Sultan Baber was undoubtedly a man born to command, and like Julius Cæsar, great with the sword and the pen. His autobiography has every appearance of truthfulness, and presents the writer to our estimation as a curious compound of virtues and vices. We need not suppose that genuine humility produced the naive avowal of so many sins, for a Mahometan fatalist can refer many of his own misdeeds to the overruling hand of Allah, and actions not a few which from a European point of view would not easily be washed white, no doubt in Baber's creed were wholly commendable. Yet the self-deception which even with the help of the Koran can convert an unprovoked raid into a "holy war," and unblushing personal ambition into a service approved of Heaven, is, to say the least, a curious mental phenomenon.

Sultan Baber was by no means a bad man as times went, and although under grievous provocation, when he was smarting under the sense of recent danger to his own skin, he could order the flaying alive of a man who had tried to poison him, and could deliberately approve the act of his son in putting to death in cold blood, *pour encourager les autres*, the prisoners whom he had taken in a war of the purest aggression; yet he seems to have had a conscience, and to have refrained from useless cruelty. He was comparatively humane. When a descendant of his impaled seven hundred rebels no one was surprised. Poor Baber could command armies, but like many another great captain could not master his own unruly appetites. He was for many years an unhappy drunkard; but at least he had the grace to know that it was very wrong to drink, and at last remorse got the better of him. Shooting patriotic prisoners in cold blood was a mere peccadillo, but wine-parties were beyond all measure intolerable to the Supreme Ruler. At first Baber tried to defy the reproaches of conscience, but even then he respected the superior firmness of others.

On one occasion, after bedtime prayers, we had a drinking party. Dervesh Muhammed Sârbân was present at these parties. Though young and a soldier, yet he never indulged in wine. He always rigidly abstained



from it. Kutluk Khwajeh Gokultash had for a long time renounced the profession of arms and become a Dervesh. He was very aged, and his beard had become white, but he always joined us at our wine in these jovial drinking parties. "Does not the hoary beard of Kutluk Khwajeh make you ashamed?" said I to Muhammed Dervesh. "Old as he is, and white as is his beard, he always drinks wine. You, a soldier, with a black beard, never drink! What sense is there in this?" It never was my custom, as I did not think it polite, to press anybody to drink who did not wish, so that this passed as a mere pleasantry, and he was not induced to take wine (p. 18).

The habit grew upon Sultan Baber, and we read that "on his march from Kabul to India he was rarely a day sober." Yet the example of his brave young officer, the good advice of an aged counsellor, and the voice of conscience, refusing to be stilled, persuaded him a year later to renounce wine for ever; and, when once he had made up his mind "to take the pledge," he had the courage to keep it.

The vow wrung from him upon the battlefield was rigidly respected, although he found great difficulty in resigning himself to the desert of penitence. Four years after the battle he writes: "My longing and desire for wine and social parties were beyond measure excessive; it even came to such a length, that I have found myself shedding tears from vexation and disappointment. In the present year, praise be to God, these troubles are over, and I ascribe them (it?) chiefly to the occupation afforded to my mind by a poetical translation, on which I have employed myself. Let me advise you, too, to adopt a life of abstinence (p. 78).

In 1525, Sultan Baber invaded India without a shadow of a pretext. He had already eighteen years before managed to subdue Afghanistan, only Heaven knows how, and from that time he had nurtured the thought of seizing upon a richer soil and establishing a wider sway. "I had attached myself in a peculiar degree to the affairs of Hindustan, and in the space of seven or eight years entered it five times at the head of an army."<sup>7</sup> No troublesome scruples affected his reckoning. His only idea of rectification of frontier was to push back the boundary line of his own dominions as far as his captains would consent to go, when fortune led the way. He knew his own power as a leader, he had tried the temper of his veterans on many a field. Before him lay fertile provinces, cities of wealth untold, armies of immense numerical strength, but weakly led. He had twelve thousand followers in all.<sup>8</sup> His bravest chiefs hung back dismayed: the attempt was madness, they declared; but Baber said that it could be done, and it should be done, and he did it.

It almost seems like a judgment of Heaven that Sultan Baber should go down to posterity as the founder of the Mogul dynasty in India, when he would have repudiated the title with a passionate disclaimer. Although he counted chieftains of that race among his warriors, he never cared to conceal his antipathy to the whole Mogul connection, expressing his opinion thereupon with a soldier's bluntness, while in other matters he was a model of politeness. He quoted with approval some depreciatory verses—

If the Moghul race were a race of angels, it is a bad race ; and were the name of Moghul written in gold, it would be odious. Take care not to pluck one ear of corn from a Moghul's harvest. The Moghul's seed is such, that whatever is sowed with it is execrable (p. 12),

Yet these same Moghuls, his maternal cousins, swallowing down as best they might his odious comparisons, served him faithfully on many a hard-fought field ; for Kabul, then as later, required a strong hand to win it, and a stronger hand to keep it. Every year Baber marched out for his "autumn manœuvres" against the hill-tribes. They always needed another lesson, for, like the naughty little English boy, if they were not actually in mischief at the moment, it was quite certain that they had been or were going to be.

The hill-tribes of Afghanistan, in Baber's time, were exactly what they are now, and exactly what the English found them to be in 1842.

"The Ghilzies and other tribes," says Baber, "formed the plan of obstructing our march through the hill-pass of Jugduluk, and drew up on the hill which lies to the north, beating their drums, brandishing their swords, and raising terrific shouts. As soon as we had mounted, I ordered the troops to ascend the hills, and attack the enemy each in the direction nearest to him. Our troops accordingly advanced, and making their way through different valleys, and by every approach they could discover, got near them, upon which the Afghans, after standing an instant, took to flight." Baber says of them : "They are robbers and plunderers even in peaceable times" (pp. 14, 15).

Along the now sadly famous Khoord Kabul Pass, Sultan Baber, not like poor Elphinstone with three times as many camp followers as fighting men, but with a small compact army, pushed forward to Jellalabad, then called Ardinapur. The road, which ascends continually until it attains at Jugduluk an elevation of eight thousand five hundred feet, runs for several miles of its course through a narrow cleft winding between high walls of rock, and buried almost all the year in sunless gloom. At Jellalabad, Baber had to wait eight days for his hopeful son Humayon, a youth of eighteen years, who had already made good his claim to high command. The stoppage was probably no fault of his, but he received not the less a severe reprimand when he arrived in camp with the rearguard. Baber had been spending the time in a series of carousals, but amid his pleasure parties, and all the wine and *maajun*<sup>9</sup> in which, to the disquiet of his conscience, he largely indulged in this stage of his career, he retained sufficient self-control to guide the movements of the army, and he could appreciate fine scenery and take keen delight in the beauty of the "Garden of Fidelity," which lay in front of the fort of Jellalabad—

Next morning I reached Bagh-i-Wufar (Garden of Fidelity) ; it was the season when the garden was in all its glory. Its grass-plots were all covered with clover ; its pomegranate-trees were entirely of a beautiful yellow colour. It was the pomegranate season, and they clustered upon the trees. The orange-trees were green and cheerful, loaded with innumerable oranges ; but the best oranges were not yet ripe. . . . It was beautifully situated on an

<sup>9</sup> The *maajun* is "a medicated confection of opium which produces intoxication" (p. 21).

eminence among mountain scenery ; there were reservoirs of water to irrigate it ; and from it, towering to the sky, could be seen the perpetual snows of the "White Mountain," the "Sufed Koh" (p. 17).

The garden was one of Sultan Baber's own creations, and he was proud as well as fond of its superior charms. While the troops marched by land from Jellalabad to Peshawur, the commander-in-chief dropped down the river Kabul in a raft with some of his officers. The navigation was of a very lively kind, requiring ready hands, quick eyes, and daylight, for the stream is very rapid, with sudden turns between rocky banks, and many dangerous whirlpools formed by jutting headlands. The rafts go gaily in the full rush of the water, receiving every now and then, when the paddles are used, a rotatory movement. Baber and his friends in this passage were more careful than on former occasions, and he records no misadventure.

Already in previous inroads, for this was a fifth or sixth attempt, the adventurous Sultan had secured the strongest fortresses of the Punjaub, Lahore, and Sealkote, and as the country round was nearly deserted, and surely with good reason, by its former population, to whom a range of active volcanoes could not have proved worse neighbours than the Afghan hills, ever ready to send forth an eruption of hostile cavalry, the invading army met with no armed resistance till it began to approach Delhi. The young prince then ruling over Hindustan, was of the Afghan stock, the third of his dynasty, Ibrahim by name, of the Kohistan tribe of Lodi. Although he was the ruler of many millions, and as rich as Croesus, he was no match for Baber. He possessed neither wisdom nor strength of character. He had offended his highest officers by his intolerable haughtiness, and all his subjects by his pitiful avarice. He could not direct the movements of an army, and he would not let others more competent take the command in his name. He might have had the services of mercenaries in any number, but he thought them too expensive. The worldly prudence of devoting a small part of his treasure to save the immense remainder was beyond his philosophy.

The whole empire of Hindustan, and Behrer to Behar, was in the hands of the Afghans. Their prince, Sultan Ibrahim, from the resources of his kingdom, could bring into the field an army of five hundred thousand men. At the time some of the Amirs to the east were in a state of rebellion. His army on foot was computed to be a hundred thousand strong ; his own elephants, and those of his Amirs, were reckoned as nearly a thousand. Yet, under such circumstances, and in spite of this power, placing my trust in God, and leaving behind me my old and inveterate enemy, the Usbeks, who had an army of a hundred thousand men, I advanced to meet so powerful a prince as Sultan Ibrahim, the lord of numerous armies, and the emperor of extensive territories (p. 40).

Oriental armies from the dawn of history have been famous for numerical strength, but if there is not a master-will to make the parts cohere, an unwieldy mass of disaffected men is easily dispersed. Ibrahim himself did not reason thus. "He was a young man of no experience ; he was negligent in all his movements. He marched

without order, retired or halted without plan, and engaged in battle without forethought." He did not even suspect his danger; but trusting in his overwhelming superiority of numbers, he no sooner heard of the invasion than he set his troops in motion from Delhi and advanced slowly and majestically to meet the impertinent little band of adventurers. Baber, crossing the Sutlej and the Jumna, and passing by Sobraon, Sirhind, and Umballa, came to Paniput, where he entrenched himself and waited for the foe.

On our right were the town and suburbs. In my front I placed the guns and *tûras*,<sup>3</sup> which had been prepared. On the left and on different other points, we dug ditches and made defences of the boughs of trees. At bow-shot distance spaces were left large enough for a hundred or a hundred and fifty men to issue forth. Many of the troops were in great terror and alarm; trepidation and fear are always unbecoming. Whatever God Almighty has decreed from all eternity cannot be reversed; though at the same time I cannot greatly blame them (p. 30).

The gallant young teetotaller, already praised, Dervesh Muhammed Sârbân, was so far from being dismayed, that he complained to Baber of the too great strength of the entrenchments, which he thought would defeat their own purpose by deterring the enemy from making an assault at all; but Baber reassured him. It would indeed have been so, he allowed, with the sagacious Usbegs; but Ibrahim was a headstrong boy, who would be sure to fall in with their plans for his ruin. "You must not judge of our present enemies by those who were then opposed to us. They have not ability to discriminate when it is proper to advance, and when to retreat. God brought everything to pass favourably. It happened as I foretold."

The battle of Paniput was fought on the 21st of April, 1525. Ibrahim had no tactics. He marched straight forward till he came sufficiently near to appreciate the strength of the defences, then for the first time he halted as if uncertain whether to proceed. Almost immediately the advance was resumed, but at a less rapid pace. One glance at Baber's preparations had taught him a lesson which no number of verbal warnings would ever have conveyed, and he knew for the first time then that the little army which he had despised might possibly prove a source of considerable danger. It was too late to retreat, and it seemed the lesser of two evils to push forward. In a few hours all was over. Ibrahim's army was first thrown into wild confusion, and then sent in headlong flight from Paniput. The dead body of the poor young despot was found surrounded by five thousand slain. His head was cut off and carried to Baber. "By the grace and mercy of Almighty God, this arduous undertaking was rendered easy for me, and this mighty army, in the space of half a day, laid in the dust." Humayon, without a moment's delay, marched for Agra, and Baber himself entered Delhi. No second blow was needed. A descendant of Baber was reigning till the Mutiny of 1857.

Sultan Baber seized on the enormous treasures of the unfortunate

<sup>3</sup> Probably branches of trees interwoven.

Ibrahim, and scattered them with lavish hand, keeping nothing for himself, so that a year later he had to raise a tax to meet necessary expenses.

He had to conquer the valiant Rajpoots, better known as Mahrattas, before his throne was secure. It is enough to say now, that he won another great victory, and after a reign of five years, died in his bed, bequeathing his dominions to Humayon, whose succession was not disputed.

The remainder of the book deals with the romantic story of the beautiful but wicked Noor Mahal, the long reign of Aurungzebe, the Invasion of Nadir Shah, and the Afghan War of 1839.

2. *History of Sennacherib.* Translated from the Cuneiform inscriptions by Geo. Smith. Edited by the Rev. A. H. Sayce, M.A. London: Williams and Norgate, 1878. 1 vol. 4to, 182 pp.

This new work on Assyrian history was begun by the late well-known Mr. George Smith in November, 1871, and was intended to be a complete collection of all cuneiform texts relating to the reign of Sennacherib, King of Assyria, whose campaigns are mentioned in the Bible: 4 Kings xviii. xix., 2 Par. xxxii., Isaias xxxvi., Ecclus. xlviii. 10. But when Mr. Smith started upon his expedition to Assyria in 1873 and 1874 the work was suspended, and at last, after Mr. Smith's death in August, 1876, left unfinished. Mr. Bosanquet, at whose suggestion the work was begun, and who provided the necessary funds for its publication, placed the work in the hands of Mr. Sayce to finish and to edit it, and he added also an appendix on the chronology of the reign of Sennacherib, reconciling the dates of the Assyrian records with the Bible. Thus, after many interruptions and difficulties, this book has been published for the use of historians, chronologists, theologians, and Assyriologists. It is composed after the model of the *History of Assurbanipal*, giving the original Assyrian cuneiform text with transliteration and interlinear version.

The texts explained in this book are: (1) The Eponym Canon, as far as it belongs to the reign of Sennacherib, *i.e.*, from the eponym Mu-tag-gil-Assur, B.C. 706, till Nabu-akhi-esses, B.C. 681, with the dates of different tablets in the British Museum referring to this period. (The text is published in *The Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia*, by Sir Henry Rawlinson, vol. ii., pl. 68, 69, vol. iii. pl. 1, and fully explained in Smith's work, *The Assyrian Eponym Canon*, London, 1875, 8vo). (2.) The Bull Inscriptions of Sennacherib (published by Mr. Layard in his work: *Inscriptions in Cuneiform Character from the Assyrian Monuments*, London, 1851, and by Sir Henry Rawlinson in *Cuneif. Inscript.*, vol. iii., pl. 12, 13: translated by Mr. Rodwell in the *Records of the Past*, vol. vii., p. 59). (3.) Bellino's Cylinder, from the year B.C. 702, with the variants of the Cylinders B.C.D. (published by Layard, pl. 63,

by Grotefend in the *Abhandlungen der k. Ges. d. Wissensch.*: zu Göttingen, 1850; translated by Fox Talbot in the *Records of the Past*, vol. i., p. 23. The translation of Cylinder C is for the greater part published in Smith's *Assyrian Discoveries*, London, 1876, p. 296. (4.) The so-called Taylor's Cylinder, from the year B.C. 691, which contains the records of eight wars, and is taken as the standard inscription of the life of Sennacherib (published by Sir Henry Rawlinson in *Cuneif. Inscript.*, vol. i., pl. 37—42; translated by Fox Talbot in the *Records of the Past*, vol. i., p. 33). (5.) The Memorial Slab found at Nebi Yunus, and published by Sir Henry Rawlinson in the *Cuneif. Inscript.*, vol. i., pl. 43, 44. (6.) The greater part of the Bavarian Inscription, published by Rawlinson in the *Cuneif. Inscript.*, vol. iii., pl. 14, and translated by Mr. Pinches in the *Records of the Past*, vol. ix., p. 21. (7.) Some small epigraphs from sculptures at Kuyundjik, now in the British Museum, and from bricks, which are all published in Rawlinson's *Cuneiform Inscriptions*, vol. i.

Mr. G. Smith had intended to continue his researches, but his death prevented him from completing his work, and his successors had not the means to continue such a difficult task, so that this publication may be improved at some future time in many ways; but, nevertheless, in its present shape it is useful both for historians and for Assyrian students, and deserves to be ranked among the best explanations of Assyrian inscriptions. No doubt the author, if he had been allowed to revise his book, would have corrected many passages of lesser importance, where the Editor did not dare to change the work of the great Assyrian scholar. For instance, the usual phrase: *sa-su sa-ga . . . as-lu-la*, which occurs in almost all historical inscriptions, is (p. 33) translated, "the furniture and goods . . . I carried off;" but (p. 133 and 134) the same words were unintelligible to the Editor; the name for the modern village Shamamah, S.E. from Mossul, near Arbil, which is written with the two characters *Kak-zi*, of which the pronunciation is not yet ascertained, is given as *Kalsi* (p. 165), and as *Qazi* (p. 11), so that no one would be aware of the identity of both names. Such little mistakes, which might be explained as misprints, are of no great consequence, but they supply instances for objections against the exactness of Assyrian translations to those who consider the Assyrian explanations as yet doubtful, and they should be carefully avoided by all exact Assyrian scholars. If, indeed, a commentary were added to explain all difficult passages, or to give the leading reason for the adopted translation, and to point out the parallel passages from other inscriptions, faults of this kind would easily be avoided. Mr. Sayce states in the preface: "Mr. Smith's wonderful instinct of decipherment carried him safely through sentences which were a puzzle to other scholars; no one, however, was more sensible of the necessary imperfections of his work;" and every one who reads this work attentively will find full proof of these words. Several scholars look out only for philological proofs of their Assyrian translations, and explain the

Assyrian words from the Hebrew, Syriac, Aramean, Ethiopic, Arabic, and from the language of the Targum and Talmud, without considering the multitude of other Assyrian and Babylonian antiquities, without looking at the wonderful sculptures, which represent to us almost all conditions of the social and political life, the manners and customs of the people of Mesopotamia. All these remnants of ancient art suggest to the attentive antiquarian many ideas which are sure to be expressed in the accompanying words, and a careful and repeated examination of all the original inscriptions leads more securely to the true explanation than "philological necessity" alone could have done. In some passages it might have been difficult to George Smith to give a philological reason for his translations, but nevertheless his universal and exact knowledge of Assyrian antiquities was often a better guide than comparative philology to the true meaning of a word. It is for this reason sometimes difficult to pure philologists to find the philological proofs for his translations, and Mr. George Smith would have rendered a great service to future Assyrian scholars if he had been careful to preserve the data upon which he founded his interpretations.

The work is divided into eleven parts, the first of which gives the name, title, and genealogy of Sennacherib and the chronology of his reign. Sennacherib (Sin-akhe-irba, *i.e.*, the Moon God Sin has multiplied the brothers) reigned over Assyria twenty-four years and five months, from the 24th day of Ab (*i.e.*, about the 16th of July), B.C. 705 till the month Tebeth (December), B.C. 681; he was the son of King Sargon, but he never mentions his genealogy in his inscriptions, and he calls himself "the great king, the powerful king, king of nations, King of Assyria, king of the four races" (or regions).<sup>1</sup> The second part tells of the war with Merodach-Baladan, King of Kardunias (southern Babylonia), and gives an account of the battle at Kis, the modern Hymer, about ten miles from Babylon, probably in the year B.C. 704, where Merodach-Baladan and his allies the Elamites were defeated. Sennacherib entered the capital, Babylon, and plundered the palace, and after a fruitless search for the hiding-place of Merodach-Baladan he made, about B.C. 703, Bel-ibni King of Babylon. The third part contains the record of the second expedition of Sennacherib to the country of Kassii (the northern part of Susiana or Elam), and the city Bit-Kilamzakh, which he restored as a fortress. Thence he marched to the neighbouring country, Ellipi, whose king, Ispabāra, fled before him; he conquered the country Bit-Barrū and the city Elenzas, whose name he changed to Kar-Sinakhirba (Fortress of Sennacherib). This expedition took place probably in the year B.C. 702. The fourth part relates the war with Hezekiah, the third expedition to the land Hatti (Syria) against Luli, King of Sidon, who fled from Tyre to Cyprus (*i.e.*, Yatnana, which is in the midst of the sea), and in whose place Tubahlu was appointed King. The King Menahem of Samaria, Abdilihti of Arvad, Urumelek of Gebal (Byblos), Metinti of Ashdod,

<sup>1</sup> Tayl. Cyl. col. i. l. 1, 2.

Buduilu of Beth Ammon, Kamusu-nadbi of Moab, Airammu of Edom brought their presents before him and kissed his feet. Zidka, King of Ascalon was deposed and sent to Assyria. The Kings of Egypt and Miluhhi (Meroë?) were defeated near Altaqū, Padi was restored as King of Ekron, and "Khazaqiau (Hezekiah) of Judah, who did not submit to my yoke . . . like a caged bird within Ursalimmu (Jerusalem) was made." His cities were detached from his country and given to the Kings of Ashdod, Ekron, and Gaza. At last Hezekiah, overwhelmed by fear, sent him tribute, thirty talents of gold and eight hundred talents of silver, &c., to Nineveh, the city of his dominion. In this expedition, which occurred either in B.C. 702 or 701, no less than thirty-one names of places in Palestine are mentioned, and this account is of the greatest interest both for the accuracy of the Bible and the exactness and the historical value of the Assyrian inscriptions. The fifth part gives an account of the second Babylonian war, the fourth expedition against the country Bit-Yakin (Southern Babylonia), Suzub, the Chaldean, was defeated in Bittutu, Merodach-Baladan fled before Sennacherib to the city Nagite-raqqi, which is in the midst of the sea (Persian Gulf). On his return Sennacherib appointed his eldest son, Assur-nadin-sum, as King of Babylon, and intrusted to him the extent of Sumiri and Akkad. This expedition took place B.C. 700. The sixth part records the fifth expedition of Sennacherib, probably in the year B.C. 699 and 698, to the highlands north-west of Assyria, to the cities Tumurri (or Tuharri), Sarum (or Garrum), Ezama, Kūa, &c., and against the King of Ukki in the country Daie; thirty-three cities of them were captured and their spoil was carried off. The seventh part contains a detailed account of one of the most considerable expeditions undertaken by Sennacherib to the country Kaldi, the Persian Gulf. The preparations for this campaign and building of the vessels by the workmen of Syria probably occupied the year B.C. 697, and the sailing of the expedition to Nagitu the year 696. On the return of the Assyrian army they attacked Suzub the Chaldean, who had usurped the throne of Babylon; he was captured probably B.C. 695, and carried to Nineveh. The seventh expedition of Sennacherib against the country Elam is described in the eighth part. All the districts lying near Assyria were ravaged with fire and sword, and the severity of the winter alone prevented Sennacherib from advancing to the capital Madaktu.<sup>3</sup> The Elamite monarch, Kudur-nakhundu, left his royal city and retired to the city Khaidala, which is in the midst of the mountains. The ninth part contains the history of the final conquest of Babylonia, probably in the year B.C. 691, the eighth expedition undertaken by Sennacherib. Suzub escaped from the Assyrian captivity and fled to Elam, and by the rebellious Babylonians he was raised to the throne of Sumir and Akkad (*i.e.*, Babylonia).

<sup>3</sup> The sculpture representing this city is in the British Museum, with other memorials of these campaigns. They were found by Mr. Layard at Kuyundjik, in the palace of Sennacherib.



Umman-minanu, King of Elam, was invited to his aid against the army of Sennacherib, and he collected the different Babylonian tribes from the Lake regions (in the neighbourhood of the modern Kurnah and Bassrah, called by the ancient classical writers Mesene and Charracene) and joined the army of Suzub near the city of Khalulie, at the bank of the Tigris. Here the united army of the Babylonians was totally defeated by Sennacherib, 150,000 men of war were killed, Nabu-zikiriskun, the son of Merodach-Baladan, was made prisoner, and the King of Babylon and the King of Elam fled alone. Sennacherib pursued the defeated army as far as Elam, where he captured Suzub with a part of his family, and he brought him alive to his country, Assyria. Part the tenth contains two fragmentary inscriptions referring to a second expedition to Palestine, which could not take place before B.C. 690. Khazailu, King of the country Aribi (Arabia), is mentioned there. Finally, the eleventh part contains the account and description of the different buildings of Sennacherib, in and near the city of Nineveh. The prisoners of war were used as workmen for the building of a new palace, whose remains still exist; the fortress and walls of Nineveh were restored and completed, and aqueducts and channels were dug to provide the whole city of Nineveh abundantly with water. A temple of the god Nergal was built at Tarbisi (the modern Sherif-Khan, north of Mossul), and the fortress and wall of the city Kak-zi (the modern Tell Shamamah, opposite Balawát, near Arbil?) was erected.

These are briefly the contents of this interesting book, to which Mr. Bosanquet has added an Appendix on the date of the siege of Lachish. He fixes this date, the fourteenth year of Hezekiah, King of Judah, by means of the consecutive periods of sabbatical years and jubilees (4 Kings xviii. 13; xix. 29. Compared with Levit. xxv. 5—11), to the autumn of the year B.C. 689. He finds an indirect proof for this chronological statement in Taylor's Cylinder, which gives the account of the first eight expeditions of Sennacherib till the year B.C. 691, and does not mention at all the siege of Lachish. Besides, he connects 4 Kings xx. 11, with a partial solar eclipse at Jerusalem on the 11th of January, about noon-day, in the year B.C. 689. In consequence of this fact he places the first year of Nebukadnezzar in the year B.C. 582 (and not in 606 as commonly supposed, the fourth year of Joakim, the son of Josias, King of Juda. Jerem. xxv. 1), and his death, after a reign of forty-three years, B.C. 540; the fall of Jerusalem in the nineteenth year of Nebukadnezzar (4 Kings xxv. 8), in the year B.C. 563. All these results are at length combined to show that (Dan. ix. 1) the beginning of the seventy weeks of the vision of Daniel must be placed in the sabbatical year 493—2, when Darius, the son of Hystaspes, was sixty-two years of age, and that our Lord was born in the sabbatical year B.C. 3—2.

What has been said will be sufficient to show that this history of Sennacherib is full of information, not only for Assyrian scholars, philologists, and antiquaries, but also for historians and theologians.

The collection will be of great service to all who take interest in these studies and are not able to consult for themselves the original editions of the respective cuneiform texts.

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3. *Wanderings in South America.* By Charles Waterton. Edited by Rev. J. G. Wood. London: Macmillan, 1879.

Everybody, not very young now, has heard in his youth of *Waterton's Wanderings*, and dull is the reader who has read those magic pages nor felt his spirit stirred within him by that strange but palpably truthful narrative, and his heart aglow with a new love of nature in her exuberant richness and wild liberty. Enthusiasm is catching, and if ever an author identified himself with his subject, and put his soul into every word, that author is Charles Waterton, the great naturalist, and that subject, the life which he led far from the haunts of men, happy in the companionship of beasts, and birds, and alligators, and rattlesnakes. The editor of this new edition has made his task into a labour of love, for he had a genuine admiration for the good old man, as is manifest from many little touches in the prefixed biography.

It is much to be regretted [he says], that he would never sit for his portrait. As far as the head without the dress goes, Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins's bust gives a good idea of "the Squire," but marble could not give his sweet, kindly smile, or the animated expressions which flitted over his face as he recurred to his former travels, or pointed out the many wonders of the park and lake. A good painter might have succeeded, provided that he knew Waterton thoroughly, and for such a memorial, thousands who never saw him would have been grateful (p. 81).

Mr. Wood has prefixed an interesting biographical sketch, which incorporates the brief but famous autobiography, and has added two very useful appendices, in the shape of an explanatory index, and some comments on Waterton's wonderful Taxidermy, or Art of arranging skins. The reverend editor shall give his own account of the first of these additions.

Many years ago, while barely in my "teens," I had the good fortune to fall in with Waterton's *Wanderings*, then newly placed in the school library. The book fascinated me. Week after week I took it out of the library, and really think that I could have repeated it verbatim from beginning to end. It was a glimpse into an unknown world, where I longed to follow the Wanderer, little thinking that I should ever have the privilege of visiting him in his wonderful Yorkshire home. I looked upon Waterton much as the pagans of old regarded their demi-gods, and not even Sinbad the Sailor was so interesting a personage to me as Waterton the Wanderer.

But there was one drawback to the full enjoyment and comprehension of the book. It mentioned all kinds of animals, birds, and trees, and I did not know what they were, nor was there any one who could tell me. I did not know what a salamenda was, except that it was good to eat. It might be a monkey, a fish, or a fruit. . . . I wanted a guide to the *Wanderings*, and such a guide I have attempted to supply in the "Explanatory Index." I believe that there is not a single living creature or tree mentioned by Waterton concerning which more or less information cannot be found in this Index (Preface).

The actual *Wanderings* are given without the alteration of a syllable, "the central brilliant of a ring, round which are arranged jewels of inferior value, so as to set off the beauty of the principal gem."

Since Charles Waterton already belongs to a past generation, it may be well to say a few words about his career. He came of an ancient and honoured family, Catholic to the core, and sufferers for the faith. He began his school life at Tudhoe (now Ushaw), and at fourteen was sent to Stonyhurst, "where he was one of the first pupils." He had some interesting adventures there, presaging greater things, and finally, for the peace of the house, which his unemployed energy might have disturbed, he was appointed official rat-catcher to the establishment. Before he left Stonyhurst, he promised one of the Jesuit Fathers that he would never touch wine or spirits, and he kept his promise. His *Wanderings* were made up of four journeys, undertaken respectively in 1812, 1816, 1820, and 1824. The famous account of these expeditions was published in 1825. Some of his statements were received with a storm of derision. Sydney Smith had the good sense to believe them all. Waterton felt keenly the remark of one critic, who had called him "eccentric." Yet eccentric he certainly was. "It was eccentric," as Thackeray said, to "dine on a crust, live as chastely as a hermit, and give his all to the poor." And, as the editor says, after enumerating many other signs of eccentricity, "the world would be much better than it is if such eccentricity were more common."<sup>1</sup>

In 1829, he married Miss Edmondstone, the daughter of a gentleman frequently mentioned in the *Wanderings*, who had been a kind friend to him in Demerara. She died in the following year, three weeks after the birth of her son. Waterton, making inclination yield to paternal duty, renounced from that time forth all distant wanderings. It is a remarkable thing that he met with far more serious danger to life and damage to limb in Europe, and even in England, than in all his daring exploits in the wild woods of America.

The grounds of Walton Hall became a very paradise for birds, whose comforts were consulted in every way. "The Squire," who came into the estate when he was only twenty four, and held it nearly sixty years, had plenty of time for making his own arrangements. He protected his pheasants from the poachers by distributing a couple of hundred dummy birds about the estate in likely looking perches. They were constructed with charming simplicity and expeditiousness, but were sufficiently like the originals to cause much perplexity and waste of powder to nocturnal visitors. He built a tower expressly to accommodate his beloved starlings. Then he knew and could climb every tree in the place. He retained great activity till the time of his death, and actually climbed one of the tallest trees in the park just before his last fatal accident, when he was eighty-three years old. In his youth, he had made a sensation in Rome by scrambling up the cross on the dome of St. Peter's, as also by standing on one foot on the head of the angel

<sup>1</sup> P. 23.

on the Castle of Sant' Angelo. He was most abstemious in his diet, and simple in all his habits.

His personal expenses were such as could have been covered by the wages of one of the labourers on his own estate. His single room had neither bed nor carpet. He always lay on the bare boards, with a blanket wrapped round him, and with an oaken block by way of a pillow. . . . Punctually at three a.m., being roused by the crowing of a huge Cochin China cock, which he called his "morning gun," he rose from his plank couch, lighted his fire, lay down for half an hour, and was always dressed and closely, or, as he called it, "clean" shaven, by four, when he went into the private chapel which was next door to his room, and where he usually spent an hour in prayer (p. 37).

He died on the 27th of May, 1865, from the effects of a severe fall. The Cochin China, the "morning gun," gave his accustomed crow, but "the ear of his master was deaf to the call. He had obeyed a sublimer summons."<sup>2</sup> This is his epitaph, composed by himself: *Orate pro anima Caroli Waterton cujus fessa iuxta hanc crucem sepeliuntur ossa.*

It is not necessary to make any comments upon the central portion of Mr. Wood's work, for it is, as he has told us, a simple reproduction, without any alteration, of the *Wanderings*. No specimen extracts, or synopsis, would interest those who do not care for natural history, or satisfy those who do.

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4. *Three Catholic Reformers of the Fifteenth Century.* By Mary H. Allies. Quarterly Series. London: Burns and Oates, 1879.

From the birth of St. Vincent Ferrer in the middle of the fourteenth century to the death of St. John Capistran in the middle of the fifteenth, as nearly as possible, a hundred years elapsed. The intermediate Saint, so to speak, between those whom we have named, was St. Bernardine of Siena, whose life touches that of St. Vincent in the well-known incident of the sermon of the elder Saint in the north of Italy, which he broke off, saying that there was a young friar in the crowd that listened to him who was to take up his work, and it touches that of St. John Capistran at many points, for St. John was the pupil of St. Bernardine. Thus we have a continuous chain in these three great preachers, which reaches, as has been said, over a complete century. St. Vincent began at the time of the schism in the Papacy. Indeed, as is well known, he was born in the obedience of one of the Antipopes, and was for a long time his favourite, and an officer of his household. It was a time, too, when the party strifes in Italy ran so high as to cause the greatest misery in the Peninsula, and the remaining sermons of St. Bernardine bear witness, as our own readers know, to the zeal with which he strove to put down this terrible evil. The century of which we speak was also a time of great advance for the hateful Mussulman power, and the last efforts of St. John Capistran were devoted to an attempt to rouse the Christian powers to a sense of the imminent danger which threatened the civilized world and the Christian

Church in that advance. It is not wonderful that a time of which such were the prominent features should have been a time of great moral relaxation and wickedness, or that its evils should have led holy men to think that the end of the world was at hand, much as St. Gregory the Great thought the same of the evil days in which he lived. The idea of the volume before us is to give a brief sketch of the action of these three great Saints in relation to the public state of the Christendom which they did so much to save. In many respects their work failed of its full success, but it was only partially defeated, and it cannot be doubted that, if the bad days of the Reformation had fallen upon Europe before instead of after their preaching, the mischief then wrought would have been far greater than it was. Another generation of Saints, of which St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. Teresa, St. Charles, St. Philip, and others, were the chief stars, was to come after them, and bring about the renovation of Catholicism which accompanied and followed on the work of the Council of Trent.

Miss Allies is an accomplished writer, and has already made herself well known to the English Catholic world by her *Life of Pius the Seventh*. Her present work has the charm which cannot fail to hang about any clear and masterly narrative of times and incidents so romantic as those with which she has had to deal.

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5. *Wild Life in a Southern County.* By the author of *The Gamekeeper at Home*. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 1879.

The Author has already made his reputation and it does not suffer by this new adventure. There is a freshness in his simple descriptions which never tires. The smell of the green lanes seems to hang about the pages, and those who love the country which God made more than the town which the hands of men have built are carried back in spirit to happy thoughts of long ago when in the early hours of some glorious summer day—

Dull sleep in a downy bed scorning—

they roamed in the fields and through the woods, and felt the presence of the Creator in His own beautiful creation. The special charm of the book is in its naturalness. The descriptions run on apparently without an effort, as if by some process of thinking aloud, and if we did not learn from the preface that there is a vein of topographical arrangement running through the book, we should feel it quite hopeless to attempt to arrive at any closer analysis of the subject-matter than would be gained by transcribing the Table of Contents. In other branches of science this might not be deemed high praise, but country rambles ought to be described in rambling chapters.

6. *Roman Violets, and where they blossom.* By Theodore M. L. Lane-Clarke.  
London : Burns and Oates, 1879.

This is a story for children of a little Italian boy sent by his parents to make his fortune in London. The theme is a fertile one. Those strange young visitors, who go about with organs and white mice, have one and all very interesting histories if we could only know them. Cesare has rough times of it at first and then meets with kind friends.

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7. *Saint Louis.* Par H. Walton. Tours. Mame et Fils, 1878.

Our French neighbours rival us in handsome Christmas books, and perhaps they surpass us. The work before us belongs to a class of illustrated books of which we have too few specimens in this country. This class consists of works of very high historical and literary merit, which might take their place among the most important publications of the time on the score of their intrinsic worth, and on which, besides, all the resources of art and archæology have been lavished most surpassingly. The publishing firm by which this beautiful volume has been issued is the same provincial house which gave us last year M. Volante's most excellent monograph on Charlemagne—by far the best historical work with which we are acquainted, not only on Charlemagne himself, but on the whole period of which he was the chief figure. After Charlemagne the mind passes very naturally along the line of emperor sovereigns of France till it rests on the majestic figure of St. Louis, the Christian King most deserving of that name who ever sat on the French throne, the hero and Saint whose name is still a power, even in the nineteenth century, even under the Republic of M. Gambetta. M. Wallon has done his part of the work before us most admirably. He gives us the contemporary history of other countries as well as of France, as far as is necessary for the intelligence of a reign like that of St. Louis, at a time when Europe, notwithstanding the immense difficulties, as we should think them, of intercourse and transit was far more of a "commonwealth" than it is at present. The reign of St. Louis cannot be understood without a study of the struggle between the Church and the Empire which was then going on, as well as the state of the East and of our own country at the time. But M. Wallon devotes his chief attention to the home administration of St. Louis and of his mother, to whom France owed so much during the minority of the King, and during his absence for the first of his crusades. The chapters which treat of this part of the subject are singularly interesting and satisfactory.

To French readers the excellence of the typographical and illustrative part of the handsome volume is sufficiently secured by the name of the publishers.

8. *The Poetical Works of Robert Stephen Hawker*, Vicar of Morwenstow, Cornwall. Now first collected and arranged, with Prefatory Notice, by J. G. Godwin. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co., 1879.

The late Mr. Hawker, of Morwenstow, enjoyed a good deal of celebrity of a certain kind while he lived, and it is quite a matter for congratulation that his works have been now collected. His life is perhaps better known to the general public than his works, as, if we remember right, two several biographies of his appeared soon after his death. He was received into the Catholic Church just before he died, and, as his present Editor remarks, "to those best acquainted with the workings of his inner life, this step did not cause the least astonishment or surprise." His poems are the best biography of the man. At least they give his mind and heart with all their quaint and even singular features. He seldom committed himself to a long and elaborate poem, and the specimens of his workmanship in this kind are not the most characteristic pieces which he has left behind him. We get the man more perfectly in his fugitive productions, and there is hardly one of these which is not good and does not bear an original stamp. He lived almost all his life in the remote district in which his father's living—Stratton, in North Cornwall—lay, and he may fairly be called the poet of "the Severn Sea." When the late Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Philpotts, offered him the little living of Morwenstow, he accompanied his offer by a letter, in which he expressed his own belief that the place was not suited to Mr. Hawker. The Bishop was not far from the truth in one sense—Mr. Hawker was a man who would have made his mark in a far more important position, and would have been a foremost man in his time if he had been placed in a large town. He would have written much less poetry, but he would have worked more efficiently for the good of others. He seems from the beginning to have had a great many Catholic instincts, and some of his prettiest poems are connected with the honour of our Blessed Lady. These instincts would have ripened sooner in him, if he had been more mixed up with active life and had more personal contact with minds of the same calibre with his own. As it was, he did much to raise his own parishioners and to influence his neighbourhood for good. In his comparative isolation, it was inevitable that a certain singularity should take possession of him, and that he should have been known as a very original character. It was his boast to have revived the fame of his Patron Saint, one of the score of Saints who remain to us almost unknown, except for the fact that parishes in Cornwall preserve their names. We may trust that St. Morwenna helped his last hours, and was instrumental in winning for him the final grace by which his life was crowned.

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